

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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Crumbs of Comfort

A jealous person sleeps dog sleep.
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.
Think of the ills from which you are exempt.
If we have sufficient will we shall always have sufficient means.

Sorrow is more confusing and distracting than so-called giddiness.

Act upon your impulses, but pray that they may be directed by God.

Laughing cheerfulness throws the light of day on all the paths of life.

Language is properly the servant of thought, but not unfrequently becomes its master.

I ask not for the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

—Phebe Cary.

One can hardly feel much confidence in a man who has never been imposed upon.

It is necessary to try to surpass one's self always and this effort should last through life.

Clocks will go as they are set, but man, irregular man is never constant, never certain.

Whoever is out of patience is out of soul. Men must not turn bees and kill themselves stinging others.

The more nearly perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become against the imperfections of others.

Such is the charity of some that they never owe any man any ill-will, making present payment thereof at every opportunity.

"Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where waiting was o'er;
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His searching look;
Give as you would of your substance,
If His hand your offering took!"

Some men will believe nothing but what they can understand, and there are but few things that such are able to understand.

There are two worlds—the world that we can measure with a rule and line and the world that we feel with our hearts and our imaginations.

Some men will not shave on Sunday, yet they spend all week in shaving their fellow men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday, yet they do not hesitate to blacken their neighbor's reputation on week days.

Vidette's Atonement

By Jerome Adams

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THE walls of the dear old Academy of Music were ringing with the applause that followed the first act of *Tristan and Isolde*. Again and again the singers bowed their acknowledgments and retired, and again and again the house burst into a fresh storm of applause.

But Vidette applauded not! Vidette, who when anything pleased her, was wont to clap until her soft, pretty hands were well-nigh blistered! For the etiquette of the amphitheater permits the removal of gloves and it was from the amphitheater that Vidette, in company with her fellow music students, had listened to the operas and the symphony concerts for the past three years.

A happy, laughing group of girls were—serious only in their devotion to music—more than content if, after standing in line for an hour or so before the doors were opened, and rushing at headlong speed up innumerable flights of stairs, they were fortunate enough to secure seats on the front row.

But tonight Vidette sat in the balcony, just back of the boxes, and the distinguished looking man at her side, was her fiancé! Her fiancé, with the proviso that he was not to kiss her before the wedding day! Incidentally, she meant to postpone the wedding day indefinitely.

Now, it cannot be said that John Meringe relished the terms of the engagement—where is the man who would? But he was desperately in love and was willing, perforce, to take what he could get, biding his time to win the rest. He knew, despite the distant coolness with which she met his every advance, that in her heart, Vidette did not dislike him. But she didn't want to be married; she didn't want to be engaged even; she wanted to finish her course in music, and enjoy herself in her own way with her happy, hard-working classmates.

It was only after strong pressure had been brought to bear upon her by her family that she had yielded a reluctant consent, with the express understanding that if he violated the conditions, the engagement was to become null and void.

Thus it happened that whilst her fellow students in the amphitheater were vociferously enthusiastic, Vidette, in the unfamiliar atmosphere of the balcony remained cold and apathetic.

She lifted her glasses and scanned that portion of the topmost gallery which was visible from where she sat. Immediately there was a flutter of handkerchiefs and a waving of white hands to attract her attention. Yes, there they were, happily ensconced on the front row (oh, how she envied them!) and they had seen her—the thing of all others she had hoped to avoid. As yet they were ignorant of her engagement, and she had wished to keep them so, for she knew they would tease her unmercifully. But the mischief was done. They had discovered her, and she knew throughout the long intermission, they would be watching her and wondering about her companion. Well, at any rate, she would make them think she was enjoying herself!

She dropped her fan (was it quite by accident?) and when John had restored it to her, thanked him so graciously that for the moment he was dumfounded.

Then with her cheeks softly afire with the excitement of it, and her starry eyes—now meeting his gaze with interested directness, and anon demurely, fascinatingly cast down—working sad havoc with poor John's heart, Vidette chatted away with the utmost friendliness. Never since their engagement had she treated him with anything save a somewhat distant politeness, and this sudden, sweet cordiality—though he understood it not—was as nectar ambrosia to his famished soul.

By the time the opera was over—for even a Wagner opera must end some time—John was in the seventh heaven of delight, whilst Vidette—consummate little actress that she was—felt confident that her friends in the amphitheater had received the desired impression.

Once beyond the range of those bright, inquisitive eyes, however, all her friendliness and cordiality dropped from her and coldness enveloped her as a cloak. In the corridor, as they passed out, her attentive escort turned to her with some jesting remark, only to be met with a curt, cold monosyllable and a stony, unresponsive look.

For the second time that night, John Meringe was dumfounded! A dozen times during the long drive home, he tried to engage his companion in conversation; but each and every attempt ended in dismal failure, for Vidette, wrapped in her mantle of frigidity, responded not except in those chilling, depressing monosyllables.

John was thoroughly mystified and inexpressibly hurt. He was getting angry besides. What right had she to treat him like this, and after all her sweet cordiality at the opera, too!

Poor John! How was he to know that all her friendliness was but a bit of acting for the benefit of a few, teasing, mocking girls in the amphitheater; and that now she considered it necessary to be correspondingly cold in order to restore things to a proper balance?

Few and far between are the men who can fathom the inner workings of a woman's mind, and John was not one of them. Sore and vexed as he was, however, he valiantly made another effort to interest his silent companion.

"Nordica was in superb voice, tonight," he hazarded, "didn't you think so?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"And her acting was quite equal to the heavy demands made upon it."

"Quite."

A pause.

"But she would look the part better, perhaps, if she were a little less—less—that is, a trifle more slender."

"Perhaps."

It was useless. Not the slightest interest did Vidette evince in what he was saying. Not once did she turn her face in his direction. Her attention seemed entirely engrossed in adjusting a fastening of her wrap.

"Can I help you?" asked John at last, though he knew as well as she did that there was nothing wrong with the fastening.

"No thank you," icily.

"Have I offended you, Vidette?"

"No."

"Then why are you so cold?"

"I'm not."

It was too exasperating. An uncontrollable gust of wrath swept over him.

"For two cents I'd kiss you," he blurted out like an angry school boy.

But Vidette, unprepared as she was for any such display of temper on the part of the patient and long-suffering John, felt not the slightest alarm. Had she not provided for just such emergencies as this?

"That would break the engagement," she reminded him, coolly. Then half under her breath, "I only wish you would!"

It was the last straw! Her sense of absolute security had carried her too far.

Before she realized what was happening, he had caught her in his arms and pressed a passionate, yearning, lingering kiss upon her lips—a kiss that laid bare his heart to her as all the words in the language could not have done.

"How dare you?" she gasped as soon as her lips were free.

Limp and inert his arms dropped from her. By his own rash act he had rendered the engagement null and void, and forfeited all claim upon the woman who was more to him than all the world beside!

With a sharp jerk the carriage drew up to the curb.

Without the aid of his proffered assistance, and with never a glance in his direction, Vidette alighted and ran quickly up the steps, followed by a remorseful John.

The door was opened from within.

"Good night," said John, and his tones were as those of a man who pleads for his life.

Vidette swept past him without making any reply, and he went away with a dead weight at his heart that not even the memory of that blissful moment in the carriage could lighten.

Promptly at eight o'clock on the following evening John Meringe made his way up the steps of Vidette's home. Wednesday night was his regular time to call, and you may rest assured, dear reader, John called; though it must be admitted that his hopes of seeing Vidette were none too sanguine.

Just as he reached the top step, the door was opened with something of a jerk by Vidette's young brother, who seemed in the act of making a hurried exit.

"Hello, John!" he exclaimed with boyish cordiality. Evidently he had heard nothing of a broken engagement.

"Come in. You'll find Sis in the parlor." Then in hasty apology—"I've got a train to make. So long!"

With a bang of the door he was gone, leaving John to make his way into Vidette's presence unannounced.

The sound of the piano softly played upon came from the parlor. No need to ask who was playing; for surely no one but Vidette (at least so thought John) could produce those exquisite pianissimo effects or coax such a wondrous singing tone from a mere piano.

He removed his overcoat and noiselessly stepped inside the portieres, grateful for at least one more chance to feast his eyes upon her.

It was MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," that she was playing, and she reminded him of a wild rose herself, as she sat there with her head bowed ever so slightly, her curling lashes resting on her pink cheeks, and her rapt, rapt expression. Never had he seen her look so beautiful.

The easy, graceful poise of her slender form, and the free, lithesome movements of those firm, white arms, bare to the elbow, were stamped upon his mind indelibly. His heart contracted with a sudden spasm of pain—an overwhelming sense of what he had lost. And even

Forth to the Country

BY D. J. CAREY.

Blessings on thy fertile valleys,
Thy mountain wildernesses,
Thy forest walks and sylvan nooks,
Thy far-off green recesses!

Thy village churches, old and gray,
Their dead serenely sleeping,
While over them the ancient yews,
A solemn watch are keeping!

Thy moss-grown, swallow-haunted spires,
Upwards our thoughts directing;
Visible links 'twixt Heaven and earth,
Us with our God connecting!

Short-sighted men! to starve your souls,
And miss life's purest pleasures,
By living pent-up, and apart
From all these open treasures!

Call it not life, but rather death;
Your highest powers missing,
In vain pursuit of phantom wants
The only true wealth losing!

Come out, then, dweller 'mid dead walls,
Sick of the din and striving,
Health will be breathed into your souls,
From sights and sounds reviving!

Nature, thy most mysterious power
And holiest ministrations,
Is when thou bringest to chafed hearts
Thy "tranquil restoration!"

The blessing comes to us, if we
In thy sweet grace believing,
Go forth with trustful heart and free,
Thy influence receiving.

The morning air, the wild-flowers scent,
The sun upon the river
Make the whole soul a thanksgiving
Unto the Gracious Giver!

Come forth, then, toilers, in the towns,
Your cares behind you leaving,
Your desks and mills, your books and bills,
Your hammering and weaving.

Against proud nature's majesty,
Against our better reason,
And sacred inner life and health,
This is true high treason!

To live shut up, while all around,
The balmy winds are blowing—
To lose those summer thoughts that make
Our winter hearths more glowing.

at that instant the dainty little sketch came to an end.

As the last whispering chord trembled in the air, with her fingers still lingering on the keys and her small, slippered foot still resting on the pedal, Vidette turned her head and saw him standing there—white to the lips and haggard from suffering and loss of sleep.

Taken completely by surprise, she arose with a startled exclamation, and in her confusion, slightly averted her face, without offering any greeting whatever.

It was this very confusion and the momentary glimpse he had caught of those soft, starry eyes, that gave John courage. In an instant he was at her side with extended hand.

"Please," he said.

Slowly and without looking at him she gave him her hand, or at least permitted him to take it.

"How cold your hand is!" she exclaimed. "Come over to the fire."

If this was a ruse to get her hand away, it failed signally.

Without appearing to have heard what she said John hastily covered her hand with his other one and brought matters to a head at once.

"Can't we patch up our engagement, Vidette?" Commonplace words enough to be sure; but his tones made her understand that he was craving a priceless boon.

"Oh—I—you—you shouldn't have done that last night," she stammered.

"Of course not," he agreed cordially, "but I'm only human, you know."

Oh, the subtle flattery of that speech! "Perhaps it was partly my fault," she said, remembering her words.

"If it is a fault to be irresistible—yes." She was silenced. Her face was still averted, and John's hopes were rising momentarily.

"Won't you, Vidette?" he pleaded.

"What?"

"Renew our engagement."

"Will you promise to abide by the conditions?" Then he took his courage in both hands.

"Don't let's have any conditions," he suggested boldly slipping his arm around her.

"Oh—she struggled faintly to free herself, but finding it useless, desisted. From the moment she had seen his white, suffering face in the doorway, she had known how it must end (hence her sweet, overpowering confusion), but her woman's instinct bade her parry as long as possible.

"Don't you see it would be useless, darling?" he argued. "I couldn't keep the promise if I made it, but then—just think what I have suffered since last night!"

"Poor boy!" she murmured softly—compassionately.

His heart gave a great bound.

"Don't you want to make atonement?" he asked, a bit unsteadily.

"But how?"

Was there ever a woman who did not need to be told how?

"Return to me what I gave you last night," he whispered, with his lips close to her cheek.

Shyly she lifted her eyes and let him gaze for a moment into their luminous, loveliest depths.

Then with her arms round his neck, Vidette made her atonement.

Current Events

JAPAN AND CANAL PORTS.—Japanese newspapers contain much comment on Americans and American relations with the Orient. They take the view concerning the Panama Canal that since the construction of the Panama Canal has been undertaken by the United States, the question of fortifying it should be left entirely to their own discretion. Japan, unlike Great Britain, does not possess any legal grounds on which to lodge a protest against the United States in this respect, and will not, of course, interfere with the defense work of the canal. This statement should put to rest any fear on the part of Americans who think Japan will protest against the fortification or the Panama canal.

TO STUDY BUBONIC PLAGUE.—In response to the invitation of China to all the leading powers of the world to send commissions of medical experts to study the plague conditions in the Empire, the state department has called the American minister at Peking, asking if there are any American missionary physicians now in China willing to serve. The department will also take up the matter with the navy and treasury departments, with a view of obtaining the services of naval surgeons and doctors of the public health and marine hospital service. China is seeking the talent of the world to assist her in suppressing the plague.

MEXICO EXPERIMENTING IN GROWING OF COTTON.—Experiments in cotton growing in Mexico have resulted so satisfactorily that the planters there are enthusiastic over the prospects of cotton becoming one of the most profitable crops of the state. In the vicinity of Columbus, Tamaulipas, cotton was grown this season for the first time. Special seed was imported from Georgia. The production was one bale and in some cases more per acre. No trouble was experienced with the boll weevil, but some damage was done by the army worm. Plans are being made for planting a much larger acreage next year and more seed will be imported from the United States.

Startling Disclosures

\$170,000,000.00 Lost to America

Vast fortunes handed over to idle, run-down, impoverished, fortune-seeking titled foreigners by American multi-millionaires as the price they pay to marry their daughters to the sons of the effete nobility of Europe. It is

A Severe Drain on the National Resources

which has already reached alarming proportions and is growing in its menacing magnitude.

Many rich American brides who were thus given with immense dowries to profligate foreigners to gratify the false pride and perverted ambition of the super-rich parents of these unfortunate girls to get into the social swim of Europe have suffered humiliating ill-treatment that has driven them to seek separation or invoke divorce.

Who Are They? What Are They?

Whom did they marry, and why? How do they live? What are their palace homes like? What has become of them?

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May, 1911.

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Crocheted Handkerchief Bag

THESE bags are worn on the side attached to the belt. They are designed to carry one's purse and handkerchief, and besides being useful are dressy.

To make a bag, fifteen wheels will be needed, each of which is made as follows: Crochet cotton is the best material to use. Begin by winding several strands around a pencil, slip off and into this ring work twenty-eight single crochet, join, ch. 12, turn, 1 s. c. in each st., sl. st. to end, turn, 25 d. c. over the chain, single crochet and all, 1 sl. st. in center, turn, 1 s. c. in each st. to end, turn, ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., 1 s. c. in center ring.

This completes one spoke of the wheel. Repeat six times working the same, only join each first ch. 12 to second picot of preceding spoke.

Join the wheels as they are made to form the bag. Using six for the bottom row, six for the next, placed alternately, and three for the turn-over or flap.

Crochet a small scallop along the bottom, working through the picots of the wheels of both sides at the same time.

Crochet a chain all around above the second row of wheels, joining it to the picots with double and treble crochet as needed. Work a second row of ch. 2, 1 d. c. in every other stitch. Third row the same.

4th row.—Ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in second open space, ch. 3, 7 tr. c. under tr. c., 1 tr. c. in second space, ch. 3, 7 tr. c. under tr. c., continue to end of row.

Work next row in the same way. Then crochet a chain all around, slip stitching to first tr. in each fan, following this work two rows of ch. 2, 1 d. c., join. This completes the bag.

The three wheels which form the flap are joined and the upper edge evened by a row of chain stitches, turn, one row of ch. 2, 1 d. c. in every other stitch. Join by overcasting to the top of the back of the bag.

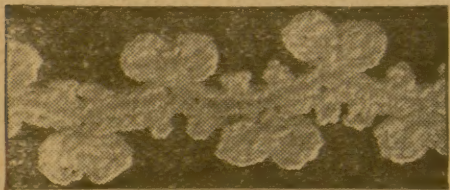
Finish the lower edge of these three wheels by working ch. 3, 1 sl. st. in end of a spoke, ch. 3, sl. st. in same st., ch. 5, 1 sl. st. in first picot, ch. 3, 1 sl. st., ch. 3, 1 sl. st. all in same picot, ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 sl. st., ch. 3, 1 sl. st. in next picot, ch. 6, 1 sl. st. in end of next spoke. Work across the three wheels in this manner.

Next crochet ch. 18, turn, 1 d. c. in 9th st., ch. 2, 4 d. c. over ch., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 6, turn, 1 d. c. in first 4 d. c., ch. 2, 4 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 6, turn, continue until 15 inches are made, then sew to the top corners of the back of the bag.

Crochet four small balls, three for the bottom of the bag and one to button the flap down, these can be stuffed tightly with cotton so as keep their shape when washed.

Crocheted Braids

This season crocheted garnitures of all sorts, are used for trimming dresses of cotton, linen and even silk; lace and medallions have been previously much in favor but the crocheted braids are entirely new. These if carefully made of silk are very effective for trimming either cloth or silk dresses. To make the one shown in Fig. 1, a chain the required length is necessary, turn and make four single crochet,



CROCHETED BRAID. FIG. 1.

working over the chain as if it were a cord. Ch. 4, 2 d. c., leave the last st. of each on hook and work off together, ch. 4, sl. st. in st. with 2 d. c., ch. 4, 2 d. c. in same st., ch. 4, sl. st. in next st.; this makes two petals, 3 s. c. over foundation ch., ch. 4, sl. st. to form picot, 3 s. c. over chain, 1 picot, ch. 4, two petals. Continue to end in this way then turn and go up the opposite side, working into the singles of first row, and making the picots and petals come between those of the opposite side. See illus-



LOOP BRAID. FIG. 2.

tration. It can be made in silk to match dress goods or of white silkateen for trimming colored cotton or linen.

Fig. 2. Take four or five strands of thread, being sure they are long enough for the work, cover about one inch by working over with a

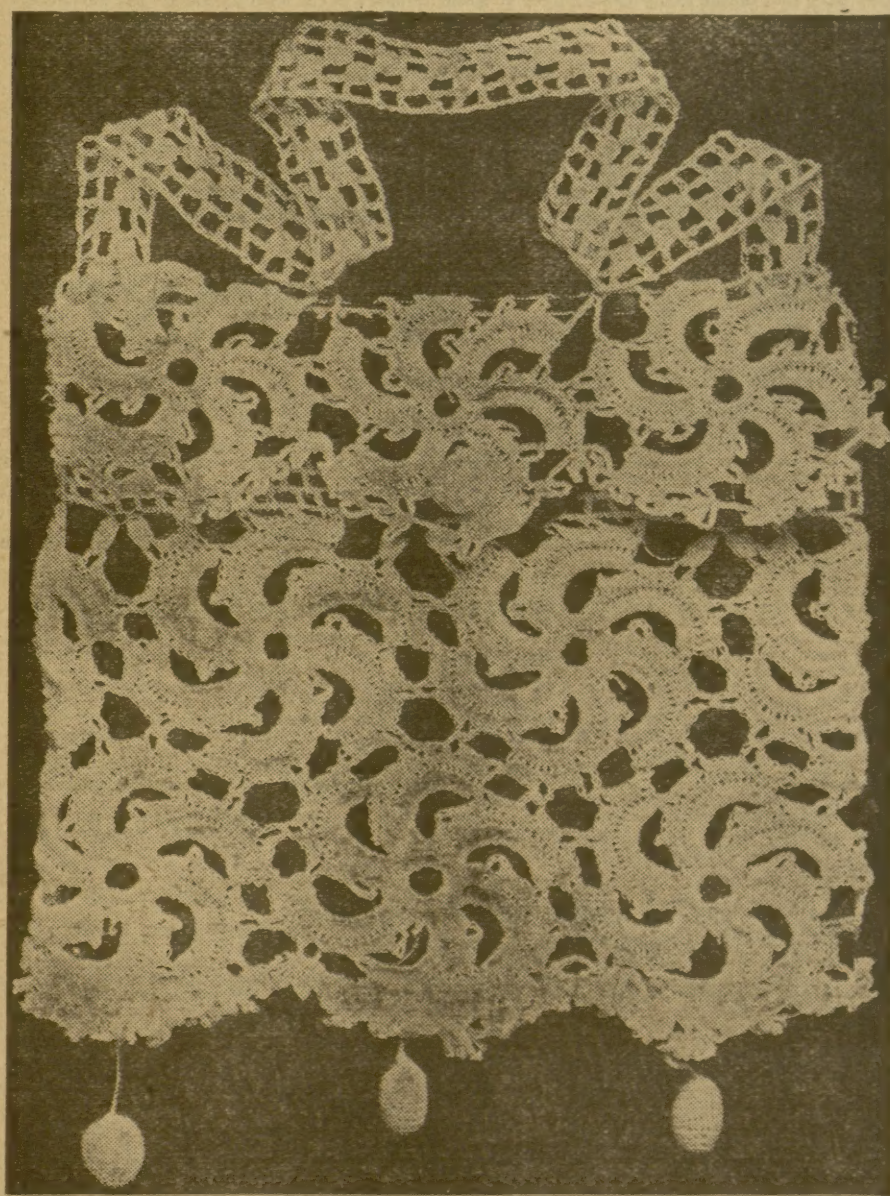
c., coil into loop and secure with sl. st., 3 s. c. over cord, ch. 4, catch to last single to form picot, 2 s. c., ch. 5, turn, 1 s. c. in each of last 3 sts. of ch. ch. 4, 1 s. c. in each of ch. and 1 s. c. on first st. of first ch. which will be the base of the little petal formed at bottom of scallop, 2 s. c. over cord, 1 picot, singles over cord for inch and a quarter, coil into second loop and continue.

Fig. 3.—Crochet over one and one half inches of cord or strands of silk. Coil to form loop, sl. st., work two inches of cord, coil and sl. st., make third loop size of first. This makes the figure of three loops with the center one a little



CROCHETED BRAID. FIG. 3.

the larger. Crochet over the cord until long enough to make graceful curve, coil to make the first loop of the second group, catch to first with sl. st., while working. The filling be-



CROCHETED HANDKERCHIEF BAG.

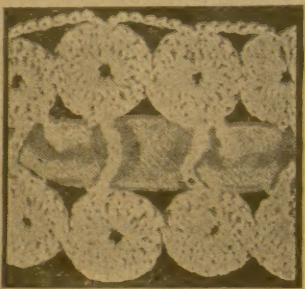
tween these loops is afterwards put in with sewing silk, using chains and picots in the manner of Irish crochet.

Wheel Insertion

This is made in the width and a chain worked back along one side after the proper length is made.

Begin with a wheel in this way: Chain 6 and join in a tiny ring, ch. 3, 8 d. c.'s in the ring; this makes half a wheel; now ch. 15 and at the end of this a wheel is made; take out the needle, insert it back in the 6th chain and draw the last loop through; this makes a tiny ring for the foundation of ring. Ch. 3, take out needle and insert it back in 3rd ch., this ch. 3 will count as a double, 17 d. c. in the tiny ring and join on the first double, now ch. 7 and with a sl. st. join on the half wheel, take it through the top loops of the double, 9 more d. c.'s in the half wheel and join on the first double.

2nd row.—From the last joining ch. 15 and start a wheel as directed before, in it work four d. c.'s, then take out needle and insert it in the center of wheel and draw through to join, now four more d. c.'s in wheel which makes



WHEEL INSERTION.

repeat from * twice, ch. 2, 4 tr. c. on 4 tr., * ch. 2, 1 tr. c. from * 5 times, ch. 3, turn. 6th row.—Same as 2nd. 7th row.—Same as 3rd. 8th row.—Same as 4th. Continue repeating the pattern. When the point is formed finish by working a scallop of 6 d. c. under each chain. This lace can be made wider simply by adding blocks.

MATTIE WORKS.

All-over Lace

The all-over laces are desirable for yokes and fronts or for any purpose for which a solid piece of lace is required. Make a chain the width of the lace desired.

1st row.—A tr. in 4th st. of chs. from hook, ch. 1, miss 1, 2 tr. in next, * ch. 2, miss 2, a tr. in next, repeat from * 3 times, 4 sps. in all, 6 tr. in 6 st., 4 sps., a tr. in same st., last tr. was made, ch. 1, miss 1, 2 tr. in next st., 4 sps., 6 tr. in 6 st., 4 sps., 1 tr. in same st., last tr. was made, ch. 1, miss 1, 2 tr. in next st., repeat to end of row, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—* A tr. between last 2 tr. made, ch. 1, 2 tr. between next 2 tr., * 3 sps., 12 tr. in 12 st., 3 sps., (2 tr. between 2 tr., ch. 1, 2 tr. between 2 tr.) the enclosed will be called stripe hereafter, 3 sps., 12 tr. in 12 st., 3 sps., stripe, repeat, ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—Same as 2nd row. 4th row.—Repeat from * to * in 2nd row, * *, then make 1 sp., 6 tr. in 6 st., 1 sp., 6 tr. in 6 st., 1 sp., 6 tr. in 6 st., 1 sp., stripe, now repeat from double star to end of row, ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—Repeat from * to * in 2nd row, * *, then work 12 tr. in 12 st., 2 sps., 12 tr. in 12 st., stripe, repeat from double star to end, ch. 3, turn.

it half full; ch. 3, take out needle, insert it in the center of the ch. 7 and draw through, ch. 11 and start a wheel on the end of this and work four d. c.'s in and join same as first of this row, 13 more d. c.'s in the wheel, join on the first d. c., ch. 7, join on half wheel, 9 d. c.'s in wheel, join on first double. Keep repeating the 2nd row with this difference every other row you do not join on the ch. 7. Go back with ch. 7 and sl. st. on center of each wheel on side that has no chain.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Block Edging

Chain forty-four, turn.

1st row.—4 tr. c., ch. 2, 4 tr. c., * ch. 2, 1 tr. c.,

* repeat from star to star 7

times, ch. 2,

4 tr. c., ch. 2,

1 tr. c., turn.

2nd row.—

Ch. 3, 1 tr. c.

on tr., ch. 2,

1 tr. c., ch. 2,

4 tr. c. in center

of 4 tr. c.,

ch. 2, 12 tr. c.,

ch. 2, 12 tr. c.,

ch. 2, 1 tr. c.,

ch. 2, 4 tr. c.,

ch. 2, 1 tr. c.,

ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—4

tr. c., ch. 2,

4 tr. c., ch. 2,

12 tr. c., ch. 2,

12 tr. c., ch. 2,

4 tr. c. on 4 tr.

c., * ch. 2, 1 tr.

c., repeat from

* 3 times, ch. 3,

turn.

4th row.—

Ch. 2, 1 tr. c.,

repeat 3 times, ch. 2, 4 tr. c. on 4 tr. c., then

finish same as 2nd row.

5th row.—4 tr. c., ch. 2, 4 tr. c., * ch. 2, 1 tr.

c., repeat twice, ch. 2, 4 tr. c., * ch. 2, 1 tr. c.,

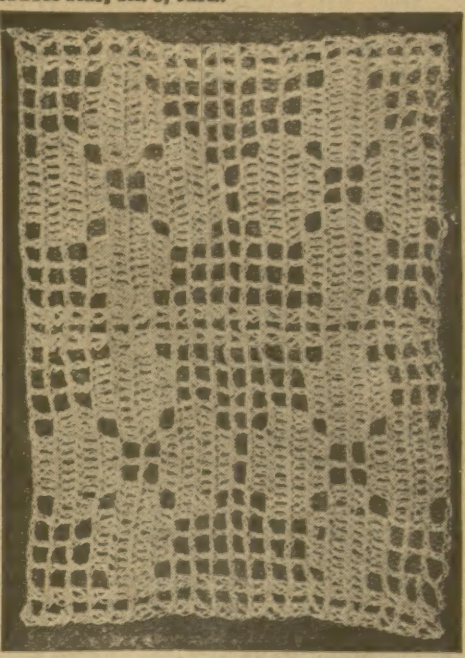
6th row.—Like 5th row.

7th row.—Like 4th row.

8th row.—Like 2nd row.

9th row.—Like 8th row.

10th row.—Repeat from * to * in 2nd row, * *, 4 sps., 6 tr. in 6 st., 4 sps., stripe, repeat from double star, ch. 3, turn.



ALL-OVER LACE.

11th row.—Repeat from * to * in 2nd row, 10 sps., stripe, 10 sps., stripe, repeat.

12th row.—Like 10th row.

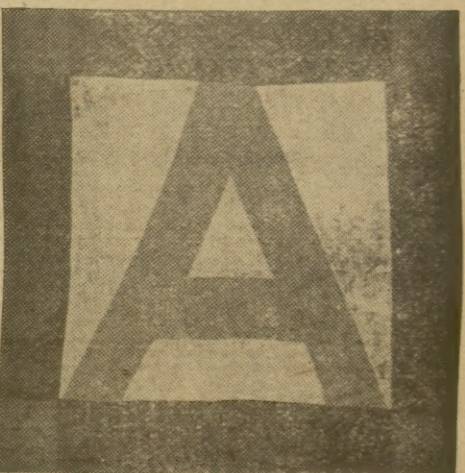
Repeat from 2nd row to length desired.

This design would make a handsome stripe for counterpane alternated with a stripe of embroidered linen.

MRS. J. R. MACKINTOSH.

Alphabet Quilt

A novel suggestion comes from one of our readers, Miss Priscilla Tillery, for making a quilt for a child's crib or bed. Each block should measure 14 inches square, and though the letters should all be of the same material against a background of white, different colors can be introduced in the border of each block



ALPHABET QUILT.

and the squares at the corners. Or with good taste one can work out a pleasing effect by using light and dark pieces of any kind on hand. But as the idea is to teach the alphabet in an easy way, the letters should all be of the same material or color so as to attract attention.

Roll Lace for Centerpiece Border

Use silk finished cotton and a steel crochet hook suited to the thread. Begin with chain 25 stitches.

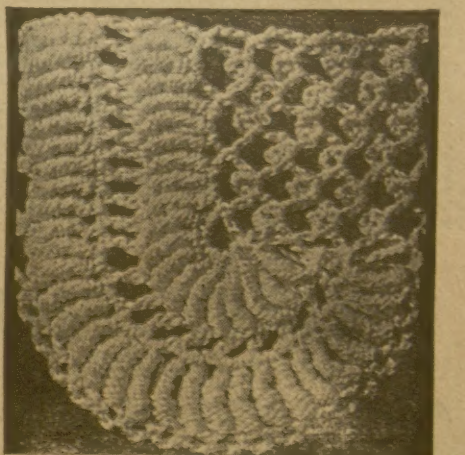
1st row.—1 s. c. in 10th chain from needle, * ch. 5, a s. c. in 5th ch., * repeat to end. There are four spaces in the row.

2nd row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c. in center, ch. 5, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in same st. to form picot, * ch. 5, 1 s. c. on next, ch. 5, ch. 4 and 1 s. c. for picot, repeat from * at once, ch. 5 and s. c. in last ch. 5 space. Repeat 2nd row six times, making eight rows in all.

9th row.—Make spaces, omit long picots.

10th row.—Ch. 7, 3 roll sts., (thread over the needle 15 times) under each space, in fourth space work 10 roll sts., ch. 2, 1 s. c., ch. 2, 1 s. c., ch. 2, turn.

11th row.—1 d. c. before first roll st., ch. 2



ROLL LACE FOR CENTERPIECE BORDER.

and 1 d. c. between each roll st., ending with the d. c. between roll st. and ch. 7.

12th row.—Ch. 7, a roll st. in each space until 10 rolls are made, then 2 rolls in each space around scallop, fasten and turn.

13th row.—Ch. 3, 1 sl. st. between each roll st., repeat 17 times, then ch. 5, skip 3 rolls, 1 sl. st., repeat 3 times. This makes four spaces which corresponds with first row.

Repeat from second row. This lace is particularly suitable to edge dollies and centerpieces.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

A Few Words by the Editor

OUR readers have doubtless heard a great deal about race suicide, but as important as this matter is, there is a matter of still greater importance to the nation collectively and individually and that is race slaughter.

We, as a nation, pride ourselves upon many things, and boast that the name American is synonymous for courage, enlightenment and progress. Our national genius shows in a hundred different ways. Thousands of inventions testify to the skill and cleverness of our people. But in some of the most important matters we are very deficient and shamefully behind the rest of the civilized world.

Charles Wardwell Stiles, Professor of Zoology of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service has placed before the nation some facts which are truly startling. He says that we are seven times dirtier than Germany and ten times more unclean than Switzerland, and that in consequence we are ravaged by filth diseases; and what is more he clinches his statements by figures that are incontrovertible.

Every year in these United States over half a million human beings die needlessly, and when we admit that people die needlessly, we must admit that those who have the power of government, and whose duty it is to protect the people, are responsible for this deplorable loss of life.

When man transfers his genius from the sordid fields of gain to the higher realms of human service, there will be only two causes for death in this country, and that will be old age and accident.

Every year in these United States, there are 1,300,000 people die, and of these deaths 630,000 are due to causes wholly preventable.

Typhoid fever is a filth disease. It is infectious but not contagious, the germ is not in the air, but in the water or milk that we drink. Typhoid means dirt and nothing else, dirt in its filthiest and most horrible form. The typhoid germ has its habitat in the intestinal tract of one suffering from typhoid. When you, dear reader, succumb to typhoid, you may know you have taken into your system, swallowed and eaten, the filth from the intestinal tract of a fellow being. The thought is disgusting and horrible, but only by making this fact known to the world, can we rid our land of this loathsome filth disease. Thirty-five thousand people are killed every year in this country by typhoid alone, and every single one of these deaths

is needless. With pure water and wholesome milk there will be no typhoid.

Out of every hundred thousand inhabitants we yearly lose 46.5 by typhoid. In Germany out of the same number of inhabitants only 6.3, and in Switzerland but 4.8 are lost.

Now, dear friends, do you know what that means? It means just this: That we are seven times dirtier than Germany, and ten times dirtier than Switzerland. Not a pleasant thing to contemplate, is it? Not only not pleasant, but exceedingly unpleasant and enough to make us hang our heads in shame, is it not?

This is only a part of this terrible business, for every year some 300,000 people are attacked by typhoid and recover. The expense, suffering, anguish and misery caused by this wholly preventable disease is simply appalling. You see we have plenty of money to spend in curing disease. Why not spend some of this money in educating our citizens so that they will not catch typhoid at all?

Every year 150,000 of our citizens are slaughtered by the White Plague—consumption—and at all times no less than half a million are suffering from that fell disease, and not only suffering from it, but carrying the germs around and spreading them broadcast.

Consumption can be cured in its early stages, and by the abolition of poverty, sweatshops, long hours of labor, by proper ventilation, sanitary dwellings and plenty of wholesome and nourishing food, this disease will be eventually almost as scarce as leprosy.

But the most terrible of all these damning indictments that Dr. Stiles brings against us is contained in this statement: He says that one sixth of all the American children die before they become a year old, and from one-fourth to one-third die under five years of age, a great majority of whom could be saved. Poverty, neglect and ignorance are the cause of at least eighty per cent. of these deaths. In the homes of the prosperous and well-to-do, the child has everything in its favor. It is well nourished, well cared for. Its surroundings are sanitarily perfect, and all that education, science and medical skill can do to maintain that child in health and rear it in sturdy strength is done. How different it is in the homes of the poor, where the weary mother is forever bending over cook-stove and wash-tub, and where sickness and disease are too common for

comment, too stereotyped and ordinary conditions of every-day life for notice.

Dr. Stiles, speaking about race suicide, says: "The real trouble in this country is not that there are not enough children born, but that too many are permitted to die. It is not a case of race suicide but race slaughter. What real encouragement is there to the American mothers for larger families when the American fathers permit our country to be so far behind the advance in science that we sacrifice over half a million lives per year from preventable causes."

Unfortunately for us disease germs are small. If the typhoid and tuberculosis germs were as big as elephants, or even as big as rats, the United States government would have a million armed men killing them off with bullet or poison. But because disease germs are almost invisible, is no reason why both our government and ourselves should not combat them.

We count up the lives lost in the Civil War and hold up our hands in horror at the terrible sacrifice, and yet we allow nearly three-quarters of a million of our citizens to be sacrificed yearly, more than five millions in a decade, more than fifty millions in a century.

What we need is a Department of Health and Education at Washington, with branches in every city in the land. If post-offices are necessary for the convenience of commerce, why not health offices for the saving of life. We have a Department of Agriculture to protect the lives of hogs and cattle, why not have a Department of Health to protect the lives of human beings? Are not human beings as important as hogs?

Our government has greater resources and more money than any power on earth. Why cannot our government protect the lives of our citizens as the governments of other countries do? Why must we be seven times dirtier than Germany, and ten times dirtier than Switzerland? Why is the Old World, burdened with its aristocracy, militarism and monarchical forms of government, ahead of us in so many things that make for health, comfort and convenience of our citizens?

Our big cities are not alone responsible for our heavy death rate. Dr. Stiles says that there are farms all over the country where the sanitary conditions are indescribably vile and dirty. "It is there that we find," he says, "conditions that are deplorable, and that are almost past belief."

We will discuss this phase of this great question on another occasion. Let our readers preserve this article, and show it to their friends. We wish to save as many as possible from being swept into the terrible death army that gathers in over 630,000 of good American citizens yearly.

Education, intelligence, cleanliness can reduce this appalling yearly sacrifice of human life. Race suicide indeed becomes a trifling thing compared to race slaughter. Race slaughter is preventable. It can be stopped, and should and must be stopped.

Comfort's Editor.

THE LURE OF A SONG.

By Wallace Arthur

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HAYDON stopped with a little shiver of delight, and listened. In the big house some distance from the highway among the heavy trees he could see lights dimly burning; and there someone was singing a quaint love ballad adapted from one of the old troubadours. It was only one could sing it to whom the gods had given the musician's soul and the musician's ear; and this singer seemed to have both. The voice was a mellow soprano, taking the rapid changes in the full sweep of the piece without break or catch, the last note dying away so airily and softly that he could hardly tell where song ended and silence began.

The rapture of a glad discovery surged through him. "By George! I'm going to see who that is; I'll bet it's that girl!" he muttered, climbing over the high wall and dropping on the soft turf on the other side.

The night was dark and misty; and the shadows of the twilight combined with the gloom of the great trees to make his footing uncertain. The fact that he had been a resident of that section only for a day did not contribute to his knowledge of the grounds, so he made his way cautiously in direction of the house.

He stumbled over the stones around a flower-bed. "Rather one big fool stunt—this," he grunted as he picked himself up; "but I am going to find out who that is or—know the reason why as long as I can't walk up and say, 'Good evening, was that you?'"

The voice had caught up the strain that opens the first stanza, a difficult but beautiful passage; and Haydon stole on hurriedly. He parted the boughs of a high hedge and crept up to the window. Burying an imp of conscience and rising on his toes, he looked in; and his lips started to frame his pleasure. Yes, it was the girl, the girl with the big gray eyes whom he had noticed about the Park riding or driving. The room was dark save for the piano lamp from which the light fell softly and mellowly upon her face, throwing into dainty relief her fair girlish features, rapt with the joy she was finding in the old love song. Slowly the music softened and died, ending in a run on low chords. Humming a little bit of the song she turned to the other music.

Haydon let himself down, and turned to steal away as cautiously as he had come; but as he did so a slight movement on his left attracted his attention. From the dark cellar window he saw a long shadowy something reach out, and a bag was gently placed on the ground; a soft jingling sound reached his tense ear; then a man's dusky head appeared and slowly his whole body emerged through the opening.

Haydon looked on in silent astonishment at the apparition appearing from the cellar, then sharply the truth struck him full—a burglar. Obeying the quick advice of his instinct, he launched himself at the dark figure rising to its feet. Dark shadows shuttled swiftly past him; but something went wrong—he struck nothing, but something struck him that seemed to drive

his face completely in; he began to drop, drop, drop.

A murmur of voices, one sweet and frightened, lights, shifting forms, someone bathing his forehead roughly, the warm flower laden odor of a room—these were his first sensations. He drew his heavy lids apart, and started to move.

"Keep still!" a sharp voice commanded. "We've got you good and fine."

Got me, he thought dully, what did that mean? Then he remembered. With all the effort of his will he strove to keep his brain clear. He was glad he had been of assistance in capturing the burglar, though how he was to explain his own presence on the grounds would be a difficult matter. The effort to think tired him in spite of himself, and he paused to look around.

She stood a little way from him, slim, beautiful, and anxious, looking down at him with wide gray eyes in which there was a little fear, amusement, and a touch of mischief. From her his gaze wandered to the others; a man—Haydon half rose in astonishment; near the door stood a man who—not himself—yet—was dressed in his clothes! Something was wrong and completely wrong!

"Let me up!" he said sharply to the man holding him. "There's something wrong here!"

"I should say there was!" the man answered shortly. "You were caught right in the act with the goods!"

"Yes, with the goods," the man wearing his suit said, "with the goods. You're a pretty brassy kind of a thief, you are," he went on smiling sarcastically.

Haydon started to reply, when the door opened, and a man in a police sergeant's garb entered. He looked down at Haydon with a pleased smile.

"So you got him, eh?" he said, after greeting the man holding Haydon. "Anything to say for yourself?" he turned to Haydon, with a smile, as much as to say that the story was all told.

Haydon gathered his six feet together slowly and stood up; to save himself he could not overcome the dazed sensation that had resulted from the blow he had received; but he made a brave try to keep his thoughts in order, for he realized that things were getting serious for him.

"Why—yes—the whole sum and substance of it is that you have got the wrong man."

"It's always the wrong man," the officer said, quietly.

Haydon's self control weakened. "Well, by George! I am not the man you want—there he is, wearing my suit!"

The man in the suit laughed. "Your suit? Well, you have got nerve! Your suit! ha! ha!"

"My letters are in it and—"

"Th—y're in your own pockets—don't try to work that bluff, a tough-looking specimen like you—say are you crazy?" he turned to the others, "I am afraid I struck him rather hard."

Haydon looked at himself, and gasped. He was garbed in a dirty, ragged suit that had long ago seen its best days, and never the tailors. He longed to grip his head—to do anything to steady his whirling brain so that he could see a way through the mystery. Already the officer was taking the last statement of the owner of

the house.

"What part did you play in this?" the officer asked. "Suppose you tell us, Mr. Wells?"

"Why, my part is simple. I walked up the driveway and saw these two men. One was busy tying the other—this gentleman—Mr. Stetson—just beyond that window—thanks to him we have some silver in the house. I very foolishly left my daughter at home alone, a thing that will not happen again."

"Now, Mr. Stetson, how did you happen to appear so luckily?"

Mr. Stetson smiled a moment. "I am frank to say that my explanation sounds a little far fetched; but if you love music as I do, you will see why I did what I did. I heard someone singing very sweetly from the street, singing an old favorite song of mine, and one which I have sung many times; it always draws me wherever I am, and this time it was being sung so finely. I couldn't resist coming to see who it was; and you know what followed. I caught this chap coming out of the window. I jumped on him and laid him out. I didn't raise an alarm, for I am rather proud of my ability to take care of myself—he looked over at Haydon grunted—"anyway I did this time."

Haydon had taken the time to make one last effort to rally his thought and he succeeded. When the officer turned to him, he smiled and broke into a hearty laugh, a laugh that had been famous in his college days. He caught Miss Wells watching him peculiarly, and she seemed a little mystified.

"This is the richest thing I ever ran into. The facts are: I heard that singing, and I came up, and I saw him coming out of the window, and I jumped at him; but it seems he knows a trick that mighty few men know, and he laid me down for keeps. Doing it so easily and quietly, and nobody being around, and I out of the way, and seeing that he was badly in need of a gentleman's suit, he shifted his for mine, figuring out that I would be found with this on, and such a rig as this ought to put any man in jail. Just as he finished, Mr. Wells came up unexpectedly, and found us, so there was nothing else to do, but to carry out the bluff. Now, that's the sum of it—whether you believe it or not is another thing—but it's the truth. Wherever he got that idea of coming up to hear the song is more than I know; he doesn't look as if he had brains enough; but I am glad he likes music—anyway, Miss Wells, you were singing it beautifully, and the song is an old loved one of mine, which, I too, have sung many times."

"You're a cool one," the officer said; "I suppose you have friends hereabouts who can identify you?"

Haydon's face changed. "No—by George!—my people are in California, and I doubt—"

He was up against it on that point. He stopped to think.

The girl who had been watching him closely, turned to her father and whispered something; he looked oddly, then nodded.

"You say you know the song, Mr.—Mr. Haydon? and have sung it many times; what was it I was singing?" she asked.

Haydon, wondering, told her.

"Will you sing it?" she asked.

All the while wondering what she was aiming at, he stammered: "Sing it?"

"Yes," she answered, and something in her wide gray eyes told him to do it.

She struck the first chords, and he sang it. The strange audience listened with mixed feelings. If their faces were evidences of their thought.

Though singing under strained circumstances, Haydon put into it all his skill, and that strange quality that makes anything grip and live—the quality of heart.

"That was nicely done," she said, softly. "Now, Mr. Stetson," she said, smiling, "You have said you know this song, and have sung it many times—what is it?"

For a moment he wavered. "My knowledge of the song is limited to what this chap has said," he began weakly, evidently at a loss just what to do. "I—"

"Perhaps, you will sing?" she urged gently. In that moment Haydon understood: She was attacking his credibility by putting him to the test of his statements.

"Certainly," he said. Haydon held his breath. The man walked to the piano unconcernedly, then turned and made a dash for the door; but with a swift move Haydon tripped him. The game had been called.

After a brief struggle in which Haydon played a lone but victorious hand, the burglar lay panting in the ruins of the hall curtain.

"Yes, I'll tell the whole thing, if you'll let me off easy—I haven't got any of your stuff!" And he went on to tell the tale of the night's proceedings practically as Haydon had stated it.

After the swollen place had been carefully bathed again—this time by soft hands that were very tender and careful—he bade the surly burglar good by and bequeathed him his suit forever, with a few sundry comments on the use of a purpose in life.

At the door, he looked a moment into friendly gray eyes that still had in them a glint of mischief. At a loss just what to say, because there was so much he wanted to say, he could barely get off a few words of commonplace; but as he started down the walk, she opened the door and leaned out a little, her shimmery hair and round girlish face showing bewitchingly under the soft door light. "Come some other time—please—only another way, then we'll have a little—sing," she called it, together, she said smiling.

It was what he wanted, and it brought him to himself.

"Say, one more question: what led you to give me that chance? It certainly wasn't my dress or looks?" he asked.

She looked a little embarrassed. "Do you really want to know—really? Well—well—it was because—because your neck was—washed—and his wasn't!" The door shut.

Haydon stared a moment at the door where she had vanished. He poised his cigarette, and delivered himself of the line that all men of all ages have spoken or lived some way or other: "Woman thy name—"

THE THIRTEENTH PROPOSAL

By Grace Sanderson

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THE warm breeze of the summer day blew in across Elrabo Bay and stirred its sapphire floor into a million of tiny ripples which broke upon a beach which was so white and which was strewn with shells of such delicate shapes and exquisite colors that it seemed a sacrifice for the foot of man to tread upon it.

In the shadow of an immense rock behind which he had taken refuge from the glaring heat of the afternoon sun Phillip Davidson sat before his easel, brush in hand gazing out abstractedly in the direction of the bay. Presently he drew forth his watch, looked at it and replaced it in his pocket with a little frown of impatience as he noted the lateness of the hour. Then he arose and walking a little distance down the beach knelt down upon the sand and peered through a little crevice which he found in the rock. In a few moments he was rewarded for he saw the object of his thoughts, Clarice Win-

frey, walking a little farther on down the beach engaged in a spirited conversation with a young man whom he recognized as Ralph Gilmour. They were a couple well worth a second glance. Clarice, the dearest of blondes was attired in a dress of pale lavender silk which made a charming contrast to her pure, fair beauty and Gilmour, tall and handsome in cool white linen was bending over to catch her low spoken words with a look of undisguised admiration which caused a queer pain to creep around Davidson's heart and a slight frown to flit over his handsome face. Presently they stopped in their walk and after a few minutes' conversation they shook hands in a very friendly manner and Davidson heard the girl's clear laughter as she flung back a parting jest at the young man. Then, he saw that she was headed straight for his retreat so going back to his easel he picked up his brush and went quickly to work.

"Good afternoon," came a clear voice a moment later, and looking around Davidson discovered Clarice standing at his elbow looking

gravely down upon him, the gaiety and laughter of a moment before having strangely disappeared.

"You're late," was Davidson's only response to her greeting.

"Yes, I did not come to pose this afternoon. I thought—"

"Ah—thanks," said Davidson briefly, not looking up from his work.

"I must say I am not surprised," continued Clarice, digging the tip of her parasol into the sand. "In fact, I have been expecting it for some time."

"Yes?" said Davidson interrogatively, his brush poised for a moment above a background of gray rock.

"I—I suppose you are very happy," Clarice ventured after a moment's pause.

Davidson looked at her quizzically over the top of his canvas. "You think so? Well, I'll admit I'm quite content." He spoke quite pleasantly.

"I didn't suppose that was the usual feeling under the circumstances," Clarice replied somewhat indignantly.

"I always take life calmly," he reminded her, as he nonchalantly puffed away at his cigarette.

"I have observed that," Clarice returned somewhat sarcastically.

"Are you going to pose for me this afternoon?" Davidson inquired after a moment's pause.

The pink in Clarice's cheeks deepened perceptibly. "I didn't intend to," she began hesitatingly. "Do you think it would be all right? Of course, it will be for the last time though."

Davidson looked up inquiringly.

"Why so?" he demanded.

"Why—er—you know—the future Mrs. Davidson might object."

"I don't think she would."

Davidson arose and bringing the small ladder which was used for Clarice to ascend her niche in the rock he carefully assisted her to her ac-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recopies on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plain written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address: all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

If you could all read the large number of letters that reach me from sisters who express themselves as not only being satisfied with, but preferring the farm life, you would at once come to the conclusion that the women who entertain the false idea that to be shut out from fashionable society is to be barred from what is best are in the minority.

How many of you will agree with me in saying, that the "best" things are open to us all, and that our first aim should be to find comfort in the simple things. That fresh air, cleanliness, true thrift, affection, good reading, hospitality and well-chosen friends, employment and a determination to do all things well are among the "best" things that come into our lives, and are far nearer the reach of the woman who lives on the farm than her city sister who finds life a fitful struggle.

Let us take up our nearest duties and perform them with a faithful heart and willing hands, seeking that which will add a note of satisfaction or beauty to our lives.—Ed.

I am in receipt of your blue prints sent me by Mrs. J. P. Butler, 225 Linden St., West Pittston, Pa., with the following note: "Sister Wilkinson—If you can't bust you might look at the inside of the door and then start them on their long trip. (Signed) Mrs. B. I have looked them over and enjoyed them greatly. 'Their long trip' means that I am to send them to the first on a list—shut-ins which Mrs. Butler encloses, together with a card of instruction and explanation. Our shut-in friends will be amused and entertained by the well-chosen subjects, and I thank Mrs. Butler for the personal pleasure I have received.—Ed.

Let a sister send in their best recipes for canning, preserving and pickling.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS: Your pages seem to have refused me last time, so "here goes" again with results to the future. This is neither May nor December but a dark rainy night near St. Valentine's season. Some weeks ago my only boy went away to school, leaving me in a sea of loneliness, and yet at a time when my parents are with me. "Till the time when the heart grows weary thinking of the ones that are gone. Hope has been centered on those loved and cherished, but when they come early and claimed them for His own. Right here comes to mind a true old saying which I'll repeat and change the subject "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone." "Till little that the world care, for sorrow, but 'till fondle you a plenty—its wealth you command. Solomon said in your day by "that a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches." Well, if in all his wisdom were teaching men today, I doubt his leaving behind a single one that didn't prefer the riches. This part of the world at least seems money mad and none can know this bitter truth more fully than does the widow and the orphan. Still God's beautiful flowers are in bloom for us and only today I visited them, looking lovingly into their sweet blue eyes, just risen from their lowly beds.

Uncle Charlie, I need you and everything in your fashionable little chicken coop, to wake me up enough to say something. If every state had a "Uncle Charlie" I for one would go on a pilgrimage each year just to enjoy myself, and had rather, I truly believe, do this than anything in this part of the world. Great crowds of them go out together at picking time, all apparently supremely happy and gay in each other's company.

Some sister says, tell how you look and I'll like you better. Well, I can't, for the expression goes along with the face and its features. As to hair, mine's black eyes the same. Teeth good, mouth ugly, skin fair. Height five and one half feet, weight, one hundred and twenty-five pounds, age not recorded for I'm neither May nor December.

I do love animals, the kind that can't talk, but if they did would express themselves intelligently I'm sure which some of you may say is more than I've done.

Well, I'm not the "bridge" but as the clock is striking the hour, I had better let you all retire, and turn in, before you leave of your own accord. Even now Mrs. Wilkinson the faithful alone is left, and to you I bid a fond good night.

EMMA LEE OLMEYER, Maxton, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Won't you please publish this sequel to my letter which appeared in February COMFORT? In it I stated that I would answer all who would include stamps.

So many write for descriptions of our section of the Ozarks that I beg to be allowed to answer those who did not include stamp, through COMFORT, though one asked me not to.

Our climate is generally mild. Do not often have snow that stays on over two weeks at a time—generally a few days is all. Seldom gets too hot to sleep comfortably summer nights.

Water is pure, clear, cold, and good tasting. Soil, widely diversified. Land lies rolling and is rocky in places, though no large tracts where the rocks hinder a plow. Timbered with oaks of fifty or less years' growth. Sells from fifteen to fifty dollars per acre, according to improvements, location, soil, etc.

Renters generally move the first of the year, and pay cash or grain according to terms made.

Corn is planted here from March to the last of May, depending on the season and the man. Complete crop failures are unknown. We raise all kinds of vegetables, and our principal fruits are apple, peach, plum, grapes and the various berries. Cherries and pears are also raised, but do not generally do as well as the others.

Our country schools compare well with those of other places; town and city schools are fine. Springfield is our nearest city, Bolivar is our county seat. We are in Polk county. The country is dotted with churches of various denominations and we who are some distance from a railroad have good inland markets at from four to ten miles apart.

People are mostly native Missourians of American descent, and, it follows, good neighbors.

Our markets are generally from one to five cents lower than K. C. markets, though grain is often higher.

Our section is considered to be very healthy. Mrs. Wilkinson, I am not a land agent and don't care to be, but I hardly think it fair for folks to ask a big lot of questions when they wouldn't give two cents for the answer.

We do not wish to sell our place here, but good people, if you wish me to write you a long description of our lovely hills and valleys—well—er, you ought to pay the freight. Would like to hear from any reader surnamed Holstein.

Very respectfully,
OLIVE HOLSTEIN SPENCER, Van, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if I could interest you all for a minute? I haven't much faith in myself as a writer. It is not my fault for I have been an orphan since I was four years old, and a bread-winner since I was twelve. I have never been to school except a part of two terms, so you see I can't be a finished scholar. I have had a thirst for learning all my life that has never been satisfied and never will as I am married and have two children now.

God has been good to me, for I am happily married and have a nice home with some money saved. I say with all my heart, thank the Lord for the child labor law.

Now I want to say a few words about the care of small babies, and I write from experience as I have minded the dear little things ever since I can remember. Don't let everyone handle a new-born baby. Give it all it will eat every two hours. Have a bed for it to begin with and never let it sleep with anyone else, not even another child. Don't rock it, but feed and lay it down to go to sleep itself. Don't give it any teething rings or anything to chew on as they don't need anything of that kind. Don't walk the floor or toss the baby up and down as it gives it the colic. A little clear warm water injected with a rubber ear syringe is the best thing for colic and the safest. Don't put fresh washed dannels on your baby every day as it is not necessary unless they are soiled. Air them well in a warm place from one day to the next. Now I cared for my last baby just this way and she was not sick one day except when teething and a better child no one would ask for. She would laugh and play for hours while I did all my own work. I had a little rubber sheep which with a string I tied just out of her reach to the iron rod on top of her bed, and it was amusing to see her slap and kick trying to reach it. This provided all the exercise she needed.

Now, I am a new subscriber, but I have been reading COMFORT for a year. Uncle Charlie and the other editors are splendid. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much. I am a member of the Christian church. I am not only a member but I try to live up to that word Christian, for it means more than church membership.

My husband is a chef, and we are trying to get a nice place in which to start a hotel. Will some of the sisters in Oklahoma, or the southwest, write to me if they know of a location that would be a good place for a hotel, not in a large city though as we are tired of a big crowded mass of humanity; all trying to exist on almost nothing.

May the Lord pity those poor girls and boys that come to the city to get rich and find nothing but hard words and half enough to eat.

May the father bless each and everyone of the good COMFORT women is my earnest prayer.

Your sister in the work for the Master.
Mrs. ELIZABETH CARDONA, 62 Bremen St., Covington, Kentucky.

Mrs. Cardona.—Your letter contains excellent advice and your attentions show you to be a thinking woman, for otherwise the adverse conditions which you have been forced to meet would have long since discouraged you. Although without school advantages, your intelligence, observations and good judgment have placed you on a higher plane than many reach. I sincerely hope you will find a desirable location and my best wishes will follow you and your family.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have never seen a letter from here, I thought I would write and tell of our beautiful city nestled at the foot of Lookout Mountain where was fought "The battle above the clouds."

Chattanooga has seventy-five thousand inhabitants, everything is manufactured here from a sewing needle to an automobile and aeroplane. We have fine buildings and churches, a fifteen-story skyscraper just being completed on Market street.

Chickamauga park is situated twelve miles east of here, where was fought some of the most historic battles of the Civil War.

I have been married seven years and have a good husband. We have no children. My fifteen-year-old nephew boards with us who is so much company, being always jolly, and full of fun. My husband and myself are members of the M. E. Church South. He was converted and joined the church a year ago. I have been so much happier ever since though he was always kind and good and never had any bad habits. One of the happiest moments of my life, was when I heard him tell an old gentleman friend that it was through my influence that he was saved. So sisters don't wait for the minister or someone else to save your husbands, but (by God's grace) save them yourselves.

I have been taking COMFORT a number of years and couldn't get along without it. It grows better each year.

Sisters, when you have a big lot of dishes to wash or a big ironing to do, just sing some good song, and let your mind dwell on it, and your work will be done before you know it. At least that is my experience.

I am thirty-two years old, have fair skin, blue eyes and brown hair.

With best wishes to all,
Mrs. ALICE DAVIS, Hill City, Tenn.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have just been reading the sisters' letters and want to shake hands with the sisters who say "sew on the buttons." Home is what we make it; one alone cannot make the home and what a happy home it is when husband and wife are each willing to bear their share of the burdens. There are far too many places that are called home, where the husband stops only long enough to eat his meals, change his clothes after the day's work and then down town (where) to spend his evenings. I think, as a rule, people on the farms are much happier than those in town, though I'll admit the work is much harder.

Dear sisters, don't you think that mind work kills more people than physical labor? For my part, I'll take hard work and a happy mind. Of course troubles must come, but how much easier we can bear them together. I think one of the blessings which everyone can have is a happy heart and home.

Now dear sisters I am not an old crank (but a young one). I am twenty-two years old, light hair and blue eyes, am five feet two and one half inches tall. I have a dear, good husband. We have two children with us and one in Heaven. Baby is ten months old and is walking everywhere.

We live on a farm of two hundred and twenty acres and I do all my own work except when "hubby" helps which he is ever ready to do.

Just a hint to the sisters who have little ones and like to make over old garments. Take men's heavy pants, sponge the best parts and press, then take a pattern for children's leggings, thread and a dozen buttons and you can make three pairs in one afternoon at a cost of twenty-five cents. One request and I'll vanish, would like to receive the song "Two Little Girls in Blue," and letters from any who care to write.

I remain yours for home and happiness.

Mrs. C. H. PRATT, Thomas, Okla.

Mrs. Pratt.—To an extract from your letter, "don't you think that mind work kills more people than physical labor?" I want to make reply: The power of the mind is the most powerful agent in retarding or promoting the welfare of the body. Every sister may prove this if she will by keeping a close watch over herself during a day of despondency. A lack of physical force will be noticeable to the extent that all

efforts to work are burdensome, accompanied by loss of appetite, and if continued into the evening a restless night may follow and the morning find you ill. If broodings, fears and the inevitable trials that beset us daily could be met in a cheerful, never give up" manner, half the battle would be won, for cheerfulness is a life-giving influence to the whole body. Note how light the step, how bright the eye and how freely the blood circulates if we are but cheerful. Keep the mind in training by being mentally alert to the interests of your children and the creating of comforts in the home for thereby you will help crowd out that menace to health, worry.

The following is a case cited by high medical authority: "A woman, strong, healthy and in every way well developed physically, gave birth to a child that was above the average in size, weight and robustness. One day something occurred which made the mother violently angry. Shortly afterwards her child was hungry, and she nursed it. Within a few hours it was attacked by convulsions and soon died, poisoned, as the attending physician acknowledged, by its mother's milk, which had undergone a chemical change as the direct result of her fit of anger."—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am so glad to read of so many childless sisters waiting to adopt children. I kept a childless home for seven years and it was very lonely. I then adopted a baby boy nine months old. He is now three years and a regular little mischief, but we could not possibly get along without him. They are lots of trouble for a while, but no one knows the comfort of the baby kisses and loving arms around your neck except those who have had to do without them so long. My boy is very smart and pretty, with big brown eyes and long brown curls. I want to adopt a little girl soon to be company for him. It is best to take more than one as then they are not so likely to be spoiled. I got my baby from a home in St. Louis. I would advise everyone who has no children of their own to adopt one or more of God's "orphan" little ones.

Could some sister send me the song, "Good by, Good by, My Dear Old Cabin Home?" With kind thoughts and best wishes for all.

Mrs. GEO. BURTON, Poplar Bluff, R. R. 1 Box 30, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Having received so many helpful hints I must give a few in return. I will tell you how I make rugs. I take rags and tear or cut them the width of carpet rags and about four inches long. Take two strings and pin to your dress or fasten to a chair. Hold the other ends of string with your left hand with your forefinger between the two; with your other hand fasten the rags in the strings in the form of a slip knot. When you have enough, sew them on, any kind of a foundation about two inches apart by ad behold you have a cheap and pretty rug.

Here is a remedy for boils given me by an old lady when I was nearly wild with the severe pain. Take the white of an egg and mix with a little toilet soap shaved fine, add a few drops of laudanum, as you have a poultice which you can apply as frequently as necessary. Usually one application does the work. It will draw out the inflammation and give instant relief.

I want to endorse what Mrs. J. Gillman said about the Orphans' Home in Council Bluffs. I know several families here that have taken children from there and they are certainly nice children. They are brought up under Christian discipline.

I have a sweet little baby girl eight months old and the best husband on earth. I have been married two years and previous to my marriage was a school teacher. I dearly loved my work and the children that came under my care. Would like to hear from all of the teachers in our band. I know there must be several hundred anyway. I dearly love to be outdoors. We live on a farm and I raise chickens and attend to the garden in the summer.

Will close with love to all.

ANTONETTE PRETTYMAN, Butte, Nebr.

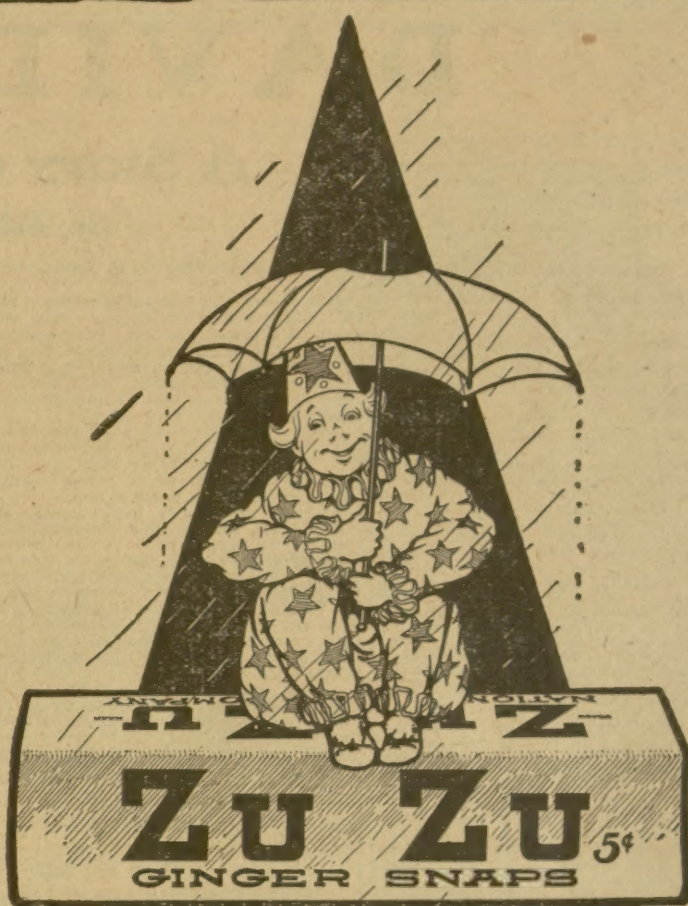
DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I call you that for I never had a sister and have wanted one so much.

To the sisters that have lost loved ones I can truly sympathize with, as my parents are dead and I know what it is to give up our loved ones.

I live near Bardstown, a thriving little city of twenty-five hundred inhabitants. It has electric lights, water works, good school and five churches. One St. Joseph's cathedral, is said to be the oldest west of the Allegheny mountains.

Federal hill, one half mile from Bardstown, is



Rain! Rain!! Rain!!! All in vain!

If you lack snap and want ginger, use the old established countersign

ZU ZU
to the grocerman

No one ever heard of a ZU ZU that wasn't good

No! Never!!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

5¢

where Stephen Collins Foster was visiting when he wrote his famous song, "My Old Kentucky Home." The furniture from this home was sent to the World's Fair at St. Louis and viewed by thousands.

Twelve miles from town is situated Gethsemane Abbey, the home of the monks. They own hundreds of fertile acres, have nice buildings and a large school for boys. There one sees the quiet monks robed in their habits, performing their many duties like clockwork. There is a pretty grotto, and it is a very interesting place.

Farmers here raise wheat, corn, oats, sugar cane, all kinds of grasses, vegetables, water melons, mush melons and nearly all keep horses, cattle and hogs.

The people are thickly settled so we always have close neighbors.

To the lonely sisters and those that are far from neighbors, try raising flowers and poultry. I have a flock of S. C. Brown Leghorns and find them a source of pleasure as well as profit.

Will some of the sisters send in some tried and true remedies for kidney trouble, as I suffer from it very much.

How many of the sisters can make tissue paper flowers? I often make them and think they look so bright and cheery on a cold winter day, or in a sick room.

If any of the sisters have any flower seeds, bulbs, or plants to spare and will send me a few I will be very grateful for them, as I want to make a flower garden this summer. Lovingly yours,

Mrs. GEORGE BOWMAN, Bardstown, R. R. 2, Box 27, Kentucky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading the letters so much I thought I would add my mite. I have seen no letters from this part of Michigan, so will say that we live in a beautiful farming country at the edge of what is called the "Garden of Tuscola."

In describing myself, I am thirty-three years old, weigh one hundred and ten pounds and have light complexion with brown hair and blue eyes. I have been married eight years and have three little ones; also consider I have one of the good "Johns". We have lived in town and on the farm, but like the farm the best. I and my husband believe in equal suffrage. In fact I think that the majority of the people—the best men—educators, farmers, etc.—would quickly grant the vote to women if they were given a chance to do so. In all occupations and everywhere, men and women are better for mingling with one another. For example, at my father's barn raising the captain says to my mother, "Send the women out to watch the men for the men will work harder and better when the women are there."

Then some think that the polls are no place for women. Still women, who have taxable property vote at township elections along with the men, on money raising by taxation in this state. Some think that equal suffrage would lower the wages and displace the men in many occupations, but you can't hire a woman doctor any cheaper than a man. There is and always will be lots of room at the top in all professions for women if they have the qualifications. Home is a better place, too, when the wife and mother has an interest in the working of the community and those parents who stay always at home do not have any better children and will look upon home often as a place of drudgery. So long as the world lasts, so long will good men and women keep sacred their home. But a woman can be a good neighbor too and home will not suffer either.

With kindly interest to all,
Mrs. JESSE STOCK, Unionville, R. R. 1, Mich.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just finished reading my February issue of COMFORT and want to write and thank the sisters for their many good letters. Truly the sisters' page in COMFORT is the very best of its kind published anywhere. I greatly admire COMFORT's editors, and Uncle Charlie is indeed a wise and noble character.

I live in the pine hills of North Louisiana, a section where the great pine forests have never been touched, so farming is the main industry.

"Mr." Boll Weevil has ruined the cotton crops here for several years and most of the farmers are planting other crops and raising things they can live on at home. We can have green vegetables in the garden all the year through, if we have rain in the fall so we can get our winter vegetables to come up. We can have turnips, collards, mustard, lettuce and onions, growing all winter and it is a great convenience to be able to go to the garden at all times of the year. We are renters this year but are hoping to own our home in the near future.

Let me shake hands with Lettie Sanford Farrington for her views are mine on the husband question. There are lots of men starving every day of their lives, and their wives doing very little to help them, and still becoming more and more discouraged because they have such a hard time. My

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

DAVID HARUM

A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

David Harum, the shrewd country banker and horse trader of Homeville, N. Y., began life friendless, poor and despised. With the scantiest rudiments of education, by industry, energy and natural ability he made his way in the world unaided and when past middle age, as the story opens, had accumulated a handsome property. He is a widower and his widowed sister Mrs. Bixbee, known as "Aunt Polly," makes her home with him. His unique wit and cunning are displayed in the famous horse trade, so humorously told in the first two chapters, in which he worsts the deacon and even up an old score.

John Lenox, a young New Yorker, reared in luxury, while his father lived was liberally supplied with money to indulge his somewhat erratic inclinations. After two years in college followed by a year and a half in business he had spent two years in Europe, on his way home he finds as passengers on the steamer Julius Carling, Mrs. Carling and her sister, Miss Mary Blake, his boyhood sweetheart, and renews his acquaintance. Mr. Carling, a sufferer from nervous prostration, is a great care to the ladies, and Lenox wins their good graces by entertaining their patient and giving them an opportunity to rest.

The following winter John makes his home with his father and divides his time between studying law and courting Miss Blake at the Carling home where he is heartily welcomed by all the family. By springtime Mr. Carling's health requires more travel, and his wife and Miss Blake are to accompany him. Lenox determines to propose to Miss Blake before her departure, but is prevented from calling by the suicide of his father; so he writes her a note and she writes him in reply, but he never receives her note because Jackie Carling puts it in his pocket and forgets to mail it. Thus their correspondence ends, each supposing the other does not care to continue it.

John discovers that his father's suicide was caused by the loss of almost all his property. Thus compelled to earn his living John goes to work as clerk for David Harum on recommendation of Gen. Woolsey. To add to the depression caused by his recent misfortune John finds his new surroundings in the little village of Homeville anything but prepossessing; he has no acquaintance in the town and the people whom he first meets are unacquainted with the details of the business which he finds less difficult than he had anticipated. Meantime he learns that in some quarters, Mr. Harum has the reputation of being hard and unscrupulous in business, and some transactions which look suspicious and others which indicate a kind heart, come under his personal observation. Lenox and Harum are watching and studying each other attentively.

To test Lenox's honesty Harum offers to help him pass a couple of counterfeit bills which the young man had unsuspectingly taken as good money; Harum is pleased at Lenox's indignant refusal, but the latter, taking the proposition seriously, forms a poor opinion of his employer. The day but one before Christmas Harum instructs Lenox to notify the Widow Cullom to call at his office Christmas morning and make a final settlement of the mortgage which she holds on her home; he requests Lenox to be present to witness the necessary papers, giving him to understand that he intends to take the property as the poor widow, who has seen better days, has no means of paying this debt which she has incurred to help her only son out in Kansas.

Lenox finds on his desk a Christmas present of fifty dollars from Harum. A snow storm is raging and the widow Cullom arrives trembling with cold and dread of losing her home. Before transacting the business for which he had summoned her, Harum tells the widow of the hardships of his youth; how, being the youngest of nine children, the only child by his father's second wife, his mother having died when he was two years old, he was made the drudge of the family, overworked, half starved, half clothed, beaten, cuffed and abused by his father, stepmother, half-brothers and sisters, except Polly, until he was nearly fourteen years of age; how he ran away from work to see the circus parade, and of the kindness of the widow Cullom's deceased husband in taking him in, showing him the circus and giving him money to spend.

That afternoon at the circus was his first holiday, the first pleasure in his dreary life, and that money was the first he had ever had; Mr. Cullom treated him as a friend and companion, and his kindness was the first that the abused and broken spirited boy had received from anyone except his half sister Polly. When he reached home that night his father beat him until he fainted, and the next morning the boy David ran away from home never to return. In return for this kindness on the part of her dead husband David Harum cancels the mortgage as a Christmas present to the widow Cullom, who is happy and grateful beyond expression. He also sends money to bring her son back from Kansas and secures a good position for him. Then he invites the widow and John Lenox home to have their Christmas dinner with him and his good sister Polly Bixbee.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DAVID's house stood about a hundred feet back from the street, facing the east. The main body of the house was of two stories (through which ran a deep bay in front), with Mansard roof.

On the south were two stories of the "wing," in which were the "settling-room," the Polly's room, and, above, David's quarters.

Ten minutes or so before one o'clock John rang the bell at the front door.

"Sairy's busy," said Mrs. Bixbee apologetically, as she let him in, "an' so I come to the door myself."

"Thank you very much," said John. "Mr. Harum told me to come over a little before one, but perhaps I ought to have waited a few minutes longer."

"No, it's all right," she replied, "for mebbe you'd like to wash an' fix up 'fore dinner, so I'll jes' show ye where to," and she led the way upstairs and into the "front parlor bedroom."



NEVER WAS SUCH A TURKEY; AND TO SEE IT GIVE WAY UNDER DAVID'S SKILLFUL KNIFE WAS AN ELEVATING AND MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE.

"There," she said, "make yourself com'f'able, an' dinner'll be ready in about ten minutes." For a moment John mentally rubbed his eyes. Then he turned and caught both of Mrs. Bixbee's hands and looked at her speechless. When he found words he said: "I don't know what to say, nor how to thank you properly. I don't believe you know how kind this is."

"Don't say nothin' about it," she protested, but

with a look of great satisfaction. "I done it jest to relieve my mind, because ever sence you fust come I ben worryin' over your bein' at that nasty tavern;" and she made a motion to go.

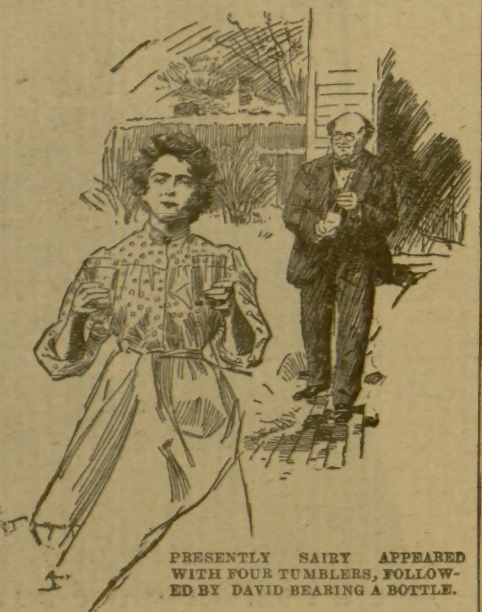
"You and your brother," said John earnestly, still holding her hands, "have made me a gladder and happier man this Christmas day than I have been for a very long time."

"I'm glad on't," she said heartily, "an' I hope you'll be com'f'able an' contented here. I must go now an' help Sairy dish up. Come down to the settin'-room when you're ready," and she gave his hands a little squeeze.

"Aunt Polly," I beg pardon, Mrs. Bixbee," said John, moved by a sudden impulse, "do you think you could find it in your heart to complete my happiness by giving me a kiss? It's Christmas, you know," he added smilingly.

Aunt Polly colored to the roots of her hair. "Wa'al," she said, with a little laugh, "seem'n' I'm old enough to be your mother, I guess 'twon't hurt me none," and as she went down the stairs she softly rubbed her lips with the side of her forefinger.

John understood now why David had looked out of the back window so often that morning. All his belongings were in Aunt Polly's best bedroom, having been moved over from the Eagle while he and David had been in the office. A



PRESENTLY SAIRY APPEARED WITH FOUR TUMBLERS, FOLLOWED BY DAVID BEARING A BOTTLE.

delightful room it was, in immeasurable contrast to his squalid surroundings at that hostelry. The spacious bed, with its snowy counterpane and silk patchwork "com'table" folded on the foot, the bright fire in the open stove, the big bureau and glass, the soft carpet, the table for writing and reading standing in the bay, his books on the broad mantel, and his dressing things laid out ready to his hand, not to mention an ample supply of dry towels on the rack.

The poor fellow's life during the weeks which he had lived in Homeville had been utterly in contrast with any previous experience. Nevertheless he had tried to make the best of it, and to endure the monotony, the dullness, the entire lack of companionship and entertainment, with what philosophy he could muster. The hours spent in the office were the best part of the day. He could manage to find occupation for all of them, though a village bank is not usually a scene of active bustle. Many of the people who did business there diverted him somewhat and most of them seemed never too much in a hurry to stand around and talk the sort of thing that interested them. After John had got acquainted with his duties and the people he came in contact with, David gave less personal attention to the affairs of the bank; but he was in and out frequently during the day, and rarely failed to interest his cashier with his observations and remarks.

But the long winter evenings had been very bad. After supper, a meal which revolted every sense, there had been as many hours to be got through with as he found wakeful, an empty stomach often adding to the number of them, and the only resource for passing the time had been reading, which had often been well-nigh impossible for sheer physical discomfort. As has been remarked, the winter climate of the middle portion of New York state is as bad as can be imagined. His light was a kerosene lamp of half-candle power, and his appliance for warmth consisted of a small wood stove, which (as David would have expressed it) "took two men an' a boy" to keep in action, and was either red-hot or exhausted.

As from the depths of a spacious lounging-chair he surveyed his new surroundings, and contrasted them with those from which he had been rescued out of pure kindness, his heart was full, and it can hardly be imputed to him as a weakness that for a moment his eyes filled with tears of gratitude and happiness—no less.

Indeed, there were four happy people at David's table that Christmas day. Aunt Polly had "smartened up" Mrs. Cullom with collar and cuffs, and in various ways which the mind of man comprehendeth not in detail; and there had been some arranging of her hair as well; which altogether had so transformed and transfigured her that John thought that he should hardly have known her for the forlorn creature whom he had encountered in the morning. And as he looked at the still fine eyes, large and brown, and shining for the first time in many a year with a soft light of happiness, he felt that he could understand how it was that Billy P. had married the village girl.

Mrs. Bixbee was grand in black silk and lace collar fastened with a shell- cameo pin not quite as large as a saucer, and John caught the sparkle of a diamond on her plump left hand—David's Christmas gift, with regard to which she had spoken apologetically to Mrs. Cullom:

"I told David that I was ever so much obliged to him, but I didn't want a dimon' more'n a cat wanted a flag, an' I thought it was jes' throwin' away money. But he would have it—said I'd sell it an' keep out the poorhouse some day, mebbe."

David had not made much change in his usual raiment, but he was shaved to the blood, and his round red face shone with soap and satisfaction. As he fucked his napkin into his shirt collar, Sairy brought in the tureen of oyster soup, and he remarked, as he took his first spoonful of the stew, that he was "hungry 'nough t' eat a graven image"; a condition that John was able to sympathize with after his two days of fasting on crackers and such provisions as he could buy at Purse's. It was, on the whole, he reflected, the most enjoyable dinner that he ever ate. Never was such a turkey—to see it give way under David's skillful knife—wings, drumsticks, second joints, side bones, breast—was an elevating and memorable experience. And such

potatoes, mashed in cream! such boiled onions, turnips, Hubbard squash, succotash, stewed tomatoes, celery, cranberries, "currant jelly!" Oh! and to "top off" with, a mince-pie to die for, and a pudding (new to John, but just you try it some time) of steamed Indian meal and fruit, with a sauce of cream sweetened with shaved maple sugar.

"What'll you have?" said David to Mrs. Cullom, "dark meat? white meat?"

"Anything," she replied meekly; "I'm not particular. Most any part of a turkey'll taste good, I guess."

"All right," said David. "Don't care means a little o' both. I always know what to give Polly—piece o' the second joint, an' the last-thing-over-the-fence. Nice 'n' rich fer scraggly folks." he remarked. "How fer you, John?—little o' both, eh?" and he heaped the plate till our friend begged him to keep something for himself.

"Little too much is jes' right," he asserted. When David had filled the plates and handed them along—Sairy was for bringing in and taking out, while they did their own helping to vegetables and "passin'"—he hesitated a moment, and then got out of his chair and started in the direction of the kitchen door.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bixbee in surprise. "Where you goin'?"

"Woodshed," said David. "Woodshed!" she exclaimed, making as if to rise and follow.

"You set still," said David. "Some-thing I forgot."

"What on earth!" she exclaimed, with an air of annoyance and bewilderment. "What do you want in the woodshed? Can't you set down an' let Sairy git it for ye?"

"No," he asserted, with a grin. "Sairy might squish it. I must be putty meller by this time."

And out he went. "Manners!" ejaculated Mrs. Bixbee. "You'll think" (to John) "we're reg'ler heathen."

"I guess not," said John, smiling and much amused.

Presently Sairy appeared with four tumblers, which she distributed, and was followed by David bearing a bottle. He seated himself and began a struggle to unwind the same with an ice-pick. Aunt Polly leaned forward with a look of perplexed curiosity.

"What you got there?" she asked. "Vewve Clivot's universal an' suv'r'n remedy," said David, reading the label and bringing the corners of his eye and mouth almost together in a wink to John, "fer toothache, earache, burns, scalds, warts, dispepsy, fallin' o' the hair, wind-gall, ring-bone, spavin, disapp'inted affections, an' pips in hens."

And out came the cork with a *woop* at which both the ladies, even Mrs. Cullom, jumped and cried out.

"David Harum," declared his sister, with conviction, "I believe that that's a bottle of champagne!"

"If it ain't," said David, pouring into his tumbler, "I ben swindled out o' four shillin'!" and he passed the bottle to John, who held it up inquiringly, looking at Mrs. Bixbee.

"No, thank ye," she said, with a little toss of the head, "I'm a son o' temprence. I don't believe," she remarked to Mrs. Cullom, "that that bottle ever cost less'n a dollar." At which remarks David apparently "swallowed somethin' the wrong way," and for a moment or two was unable to proceed with his dinner. Aunt Polly looked at him suspiciously. It was her experience that, in her intercourse with her brother, he often laughed utterly without reason—so far as she could see.

"I've always heard it was dreadful expensive," remarked Mrs. Cullom.

"Let me give you some," said John, reaching toward her with the bottle.

Mrs. Cullom looked first at Mrs. Bixbee and



MRS. BIXBEE LOOKED AT HIM WITH UNMIXED SCORN.

then at David. "I don't know," she said. "I never tasted any."

"Take a little," said David, nodding approvingly.

"Just a swaller," said the widow, whose curiosity had got the better of scruples. She took a swallow of the wine.

"How do ye like it?" asked David.

"Well," she said as she wiped her eyes, into which the gas had driven the tears, "I guess I could get along if I couldn't have it regular."

"Don't taste good?" suggested David, with a grin.

"Well," she replied, "I never did care any great for cider, an' this tastes to me about as if I was drinkin' cider an' snuffin' horseradish at one an' the same time."

"How's that, John?" said David, laughing.

"I suppose it's an acquired taste," said John, returning the laugh and taking a mouthful of the wine with infinite relish. "I don't think I ever enjoyed a glass of wine so much, or," turning to Aunt Polly, "ever enjoyed a dinner so much;" which statement completely mollified her feelings, which had been the least bit in the world "set edgewise."

"Mebbe your app'ite's got somethin' to do with it," said David, shoveling a knife-load of good things into his mouth. "Polly, this young man's ben livin' on crackers an' salt herrin' fer a week."

"My land!" cried Mrs. Bixbee, with an expres-

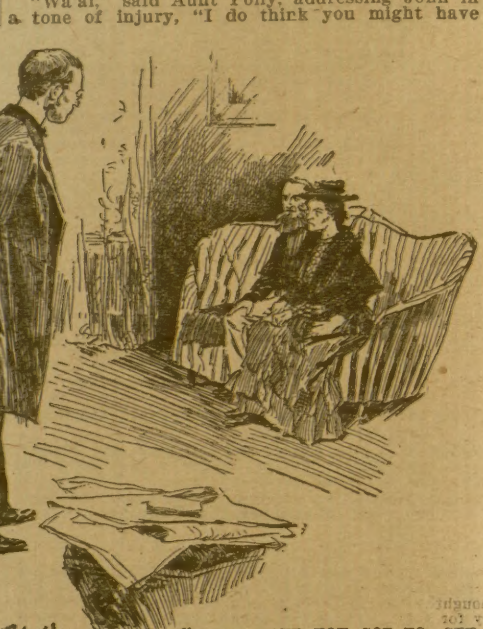
sion of horror. "Is that reelly so? 'Tain't now, reelly?"

"Not quite so bad as that," John answered, smiling; "but Mrs. Elright has been ill for a couple of days and—well, I have been foraging around Purse's store a little."

"Wa'al, of all the mean shames!" exclaimed Aunt Polly indignantly. "David Harum, you'd ought to be ridin' 'bout allow such a thing."

"Wa'al, I never!" said David, holding his knife and fork straight up in either fist as they rested on the table, and staring at his sister. "I believe if the meetin'-house roof was to blow off you'd lay it onto me somehow. I hain't ben runnin' the Eagle tavern fer quite a consid'able while. You got the wrong pig by the ear, as usual. Jes' you pitch into him," pointing with his fork to John. "It's his funeral, if any-body's."

"Wa'al," said Aunt Polly, addressing John in a tone of injury, "I do think you might have



"WHAT HAV' YOU GOT TO GET MARRIED ON?" SAID THE DOMINIE, AFTER A MINUTE.

let somebody know; I think you'd order 'em known."

"Yes, Mrs. Bixbee," he interrupted, "I did know how kind you are and would have been, and if matters had gone on so much longer I should have appealed to you—I should have, indeed; but really," he added, smiling at her, "a dinner like this is worth fasting a week for."

"Wa'al," she said, mollified again, "you won't git no more herrin' 'ness you ask fer 'em." "That is just what your brother said this morning," replied John, looking at David with a laugh.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The meal proceeded in silence for a few minutes. Mrs. Cullom had said but little, but John noticed that her dictum was more conventional than in her talk with David and himself in the morning, and that her manner at the table was distinctly refined, although she ate with apparent appetite, not to say hunger. Presently she said, with an air of making conversation, "I suppose you've always lived in the city, Mr. Lenox?"

"It has always been my home," he replied, "but I have been away a good deal."

"I suppose folks in the city go to theaters a good deal," she remarked.

"They have a great many opportunities," said John, wondering what she was leading up to. But he was not to discover, for David broke in with a chuckle.

"Ask Polly, Mis' Cullom," he said. "She'll tell ye all about the theater, Polly kin."

Mrs. Cullom looked from David to Mrs. Bixbee, whose face was suffused.

"Tell her," said David, with a grin. "I wish you'd shet up!" she exclaimed. "I sha'n't do nothin' of the sort."

"Ne' mind," said David cheerfully, "TU tell ye, Mis' Cullom."

"Dave Harum!" expostulated Mrs. Bixbee; but he proceeded without heed of her protest.

"Polly an' I," he said, "went down to New York one spring some years ago. Her nerves was some worse out 'long of differences with Sairy about clearin' up the woodshed, an' bread-ris'n's, an' not bein' able to suit herself up to Purse's in the quality of silk velvet she wanted fer a Sunday-go-to-meetin' gown, an' I thought a spell off 'd do her good. Wa'al, the day after we got there I says to her while we was havin' breakfast—it was picked-up elephant on toast, near 's I c'n remember wa'n't it, Polly?"

"That's as near the truth as most o' the rest on't so fur," said Polly, with a sniff.

"Wa'al, I says to her," he proceeded, untouched by her scorn, "How'd you like to go t' the theater? You hain't never ben, I says an' now you're down here, you may jest as well see somethin' while you got a chanst, I says. Up to that time," he remarked, as it were in passing, "she'd ben somewhat prejudiced 'ginst theaters, an'—"

"Wa'al," Mrs. Bixbee broke in, "I guess what we see that night was callated—"

"You hold on," he interposed. "I'm tellin' this story. You had a chanst to an' wouldn't. Anyway, an' we agreed we'd go somewhere that night. But somethin' happened to put it out o' my mind, an' I didn't think on't again till I got back to the hotel fer supper. So I went to the feller at the news-stand, an' says, 'Got any show-tickets fer tonight?'"

"Theater?" he says. "I reckon so, I says."

"Wa'al, he says, 'I hain't got nothin' now but two seats fer Clynthy.'"

"Is it a good show?" I says—"moral an' so on?" I'm goin' to take my sister, an' she's a little pertic'lar about some things, I says. He kind o' grinned, the feller did. I've took my wife twice, an' she's putty pertic'lar herself," he says, laughin'.

"She must 'a' ben," remarked Mrs. Bixbee, with a sniff that spoke volumes of her opinion of "the feller's wife."

David emitted a chuckle. "Wa'al," he continued, "I took the tickets on the feller's recommendation an' the fact of his wife's bein' so pertic'lar, an' after supper we went. It was a mighty handsome place inside, gilded an' carved all over like the outside of a cirks wagin, an' when we went in the orchestra was playin' an' the people was comin' in, an' after we'd set a few minutes I says to Polly, 'What Co you think on't?' I says, 'I don't see anythin' very unbecomin' so fur, an' the people looks respectable enough,' she says. 'No jail-birds in sight fur 's ye c'n see so fur, be they?' I says. He, he, he, he!"

"You needn't make me out more of a gump 'n I was," protested Mrs. Bixbee. "An' you was jest as—"

David held up his finger at her. "Don't you spile the story by discountin' the sequil. Wa'al, putty soon the band struck up some kind of a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

John and I have been married nearly thirteen years and are sweethearts still, and I don't think I could live through many days if he went to his work without kissing me good by. I don't see where it would improve matters for us Winn Parish women to go to the polls. I for one am content to let the men folks do the voting.

We live where neighbors are few and far between and I get pretty lonely sometimes when the "good man" is away, but with my five little boys, my garden and all the work and my chickens, I manage to keep busy.

Will some sister who has Indian Runner ducks please write to me?

Good wishes to all.

Mrs. MITTIE MATHIS, St. Maurice, Winn Parish, La.

Mrs. WILKINSON AND DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years, and I enjoy the letters of the sisters very much and I often wish that I could write a few words that would help someone. I was born and reared in a little hamlet near the Alps of Switzerland and after living there twenty-six years I emigrated to this great country, and after living here more than half of my life I learned to love it. But still, I often shut my eyes and my spirit is feeding on the beautiful scenery of my dear birthplace.

Mrs. Julia Shafer. I will not exactly say that I am a "hot headed" one, but I wish to say temper can never be subdued by our own strength; it can only be done by the help of God. If there was nothing to fight in our way, there would never be any victory. Let us all strive for victory and ask God to help us.

All of the sisters who suffer from bronchitis and lung trouble, do not fail to try the tea of the Iceland moss, fifteen cents worth will give a fair trial and can be had in almost any of the large city drug-stores. The Iceland moss grows on the Alps under the Alp rose bushes and it is called by the natives "lung grass," because it is used for lung trouble. I believe it also grows in Ireland, as I never heard of any being gathered for market at the home place. It was only gathered for home use. I remember gathering some when I was a child, sitting by an Alp rose bush, seeing many grand peaks and precipices around me and in the distance a glacier sparkling in the sun.

Mrs. MARGARET TACHANS, Harwood, R. R. 1, Vernon Co., Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been reading the fine letters of the Sisters' Corner since last Sept. and I just cannot keep silent any longer. I never thought there was so much good in any single paper as there is in COMFORT. It does us all good to know of the joys and sorrows of others for thereby we can appreciate our own blessings and when we read of such cases as those of Mrs. Chas. Grayham, Walnut, Kans., and Mrs. Bridgewater, Birchtree, Mo., we feel encouraged to meet the trials of life cheerfully.

COMFORT has been a great help to me in providing for my family. We came West in 1902. We had no children then. Our great desire was to make a comfortable home for ourselves and our children, and we thought we could reclaim enough of this desert country for a farm and build a small house with the necessary outbuildings. Our plans were well laid and we got along well enough till three years ago when my husband's health failed and he has been an invalid ever since. He is afflicted with the "White Plague." I then took up the burden myself and by washing and ironing and doing housework for the neighbors I have been able to keep the wolf from the door. The people of the West are not much inclined to be sentimental, but I want to relate a circumstance that is in accord with the principles of COMFORT and its staff of editors.

When my husband first became sick we were some distance from any neighbors. We had only a small supply of meal and flour and a little rice on hand. Our three children are very healthy and robust and this supply was soon gone. My husband was almost delirious with high fever, caused by overwork. I could not leave him to go to the neighbors for help, and for a week I could do nothing but watch my husband, and in spite of my efforts the tears would come to my eyes. The children were hungry and crying for something to eat, as for myself I had no appetite to eat even if I had had the best in the land.

Our situation became serious, almost desperate. There was plenty to eat close at hand; and I felt sure that our neighbors would help us if they knew of our needs. By and by a neighbor came over to see how we were getting along. He was surprised to find us in such circumstances, but he could see the cause. He knew it was no fault of ours, and as soon as he could go to the village, three miles away, he brought a good supply of groceries. Others responded and since that time we have never suffered for the necessities of life.

You who have been in similar circumstances can realize what relief and joy it is to know that there is a "tie that binds" our hearts and sympathies together. But I fear that there are only a few of the sisters who know what joy it is to see tears come to the eyes of a stern, rough man of the West, a man who now represents the best of that once numerous band, known as cowboys. They are rough in appearance and often in speech. They have the bronze color resembling that of the Indians, but for all their rough appearance they have a touch of sympathy for their fellow man. The neighbors were diligent to stop and see if we needed anything. They help us when we cannot help ourselves.

I still keep up the struggle and it is a great comfort and encouragement to me to read the letters of the sisters.

With best wishes for all the thousands of COMFORT readers and a tender sympathy for all the sisters, I remain, Yours faithfully,

Mrs. NETTIE B. WALKER, Cimarron, Colo.

Mrs. Walker.—Yours is a brave struggle and you have faced some trying conditions with marvelous fortitude. I am glad you wrote our corner because you will receive sympathy and encouragement through the strong "tie that binds" us COMFORT sisters together, though we are so widely scattered and so few of us have met.

Those must have indeed been dark days when you could no longer provide for your loved ones and despair must have often filled your heart. Your self-denials, privations and disappointments in the new land where you sought your home are bitter to think of, and I hope that soon better days will come to you.

The type of man who so nobly came to your rescue is best described by Charles Read who says that—"not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows."—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to the dear old COMFORT more years than I can remember and do not recall that I ever saw a letter from this old historical place. I want to find some homesick woman who would like to have a good home with two old people. We have a comfortable home and pleasant surroundings, the only objection one could have to it is that it is so quiet. I want a middle-aged or settled woman, one who can take hold of household duties and carry them on with dispatch and milk a cow. I did the work until unfortunately I got a fall and hurt my spine and hip and think it more than probable I will have to go on crutches or in a wheel chair the balance of my life, and would be so happy and thankful if we could get a good disposed, helpful woman to come and live with us. I am positively sure such an one would never regret her choice.

We have had an ideal winter, very little severe cold weather, and now everything outside is so pretty and green. It looks as if spring had come to stay. This is a beautiful country.

With many good wishes to all the sisters and good Mrs. Wilkinson,

Mrs. NATE ARNOLD, West Columbia, Brazoria Co., Tex.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am going to try this lonesome Sunday afternoon to write a letter to our dear paper. It certainly has the right name, for its comfort wherever it goes. I think it the best paper published.

I guess there are other sisters like myself, who live in town and their husbands have been married nearly twenty years and have one of the best of husbands. He is so good and kind and our little home is nothing but happiness and sunshine. There is nothing in the world that we do not do for each other when it is in our power, and I think that should be the rule with every man and woman.

If any of the sisters make their husbands' shirts as I sometimes do (as it saves quite a lot) and will buy

the neck-bands ready made it will be much easier than making them, and they only cost five cents each. They come in any size and are ready to put on shirt. Now for a few words to the girls who have mothers and don't know how to appreciate them. My mother died when I was eleven years old and soon after my father married again. I stayed at home until I was sixteen when I was forced to leave.

You who have mothers be good to them; do anything you can to make their last days their happiest. You don't know what it is to lose mother until she is gone and then it is too late.

I would like to correspond with some of the sisters.

With love and best wishes to all, I remain your loving sister,

Mrs. A. M. LINER (nee JOSIE LONDON), East Lake, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have made several attempts to write before, but never forwarded the letters, as I thought they were not worth printing when I read other letters in COMFORT that were much more interesting.

I received COMFORT a few days ago, and I see that more or less of the sisters are interested in Washington and Oregon. We have lived here on the Coast two years, and I wish we had known as much about this country when we came as we do now, for we would have done differently, and been much better off, but it takes everything to make a lifetime.

I was born and brought up in Portland, Maine, and lived there until fifteen years ago when I was married and we moved to New Britain, Ct. You see I had never been out of the New England states in my life. We certainly enjoyed the trip out here, but oh, how homesick I was. You people that expect to come out here and buy land to farm keep clear of the land sharks, for there are many of them, and they are as smooth as Satan himself. My advice to people coming here, especially to New Englanders, is to lease a farm or ranch which as a rule you can do very reasonably. At the end of a year or two you are just as good a judge as any Oregonian or Washingtonian, and then you are capable of buying land that is worth the money you pay for it. There is lots of land that is good and lots of land that is almost worthless, and they want a little fortune for it, and oftentimes you cannot raise enough on the land to pay the interest on the money you paid for it. You people that mean to earn your living in the city by all means keep away from this coast. Wages are poor when you compare it with Connecticut for inside work. For outside work they pay good wages in the summer, but there is very little of it in the winter, and as a rule they cut the wages also.

Living is high. Just imagine paying ten cents for a quart of vinegar, and this is an apple country. For water we pay fifty cents a month per faucet, and in Puyallup, Wash., we paid one dollar per month. Fuel is also very high, and poor at that. You have to buy all the school books. Last but not least be prepared to feel cold and chilly for the first year; after that you will like the climate.

I suppose you think that by this time I hate this country, but I don't. The country is all right, but it needs a good weeding out. We would not go back if we could. We have had a hard time to get a foothold, and now we must keep pegging. I am afraid I have not made this as plain and interesting as I might have.

We are four in the family, my husband, an adopted son eleven years old, my own little girl five years, and my humble self. What a delight COMFORT is!

Yours sincerely,

ELSLIE BERLIN, 217 E. 85th St., S., Portland, Oregon.

DEAR SISTERS:

I thought I would step in and chat a while as I have derived so much good from this corner.

I love so much to read anything concerning the rearing of children. I have two little ones and I do everything I can for them.

I wish to speak a few words about giving the babies water to drink. I heard a woman say once, that she had a baby thirteen months old and had scarcely ever given it a drink of water. What do you think of that sisters? God put plenty of water on earth for all mankind and also for stock, and the babies, the most innocent of creatures, are oftentimes denied the privilege of drinking what God has given so freely. Dear sisters, don't neglect this duty, and give your child at least six drinks of water a day and when they have fever give them water as often as you would want it yourself if you were sick, and when it is hot weather don't put flannel clothes on the little ones; dress them for comfort; thin clothes in summer and warm clothes in winter.

Mrs. GRACE WEBB, Center Hill, Ark

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I see in the March COMFORT that Mrs. A. W. Dodds of Gouverneur, N. Y., asks for a remedy for eczema. I was similarly afflicted several years ago, and after trying different ointments, with no visible results, I concluded to try salt. I knew it was good for itching, so I began bathing the affected parts (which were my arms from the elbows to the tips of my fingers) in strong salty water, as hot as could be borne, and it cured me entirely in a short time and it has never returned. Bathe two or three times daily. I know of one other lady similarly affected, that was cured after I told her what I did.

This strong, hot salt bath is also good for protruding piles. Bathe the affected parts twice a day, night and morning. It itches and burns, but soon becomes easy and cool and always all itching.

I trust Mrs. Dodds will try this and report to the sisters' page.

Mrs. JENNIE LOUGMILLER, Roxton, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been an interested reader of this dear paper for many years and am beginning to consider it one of the essentials. I consider each copy a volume of useful information.

I thoroughly enjoy the Sisters' Corner and think it very interesting to read the letters from different parts of the Union, describing their country, climate and crops raised, as well as markets.

In this country of vastness there is a great diversity of soil, all more or less productive according to how it's tilled. The sandy loam is well adapted for corn, potatoes and tobacco and all kinds of garden truck. The heavy land is run more to small grain and hay and dairying is followed to some extent, but not nearly as extensive as it ought to be. Apples and all kinds of small fruit do well here, and there are some very extensive orchards in this county. Improved farms sell from twenty-five to one hundred dollars an acre.

How many of you sisters have adopted the plan of letting each of your children have a piece of land to plant to some crop to be all their very own? They will be surprised to see what an interest they will take in this piece of ground. Plant it to some crop that will do the best and find the readiest market in your locality, such as potatoes, onions or strawberries.

It will give them such a feeling of independence to have something that is all their very own. They naturally require some spending money, and it will surprise you to see how diligent they are about handling this money which they feel is so much more their own than money that has been given to them by a parent.

I am a lover of flowers and take great pleasure in caring for them. It doesn't matter how much I have to do, or how busy I am, my flowers are never forgotten. I think them lots of company, for while they cannot talk to you and thank you for their care bestowed on them, they respond with their smiling faces and cheerful looks, and best of all, they say no evil of you after you have made them a call. I think flowers make a home so much more homelike. I just enjoy giving away gorgeous bouquets and it's a pleasure to see the children pick them to their heart's content. I am much interested in perennials and started seven different kinds last year and shall add some more this year. When once well established they give you less care than annuals.

With best wishes to you all.

Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Albertville, Chippewa Co., Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please admit a fond reader of COMFORT into your cozy little corner. I have been a silent member for seven years, and like it better all the time.

I certainly think Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and Cousin Marion are doing a great work.

I live in the grand old state of Kentucky, near the central part. I like my home very much. As the song says, "There's no place like home." I am five feet, three inches high, weigh one hundred and eight pounds, with brown eyes and dark hair and am twenty-one years old. I have been married three years, which seems such a short time, and my husband is very good to me. I regret to say that he has been in very bad health for two years past. I sympathize with anyone that is in ill health.

We live in a little village and at present I am postmistress, and as my husband is keeping store I attend to the post-office and store also, and manage to do my housework as well. Wishing all the COMFORT sisters a prosperous year and love to Mrs. Wilkinson, I am your loving sister.

Mrs. MARY E. (WILSON) FARRIS, Telford, Ky.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



"Don't Bake Any Beans for Me"

Some thousands of men have said that to their wives after tasting a dish of Van Camp's. And a million more ought to say it. For the baking of beans is a long, hot task. It must be started sixteen hours in advance. And the result is a failure in any home oven if digestibility means anything at all.

The proper baking of beans in a home oven is utterly out of the question. Beans must be baked in live steam.

They need twice the heat that you ever get to the center of the home baking dish. That heat is required to break up the food particles so the digestive juices can act. Otherwise the beans, instead of digesting, ferment and form gas.

In the Van Camp kitchens the beans are baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. They are baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. The beans are digestible.

They are baked without crisping, without bursting the skins. So the beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

They are baked with the tomato sauce, permeating every atom with a delicious zest. The result is the likable kind of baked beans.

These beans remain, until you open the can, exactly as they came from the oven. Not a savor is missing, not a flavor is changed.

The housewife keeps them on the pantry shelf, ready to serve in a minute. They become her most convenient meal.

When Van Camp's are used, baked beans become a very frequent dish. And beans are 84 per cent. nutriment. They are richer than meat in food value, and cost but a third as much.

Doesn't it seem that every housewife would welcome such a dish?

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

But get the right beans, else you'll be disappointed. Van Camp's are made of the whitest and plumpest Michigan beans—beans all of one size. The sauce is made from whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines. We could

buy dry beans for one-fourth what we pay. We could buy tomato sauce for one-fifth what ours costs. But the result of our way is a dish five times as good. When you once taste this dish you will insist on Van Camp's.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company
(100)

Established 1861 Indianapolis, Ind.

RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter, a man of wealth, knowing his days are numbered reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Sadie Walcott, his early love, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty and the promise to care for Walter as if he were his son and to tell him something when he comes of age, also his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill, and while the nurse and Walter keep watch Edmund in the library finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," slips through a crack in a quaint desk and is lost to sight. With a sigh of relief Edmund closes the desk. The father dies without making more known of his wishes for Walter and revealing his ancestry. A search is made for the will. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of book-keeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year, and Edmund regards it as a matter of disrespect that the son of another woman is installed on an equal footing with him. Walter realizes his hard position. He goes to the city, meeting a young girl, who, through his assistance, escapes injury. He applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. After three months of close application Walter asks for evening office work. Making rapid strides, Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him in the preparation of plans for an elegant residence on the banks of the Schuylkill. He requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. He knows the name is Gordon and is surprised to meet the young girl of his dreams—a sister of Robert Gordon. Walter gives Mr. Gordon valuable information regarding the plans and as he leaves encounters Edmund Carpenter, who is to accompany Ruby to a party. He is surprised to meet Walter and is rude to him. Robert Gordon favors Edmund Carpenter's attentions to his sister. Ruby's estimate of Edmund Carpenter's character surprises her brother and awakens a new bond between them.

Mr. Robert Gordon and his wife give a reception to a noted poet, Mr. Whitfield. Owen Ruggles, an unbidden guest, comes three hundred miles to see the man that's walked into his heart with his sweet way of saying things. Ruby Gordon makes the man feel at ease and arranges for Mr. Whitfield to meet him. Standing near the library door Ruby hears Edmund Carpenter, in an angry voice, expostulating with Owen Ruggles for his presence there. The conversation reveals his relationship. Edmund ignores it and Ruby learns that Walter Richardson was a protégé of Edmund's father and of Edmund's refusal to help him to an education. Owen Ruggles invites Ruby to visit at his home another summer. The next morning he calls upon Walter, who shows him every attention. Mr. Ruggles regrets that Walter does not finish his college course and offers to assist him. Walter refuses. He enjoys the independence of caring for himself.

Ruby Gordon, company with her brother pays a visit to Owen Ruggles and his wife. That night Walter Richardson arrives. Ruby claims him as an old acquaintance to Mr. Ruggles' surprise and pleasure. Ruby learns from Walter's lips that Mr. Ralph Carpenter was Mr. Ruggles' half brother, also the story of his young life. A delightful week follows. There are walks and drives. Walter saves Ruby from possible death and new to God she owes Walter most grateful thanks. Walter is conscious that he loves Ruby as a man loves only once in his life. Ruby and her brother return to the city. Walter goes to the train with them. Mr. Gordon cordially invites him to his home, and Walter availing himself of the invitation calls. His pleasure is interrupted by Edmund, who is attentive to Ruby. He is displeased to meet Walter and warns him if he falls in his intentions it will be the sorriest day he ever knew. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon plan a grand housewarming and at Ruby's solicitation they send for Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. Walter is invited. Ruby promises the first quadrille to Walter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

IT would be difficult to describe the elegance and beauty of Robert Gordon's residence on the evening of the 21st.

The grand drawing-room, all white and gold, except where rare and gorgeous flowers and other adornings made vivid contrast, was radiant with the light from a hundred gas-burners, and into it poured the elite from every quarter of the city.

Silks and satins, velvets, laces, and jewels, of every description, flashed and glistened in the brilliant light; youth with its beauty and sparkle, age with its learning and dignity; pride, and pomp, and fashion, all mingled in the grand scene, which was never forgotten by those who participated in it.

The whole mansion had been thrown open to the guests, and everyone felt free to wander wherever he willed.

The conservatory opened out from the dining-room, and was a place of bewildering loveliness, and also of melody, for many songsters had been hung all about, and filled the place with their sweet strains.

A door opened from the east side of this, and from it the space to the large and elegant stable had been inclosed with canvas, so that those passing to and fro would be shielded from the keen night air.

As Ruby had told Walter, no boxes or stalls had as yet been put into the building, and the whole lower floor was to be devoted to dancing. It was brilliantly lighted, and draped in warm, bright hues; flowers gleamed in every corner and hung in festoons from the ceiling, and the place was a perfect bower of beauty; while at one end, behind a floral screen, a fine orchestra was stationed to discourse entrancing strains to bewitch fairy feet.

Mrs. Gordon was handsome and stately in lavender velvet, white lace, and diamonds; while her husband looked the whole-hearted, genial host that he was in his evening-dress of finest broad-cloth.

Mr. Ruggles looked quite the gentleman in his new suit, and Mrs. Ruggles was quietly elegant in her black satin, with collar and cuffs of point lace, and a dainty little affair of the same costly material perched above the white hair, which Ruby thought was "so soft and pretty," and which she had persuaded her to have arranged in a more modern fashion than she was accustomed to wear it.

She had been "a surprise" to Mrs. Gordon, who, on going below before the arrival of any of her guests, espied her from the hall, at the farther end of the long drawing-room, and did not recognize her.

She sought Ruby, and said: "Some one has come at a very unfashionable hour, and unattended, too. She is nicely dressed, and looks exceedingly genteel, but I do not know her."

Ruby knew, and her eyes twinkled. "Let us go and see," she said, linking her arm in her sister's; "you know you are a trifle near-sighted, Estelle, and perhaps you may have met her after all."

She led her to Mrs. Ruggles and formally introduced her, and both ladies had a merry laugh over the incident.

And Ruby! Who shall do justice to the straight, slender, white-robed figure that came flitting down the magnificent stairway a few moments before her sister?

She wore a dress of glistening white silk, the corsage made low, but filled in with some fine rich lace that was drawn up close about her throat and fastened with a string of large, rare pearls.

There was no ornament about her save that string of pearls and one small, beautiful white lily that nestled lovingly above her forehead among the masses of her golden hair; but she was simply exquisite from top to toe, while upon

her bright face there rested such a tender grace that it was the loveliest feature of all.

"What spirit from the upper world have we here?" said her brother, meeting her at the foot of the stairs, and stooping to wind his arms around her while he gazed with a world of love and pride upon her.

She stood on tiptoe, put up her scarlet lips, and kissed him.

"No spirit at all, Robert, but a very substantial piece of humanity, who is bubbling over with health and anticipation until her very toes are tingling to the strains of your music," she replied, laughing and tapping her satin-slipped foot in time with the gay waltz that came floating in from beyond the conservatory.

You are very lovely, Ruby—like some 'fair lady garmented in light,' said her brother, with another fond caress.

"Oh, Robert, what barefaced flattery, and you a married man these ten years! the fair girl retorted roguishly.

Mr. Gordon quoted, smilingly, still fondly regarding her:

"She frowns no goddess, she moves no queen. The softer charm that in her manner lies Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise. It justly suits the expression of her face; 'Tis less than dignity and more than grace."

"Spare me!" Ruby cried, in mock dismay. "I confess I expected something of this later on, though from a different source; but to be overwhelmed by such an avalanche at the outset, and by a gray-haired veteran, too, fairly takes my breath away."

"It will not harm you. As Farmer Ruggles says, 'you can't be spoiled.' But, really, you have taken my breath away. Who got you up so charmingly, tonight?"

"Thank you. I planned my costume myself." "Is that possible? Ah! it is such a wise little head; it knew just what would suit it best," he returned, touching caressingly the pure, white lily that rested on her hair. "I guess I shall have to open the ball with you."

"You can't, for I am engaged," Ruby said, demurely, though a flush of scarlet stained her cheek at the confession.

"Already! To whom?"

"I had to promise a young knight that I would dance the first set with him, if he would grace our party with his presence; and then, Robert, you forget that Mrs. Ruggles is our guest, and you must, at least, show her the courtesy of asking her."

"Do you suppose she knows how?" Mr. Gordon asked, with a twinkle of fun in his eyes.



THE SLENDER, WHITE-ROBED FIGURE CAME FLITTING DOWN THE STAIRWAY EDMUND CARPENTER HAD SCARCELY TAKEN HIS EYES FROM THE YOUNG COUPLE SINCE THEY CAME UPON THE FLOOR.

"It will be very easy to ascertain. I am going to dance with Mr. Ruggles, by and by. I want you to ask the orchestra to play an old-fashioned contra-dance some time during the evening, and I will lead off with him. I know he will enjoy it."

"Of course, I will do anything you wish," Mr. Gordon returned; "and," he added, with a grave tenderness in his tone, "you ought to have a long, long life of happiness, my Ruby, for you are always doing something for the pleasure of other people."

He bent to kiss her softly on the lips again, and then went to attend to some duty.

Walter came early, as he had promised; nothing would have induced him to forego the pleasure of that first quadrille; and Ruby greeted him with a smile and flush of welcome.

She passed him her tablets after a moment, and he wrote his name against the first quadrille.

"May I beg another?" he asked, bending an eager look upon her.

"Yes, indeed; if you like," she answered, cordially, and he chose one for later on in the evening.

She soon moved away to speak with other guests, but his eyes followed her wherever she went; the gleam of that pure lily, the sheen of that silken dress, made his heart thrill with her every movement.

"I love her, I love her; but will the time ever come when I shall dare say it to her and try to win her?" he murmured to himself.

Edmund Carpenter also presented himself at a seasonable hour, and when the signal was given to repair to the room for dancing, he approached Ruby, and drawing her hand through his arm, with the most complacent assurance remarked:

"Miss Ruby, you and I must open this ball together."

"I beg your pardon," she returned, drawing back, and somewhat annoyed at his manner of approaching her; "but I am already engaged for the first quadrille."

"Indeed! that is a disappointment," he said, biting his lip with vexation, both at the intelligence and her manner, "but will you kindly allow me to look at your tablets?"

She handed them to him and could not fail to see the look of rage that shot into his eyes as he read Walter's name at the head of the list and again, still farther on, beside one or two others.

"I am rather late, it seems," he remarked, in a hard, dry tone. "I did not intend to be so delinquent; perhaps you will give me number five."

Ruby glanced at it.

"Oh, Mr. Carpenter," she objected, "you know I do not often waltz; please take a quadrille." He frowned slightly, but wrote for a quadrille as she had requested, and handed back her tablets, just as Walter came forward to claim his partner.

Edmund did not deign to notice him except by a savage glance, which made Walter's blood tingle with indignation. But he was too happy to allow anything to trouble him long in Ruby's pres-

ence, and, leading her to where a set of young people were forming, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

"I want to thank you for making me promise to come early, Miss Gordon. I feel almost as if I had come into an enchanted palace," Walter said in a low, earnest tone, while they were resting during one of the changes; "and," he added, "this will be one of the 'red-letter' evenings of my life."

"And of mine, too," Ruby responded, looking up at him with radiant eyes; "everybody seems so happy, and I am so happy myself."

"You are always happy, I think—at least you always appear to be."

"Do I? Thank you. Yes, I believe life is very bright to me most of the time," she answered, smiling; then, as the call came to "turn partners," she held out both hands to him, looking so bewitching and lovable in her bright beauty, that he could not resist the impulse to clasp them, in a warm, lingering pressure.

"May no shadow ever dim the light that I see upon your face tonight," he whispered more fondly than he was aware of, as he whirled her into place.

She shot a half-started look at him; and then, as she caught the tender gleam in his eyes, a wave of rich color for an instant flooded her neck, cheek, and brow.

She knew that he loved her, but did not, as yet, dare to tell her the "old, sweet story." But she could wait; it was happiness enough for the present just to know it.

Her heart owned its allegiance to him, even though he had sought no pledge from her, and she would keep herself for him even though it should be years before he could speak.

Edmund Carpenter, from his place in a set near them, had scarcely taken his eyes from the handsome young couple since they came upon the floor.

He had witnessed this little by-play; had been quick to read the signs of the time, and a veritable tempest of jealousy raged within him, as he began to realize that the prize he coveted was likely to slip from his grasp—that one whom he hated had power to move her as he had never been able to do.

"The old-fashioned contra-dance will come just before supper, Ruby," Robert Gordon whispered in his sister's ear, shortly after Walter had led her to a seat.

"Thank you, Robert," she said, brightly; then turning again to her escort, she asked:

Walter was only too glad to do her bidding, and they soon found Mr. Ruggles standing in a



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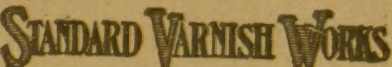
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CHAPTER XIX.

A WALTZ AND A SOUVENIR.

The contra-dance, which had been added to the list for Mr. Ruggles' benefit, was at length announced, and Ruby led her friend, with a pretty air of triumph, to the head of the room.

Robert Gordon followed with Mrs. Ruggles; then came Walter with Miss Annie Partridge, and so on down the long line.

Ruby never forgot that dance; she could never forget how, the moment the band struck up the lively music, her companion became instantly fired with enthusiasm, threw his whole heart into

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie; nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HELLO peaches! I've just put my nose outside the wood stove and as it's only sixty-seven miles below zero, I've decided to move from my winter quarters, and I've instructed Billy the Goat and Maria to get my straw hat and ice cream pants out of the ice box. People don't need refrigerators in Maine, as the whole state is one huge ice box. In sections of our country which do not abut on the Arctic Regions, and rub noses with the North Pole as good old Maine does, refrigerators are used for the storing of food. Here they are used for the storage of coal. I am joking with a heavy heart this month, and even though Billy the Goat has eaten Maria's hobbles, I have not the heart to laugh. Why am I depressed, sad and sorrowful? At the time I am writing this, powerful influences are doing their level best to induce Congress to raise the postage rate on magazines so high that if the move succeeds, about half the magazines in this country will be wiped out of existence, and the price of those that survive will be largely increased and most of those that do remain will probably be gobbled up by a big Wall Street magazine trust. It is reported that some of the best of them have been gobbled up already. What with Congress attacking the magazines on the one side and the interests gobbling them up on the other, it looks as though the great movement for better government, better conditions of living, the square deal, reform and righteousness which the magazines are agitating, is going to be strangled, and that the people will be fed on Trust literature. The magazines have made a whole lot of trouble for the trusts and for certain Senators, Congressmen and other public officers that betray the people's trust. The magazines have printed too much truth about them, and have uncovered too much rotteness and shown it to the people, who in turn have indignantly demanded a cleanup. Publicity, such as the magazines have been giving, is the most effective cure for corruption, and that is why the corrupt interests fear and hate and wish to destroy or control it.

The Post-office Department does a business of over two hundred million dollars a year, and falls short of being self-supporting by a comparatively small margin. The postage that the people and the publishers pay (and that which the publishers pay is really paid by the people in the subscription price) nearly pays the cost of running the department including the expense of handling the immense amount of government mail which goes free. And yet a great howl goes up in certain quarters because the government treasury had to pay out a few millions last year to help the P. O. Department make both ends meet.

Why shouldn't the government, which is by far the largest customer of the post-office, pay its share of the expense? Why should the people be expected or required to pay postage enough to cover the entire cost of handling their own mail and also the cost of the government's millions of mail on which it pays no postage?

But the proposition is to raise the magazine postage rates in order to make the post-office self-supporting. The government does not need to. The U. S. postage rate on magazines is one cent a pound, while Canada carries them across the continent from ocean to ocean for one quarter that rate, and yet the Canadian post-office department is run at a profit to its government.

Where the U. S. Post-office makes its loss is on the rural free delivery routes, which cost about \$28,000,000 more than they pay. Most of the rural delivery teams don't haul a tenth part of a load and it costs the government just as much as though they had all the mail they could haul. The rural free delivery should not be abolished because it does not pay, but it should be made to pay, and that without raising the postage on any class of mail matter. If Congress would only give us the Parcel Post, which the people have long been demanding, the post-office would soon be doing the express business of the country and could make good profit at that rate, and yet the extortionate rates now exacted by the express companies. With little or no extra expense the delivery men on the rural routes would be hauling much larger loads that would yield a profit to the post-office. But the opposition of the rich express companies seems to have more influence with Congress than the petitions of the people.

A tax on magazines is a tax on intelligence, and the Lord knows we have not so much of it, that it can stand taxation. What we want is more and cheaper magazines and more intelligence. The magazines are the greatest educational force, and the greatest force for progress and righteousness in this country. Without the magazines to keep the public informed as to what is going on, this nation will be in the dark as to the real condition of things, and the game of political and industrial plunder will go on more Parcel Post before taxing the magazines? brazenly and wickedly than ever. Why not try whether this measure to tax the magazines will be enacted into law or not I do not know. It is still unsettled, and therefore you ought to be informed about the matter, and make your voice heard by your Senators and Representatives in Congress, for any blow struck at the press of this country is a blow struck at the very vitals of our national life, liberty and freedom.

Wheel-chair applicants must send in written references or their names will not be placed on our waiting list. Wheel-chair applicants, when they move should advise me of their new address. It took me a month to trace one poor soul, I knew was in desperate need of a chair. Letters to her were returned, letters to her postmaster were ignored. By persistent effort, however, I located her. Every name on our list will be reached eventually, so when you move, let me know where you move to.

Uncle Charlie's wonderful book of poems can be obtained for a club of four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. You are missing half your life if you do not obtain a copy of this volume of laughter, cheer and sunshine.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book, the superb new edition of twenty-eight vocal gems, can be obtained for a club of two fifteen month subscriptions at twenty-five cents each. It contains the beautiful ballad, "The Dream that Never Came True," which appeared in our March issue. Full particulars of this great bargain offer will be found at the end of this department. Start your clubbing now, Today!

Write your names, ages and addresses on separate slips of paper or they will not be put on our correspondence list.

Don't write and ask me how to get wheel chairs. You know how to get them as well as I

do. If people would only read and use their eyes, and a little of their brains, it would save me many weary hours trying to answer useless questions that never should be asked.

People who want information on the value of old coins, missing relatives, etc., and a thousand other subjects should address their letters to our "Information Bureau" and not to me. I'm not a rich man with a bunch of stenographers, but just an invalid pen pusher. If I spend all my time answering your questions when can I do my work? If I don't do my work how can I live? Have a little consideration and do be reasonable.

Now for the letters:

2904 Market Street, WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Will you permit one of the "Diamond State's blue hen chicks" to enter your chicken coop for a few minutes?

Wilmington is a beautiful city of about ninety thousand inhabitants. It is bordered on the southeast by the Delaware river, on the southwest by the Christiansburg, and on the northeast by the Brandywine.

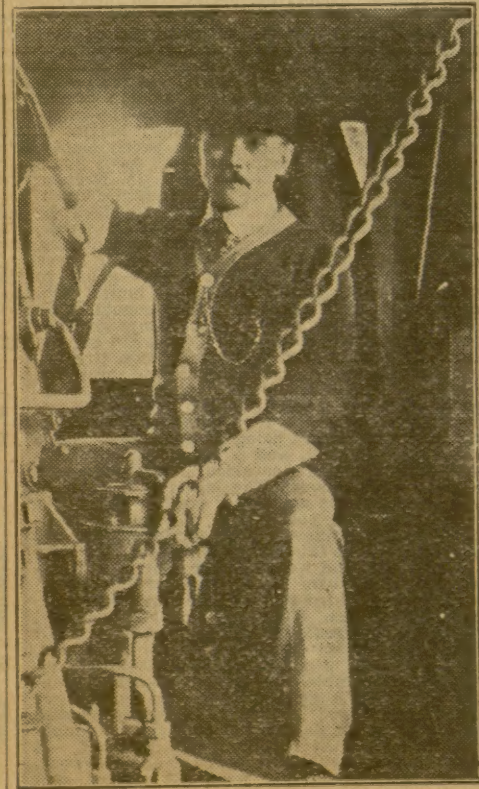
The banks of the latter was the scene of one of General Washington's engagements with the British army; and the Delaware is well known to the reader of that part of the history of the United States, which deals with the revolutionary period.

But, alas, even here in dear old Delaware (amid the many reminders of the time when those God-fearing, liberty-seeking men, shed their blood on the fields of battle, and won for us the fundamental principle of "freedom"), are to be found the same conditions, which seem to prevail throughout our nation. The almighty dollar is rated higher than one's self respect; aye, in many cases, I fear, higher than our Creator. Graft and corruption are to be found on every hand.

Cousins, it is up to you and to me, to see to it that the existing conditions are altered. We are the young men of today, and we will be, either the oppressors or the oppressed of tomorrow, unless we join hands in the fight for righteousness, for clean politics, and for honest living. But, why should there be any oppressed of tomorrow? If we, the men who hold membership in the C. L. O. C., and support as one of our mottoes, "Love of our country, and protection of its flag," would use our brains and influence, against these evils, we could do much toward remedying the abuses. We might just as well look the matter squarely in the face. If we remain inactive, and permit a handful of unscrupulous, graft-seeking officeholders to rule our country, regardless of the working man's needs and rights, then we are not living up to our motto. Let us wake up, and get a little true patriotism into our veins, and with a prayer on our lips, strike a blow at the vitals of corruption. We are the ones to see to it that the office seeker does not bribe the voters with his party dollars, and we are the ones to see to it that the voter does not accept such bribes. Come boys, let us get busy. Now is the time. Not tomorrow or some other day, but now.

Why! right here in this little state, the political corruption is disgusting.

The political rotteness and many other degrading and demoralizing conditions (such as the white slave trade, the gambling hell, and the dastardly liquor traffic) must be wiped from our fair land, ere we



COUSIN W. F. JUNGLES, FORT WAYNE, IND., IN THE CAR OF HIS EXPRESS ENGINE, PENNSYLVANIA, R. R.

shall see a clean, Christianized and Christ-loving, as well as God-fearing nation.

Say Uncle, you tell those who suggest that you eliminate the fun from our column, that they are looking for the secretary of the National Order of Hypochondriacs, or the American Pessimistic Union. I, for one greatly enjoy your criticisms and witty remarks, and I feel safe in saying, that I voice the sentiment of a large majority, if not all, of the cousins. God never intended that anyone should wear a face like a scarecrow. True Christianity means true happiness, and true happiness means:

Smiles by the mile.
Good cheer, the while.

I notice that the cousins' preference for country or city life, is an interesting topic. So far as I am concerned, I would far rather live in the country, among the things which remind us of the omnipresence and omnipotence of our Heavenly Father, and among the glorious and beautiful handiwork of nature; away from the crowds of hurrying, bustling, and too often discourteous human beings.

We are living in an age when the American people are traveling over the rails of time at a terrific rate of speed, but let us remember, that God's hand is upon the throttle, and that some day he will close it, and cause the onward dash to cease. Let us so frame our lives, that they will generate sunshine and happiness into the lives of those less fortunate

than we, and let us use our brains and influence in the fight against corruption, and for Christianity and clean living.

While we are dealing with these weighty problems, let us not forget him, who is always doing as much for the unfortunate, and who scatters seeds of kindness, and the love of Christ among the readers of our column. Uncle Charlie is a man who inspires one. His frank words and generous deeds make us feel that we want to emulate his useful life. If you haven't a copy of his book of poems, get one. You cannot know what a true gem it is, until you have seen it. I have one, and I would not part with it. I feel safe in saying that at least fifty of my friends have seen and admired it.

I shall be delighted to receive cards and letters from any of the cousins, and will answer just as many as my time will permit.

I am twenty-one years of age, have light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds, and am five feet six inches in height.

Sincerely, your nephew,

H. CLIFFORD SINCLAIR. (No. 32,429.)

Cliff, my dear boy, yours is one grand letter. Boys filled with your ideals and enthusiasm were mighty scarce a few years ago, but thank heaven they are getting more and more numerous every day and in the next twenty-five years, thanks to the determined efforts of such boys as you, and the influence and votes of our good women, this country will be lifted high and dry out of the muck and mire of rottenness and corruption in which it now wallows. It will be hard work, discouraging at times, but honesty and decency will triumph in the end, and we shall then have a country really worth while. Utopia and paradise will not have been reached, and that day will have plenty of knotty problems pressing for solution, as will have every generation, but we shall by that time forever have rooted out and buried the miserable parasitical swarm of political thugs, highbidders, and lick-spittle trust lackeys who now hinder Uncle Sam by the throat, and the national pockets stripped to the last available dollar.

You boys have a tremendously hard fight before you, but remember victory must crown your efforts in the end, so put your very heart and soul into that fight. The only way to keep a house clean is to use soap, mop, broom, scrubbing brush and elbow grease. To keep the nation and its government pure, you've got to use your political mops, brooms and elbow grease to keep the parasites and corruptionists from befouling the national house as you do your own hearth and home. People who leave their front doors open will always find an obliging burglar ready to rifle the house. We keep the political doors of this nation open day and night, and we not only invite the political burglars to come in and burglarize to their heart's content, but we even go to the trouble, when the burglar buys us a drink and cigar, or hands us a dollar bill, of electing him as our official burglar, and we beat drums, burn red fire, and wave that glorious emblem of liberty the stars and stripes, which we have befooled and dishonored, so that all the world may know that we are not only disgracing our citizenship, but exulting in our baseness, villainess and rottenness. When one contemplates the disgusting, contemptible and disgraceful bribery revelations in Adams Co., Ohio, and in Vermillion Co., Ill., a man with a spark of patriotism in his body cannot but hang his head in shame. The people who sold their votes in those and other counties, you will find on the Fourth of July decorating their houses with stars and stripes and celebrating their "Independence!" and trying to jolly themselves into believing they are good citizens and patriotic Americans. Can you beat it? These very people had they existed in Washington's day would have been willing to sell the whole United States for a drink of rum, and would sell it now for a drink of whiskey and a fifty cent piece.

The citizens of St. Louis were recently asked to vote on a matter of tremendous importance to them and their great city. One hundred and fifty thousand men were entitled to vote, but sixty thousand of that number, did not even take the trouble to go to the polls. How can we have a better government when half our voters won't even take the trouble to go to the polls, and those who don't go to the polls are generally of that so-called better class who are too disgusted with politics to even cast a vote. There we have an explanation of why rottenness triumphs. The ward heelers and bosses marshal all the hosts of slumdom, many of whom not only vote once, but more than once, and of course they vote for men of their class. Things are always clamorous, and the vicious element hate reform for it is on vice and the profits of vice this parasitical element lives, thrives and has its being. Men who have the right of ballot and do not exercise that right should be heavily fined for the first offence, disfranchised for the second offence, and for the third offence, dumped in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. For the fourth offence I guess you know where I would put them. It would be a place where they would not need any overcoats. If we hadn't the right of the ballot, these sixty thousand people who declined to vote would be willing to go out and shed their last drop of blood in order to get it. After they get it they ignore it and turn the use of it over to undesirable citizens. That's the cussedness of human nature. Now what we want to do is this. Educate the people up to a higher standard of citizenship. If we have good citizens we must necessarily, and as assuredly as night follows day, have a good government, for a country gets the kind of government it deserves and no better. While whole counties full of people are ready to sell their votes for a miserable dollar or two, we are bound to have every form of political evil, rampant, stalking the land, aggressive and defiant. With a nation of voters on the order of Clifford Sinclair, right, righteousness, order and decency will prevail, and the stars and stripes will mean something more than a pendant for a Standard Oil can. We have some splendid men in Congress, who are as anxious to go ahead as we are anxious to have them go ahead. They are known as Insurgents, and they are manfully fighting the battles of the people. We must keep these men in office and hearten them in the national struggle for good by our support. We must send other men equally good to help them, and if through human weakness the men we select betray us, we must have the right to recall them from office. If we have not the right to fire a man, then we have no right to elect him. I began to agitate for this recall reform, seven years ago in two different magazines, and the publisher of one of those magazines told me to shut up, told me my ideas were revolutionary and that I was an anarchist. Today even the most conservative are agitating for the right of recall, and in two years this great reform will be enacted into law; then we can hold the whip over our legislators, and make them do our bidding, but not until then. Now you boys, and you men too, get some of the enthusiasm and patriotism of Clifford Sinclair. This is a great and glorious country. God made it. It is God's last effort on behalf of the human race. We have made very poor use of our great birthright so far. We have been chiefly busy in creating millionaires and paupers, selling votes and worshipping the golden calf. Now let us do something worthy of our great and glorious destiny. Improve the quality of your citizenship. Have ideals and live up to them. Make this land in reality the home of the brave, the land of the free—free from poverty and want, free from paupers, free from grafters and corruptionists, worthy of the God who created it and gave it to us for our benefit and His glory.

OLIVER SPRINGS, R. R. 2, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here I come from the eastern section of Sunny Tennessee. I am sixty-five inches from the ground, weigh one hundred and twenty-nine pounds, have dark hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.

Uncle, you should be down here. My mother is baking me a chicken pie for dinner and I wish you were here to help me devour it. I write "Pie" with a capital letter because I think it the most capital thing a person can eat when he is hungry. Now Uncle if you won't let "Billy" get this letter, I'll



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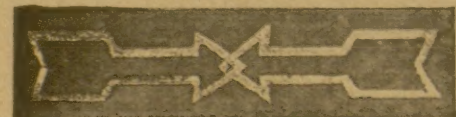
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send you the largest piece of pie, with the nicest, best gravy over it you ever ate in all your sweet life. Good by, I smell chicken pie. Dinner is over, I feel better now. Under separate cover goes the dish of pie to you. Was sorry to hear that you were a shut-in. Life has been very hard for me. I lost my father at the age of five and hard times have been my lot. Have managed to go to school, and last year

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

I taught a primary public school. I am very much interested in the cause of education. Have a very good library, and enjoy reading. I hope some day to have a thorough education.

Am going to college this winter. Will visit some very historic spots of the Civil War.

Last night as I sat in my library, reading of heroes so great, I at once fell into deep meditation, and forgot all about my hard fate. As I sat there, wandering, dreaming: planning a future so bright, I said that I'd be a hero; and victory I'd win in the light.

All at once, but can't well remember, I fell into a calm—peaceful sleep. I dreamed I was out on life's ocean; and the water was swift and so deep. But I dreamed I was rowing not drifting as I crossed the ocean so wide. I met many drifters, but passed them; landed safe on the farther side.

My work now on earth was ended, I had reached a sublime goal. The portals of Heaven were open; to receive my weary soul. While I was so sweetly dreaming, of that bright Elysian shore, The sunlight came streaming through my window on the floor.

I awoke at the call of the songbird, the grass was so wet with the dew. Slumber all had left me, I was then I began anew. In the future as I travel life's pathway, I'll not think about my hard fate. But remember my dream that evening, 'bout Heaven's golden gate.

Truly yours, J. WILLIS HEMBRER (No. 4291.)

Always glad to admit poets to our magic circle. I'm sorry I can't taste some of that chicken pie. Willis. I live in a chicken coop but I regret to say we have no chickens. Occasionally we scrape the walls of our chicken coop and dig a couple of feathers out of the cracks in the lumber. Maria puts these in a pan, covers them with library paste from the mucilage bottle and bakes until brown, green and other colors. That's the nearest we ever get to chicken pie. Articles of diet of that kind are too rich for our blood. Tell your mother to make you a beefsteak and kidney pie, lamb kidneys remember, not beef. That's a dish for the gods. Thank you for sending me the pie dish. It won't help me much, but Billy the Goat will enjoy it immensely. I'm delighted to find you are making such a brave struggle to get an education. If you care to pay me a visit I will show you several historic spots. I've one on my head, where my mother-in-law introduced me to a club. Clubs was her strong suit. Now Willis, we will proceed to the consideration of your very excellent poem, or rather verses. You say in your first verse that you fell into deep meditation, and in the second verse you say you fell into a calm, peaceful sleep. I hope these falls were not serious, and did you no lasting physical injury. In the second verse you say you sat there, "wandering, dreaming." A young man who can wander about sitting still, thus being in two places at once is an exceedingly clever young man. Please tell us how you do it, Willis. Maybe your mind was wandering while your body remained still. If that is the explanation of your strange double identity, and your marvellous ability to duplicate yourself, you should make the fact clear in your verse. In your third verse you say: "The sunlight came streaming through my window on the floor." Willis, whatever are you doing with a window in the floor. That's a dangerous place to have a window, especially for a man who keeps falling about as you do, falling asleep, and falling into meditations, dreaming, etc. Some day if you're not careful, you'll go smash through that window on the floor and make a cream puff of yourself in the cellar below. Now, as your window is on the floor, what I want to know is, how the deuce you manage to get the sun to shine through it. Do you get the sun to go down to the cellar, and project its golden rays upward through the window in your floor? I know its customary in these regions for the sun to shine down on us, but of course you might have made a special dicker with Old Sol to reverse matters and for a small monetary consideration to shine up instead of down. Poets can do things that no other individuals on earth would think of doing, and so I shouldn't be at all surprised if you haven't turned the whole universe upside down and got the sun working overtime in your cellar, instead of doing business in the accustomed place overhead. In the last verse you say: "The grass was so wet with dew, slumber all had left me." Now how could the wetness of the grass disturb your slumbers if you were dreaming in your library chair? Maybe, though in your dual personality you were asleep in your chair and asleep on the grass at the same time. Possibly for the sun shining up through the floor had burned a hole in the covering of your equatorial regions, and that you had been forced in your dreams to wander to the dewy grass to cool off. You might enlighten us on these points, Willis, and clean up these poetic mysteries, which have got us all mentally on the razzle dazzle. The idea of your verse is good. It is better to row than to drift, but don't do your rowing when you are asleep, and above all don't row your boat around on that library floor of yours; but if you do, for heaven's sake look out for the window in the floor, or you'll land on your think box, in the cellar, sure.

2104 Thomas St., FORT WAYNE, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have just been thinking about you, and I picked up your book of poems, and right on the fly leaf I saw in your own hand writing: "To my old college chum, Fred Jungles, But right in." Now here I come butting in with right in again. I have been very busy with that iron horse sometimes on the Flyer, sometimes on the Pennsylvania Limited, and sometimes not so fast, but all the time pulling fast trains loaded with busy people. One month not long ago, I ran that iron horse five thousand two hundred and eighty miles, and sometimes at the rate of nearly a hundred miles an hour. I hear you say you would prefer to ride in an airship? I believe I would feel safer riding in any kind of ship after driving those big iron monster locomotives at the rate of eighty or ninety miles an hour. Now Uncle, I am going to take you to the beautiful glens in the Wisconsin Dells. There were twenty of us sightseers in the crowd, and we hired a guide with a launch to take us five miles up the Wisconsin river, between the high rock walls dotted with beautiful evergreen trees, and ferns. At times the guide would turn the nose of the boat right towards the walls or a crack in the walls, overhung with vines and brush, and we would disappear out of sight, and come out again in an opening between high, steep banks, covered with beautiful ferns of all colors. Surely this place is rightly named Artist's Glen. Now we come out in the river again, and shoot in another crack in the wall, and find ourselves in Cold Water Canyon. It is a wonderful sight to see the works of nature in their full beauty. Surely everything that God made is beautiful. Even the cold rock walls of this deep canyon show the handwork of an all-wise Creator.

Now I am going to take you to the Devil's Jug and Bath Tub. Why these beautiful works of nature were named after the devil, I didn't learn. Anyhow, my wife and I, didn't see anything to remind us of the devil's work. The Devil's Jug is a large, round opening in one side of the canyon walls, with a small hole way up in the top just like a jug. There were twenty of us in it, and fifty more would not have filled the jug. A little farther on we saw a large basin in the rocks full of water, just the shape of a bath tub, and this was the Old Gent's bath tub. I didn't try the water, so I don't know whether the devil uses cold, or hot water. I had my Kodak along, and I am sending you all the best pictures I took. I wish you and all the cousins jolly good time. I remain, as ever your friend, W. FRED JUNGLES.

Brother Jungles, glad to hear from you again. I was wondering what had become of you. Railroad engineers, especially you brave boys who

run the Flyer and the Limited, are to my mind the noblest and finest lot of fellows we possess in this country today. Every day of your life you brave death in a score of horrible shapes. At any moment a misplaced bolt, a loosened bolt, a wrong signal, an error of order may plunge you into eternity without a second's warning. You boys must have nerves of steel to drive those mighty iron steeds of yours, often through snow and sleet and into the blackness of the night, at times at nearly a hundred miles an hour. The passenger, snugly tucked in his warm berth, never gives a thought to the hero whose hand is at the throttle. It would do him good if he could stand beside the brave soul, who, with every nerve stretched to the breaking point, and with straining, anxious eyes, is watching the bands of quivering steel that stretch far into the inky blackness of the night, watching for any obstruction or misplaced switch or signal, which, if unheeded, would bring instant death and destruction to himself, and the scores of valuable lives he carries in the hollow of his brawny hands. I pick my heroes, not from the gory fields of war, but from the industrial world, the mine, the factory, the fire station, and above all the railroad and the steamship. Brother Jungles, I am proud to have you a member of our great League, and if Mrs. Jungles was not keeping a close watch on that good-looking face of yours, I think some of the female cousins would appropriate you in short order. That trip of yours to the Dells of the Wisconsin is interesting, but thousands have made that trip, and we are far more interested in your trips on the Flyer, as that thrills the imagination, and stirs the blood. Brother Jungles you say: "One month not long ago, I ran that iron horse five thousand two hundred and eighty miles." That was a long journey, Fred, old boy. That iron horse of yours must have had some kinks in its knees, and some chilblains on its feet by the time you got through. I hope you stopped at least a couple of times in that five thousand mile journey. I don't think that even an iron horse ought to make a trip as long as that without a stop over for meals and a couple of nights' sleep. I remember I was on a train going a hundred miles an hour once, and my head began to itch. That scalp irritation got so unbearable that at last I put my head out of the window. The conductor saw me and knowing that I was risking my life, rushed up and said: "What are you reaching out of that window for?" I said: "My head is itching and I'm trying to grab that small tooth-comb by the side of the track." He said: "That's no small tooth-comb, you jackass, those are telegraph poles." Honest we were going so fast that the telegraph poles seemed to be standing as close together as the teeth on a small tooth-comb. If I had to take my choice between a train going a hundred miles an hour, and an airship, as long as the airship did not rise more than three feet above the ground, and go more than two miles an hour I think I'd pick the airship. No, Fred, I won't ride on that iron horse when you are speeding her up to a hundred miles an hour. I would rather take my chances sitting on the tail of a wireless telegraph message.

TERREVILLE, CONN.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my membership card and button quite a while ago, but did not do any time to thank you for them until today. Well, I am a farmer's girl. I am fifteen, will be sixteen very soon. I have dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. I am not very tall, only five feet tall, but am quite stout. I weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. Uncle I do any kind of housework and most any outdoor work. I help my mother and father a good deal, help father to milk the cows and feed horses and calves. I stopped going to school when I was fourteen years old. I did not like to go to school. I much preferred staying at home and helping my parents. I have two brothers and no sisters. One of my brothers is seventeen years old and the other is two years old. I am going to plant lots of onions this spring. Uncle, what do you think all the girls around here go walking and sit down all the while and have no work to do. I am always busy and don't have any time. They laugh at me because I stay at home and work. When I have a little spare time I work at fancy work. I wish all the cousins would write to me, will try and answer all I can. Love to get letters and postals. Best regards to all. Your new niece, DELIA PELLERIN (No. 32,704.)

Glad to hear from you, Delia, and only too glad to put your letter in print. So the girls around you are laughing at you because you work. Poor, silly, empty-headed, giggly idiots. Now we will have six millions of people laughing scornfully and contemptuously at them, because they don't work. Girls who laugh contemptuously at another girl because she works, are in a mighty bad way. This is a work-a-day world, and you've either got to work or somebody has to work for you. When one person loafs it necessarily follows that someone must do the loafers' work and his or her own too. The girls that criticize you have to be fed, clothed, housed, taken care of and cost somebody a whole lot of good money and hard labor. A girl who will sit around and allow others to work for her, while she puts on her glad rags and spends her time gadding, visiting, hunting moving picture shows and cheap vaudeville joints, is simply a drone and a parasite. She is consuming good grub, wearing out good clothes and shoes and taking up a lot of room which could be occupied by someone more useful. There is coming a day when everyone in this country will have to work, and the people that won't work, won't be allowed to eat. I said work, remember, not slave. I believe in giving people enough work to keep them out of mischief and prevent them from rusting out, but I don't believe in piling work on them until they are worn out, exhausted and done to death. The world today is comprised of two classes, the workers and the loafers, and unfortunately it's the loafers who have nearly all the money and the good things of life. These girls who make fun of you because you work, are not entirely to blame. The ones who are to blame are their parents. I know lots of dear, good, old-fashioned mothers who are continually proclaiming to the world that their daughters shan't work the way they had to work. The result is they are bringing their girls up in absolute idleness, bringing them up to be what they call "fine ladies," and what I call parasites, loafers, drones, nuisances, freaks and idiots. I can in my mind's eye, Delia, see the mothers of these girls, poor, weary, worn wisps of humanity, with their faces lined with the wrinkles of care and domestic slavery, bending over cook stove and wash tub, sewing, mending, scrubbing, cleaning, and saving every penny to spend on their useless daughters, never allowing the useless ones to soil their hands with household work, and bringing them up in utter ignorance of those domestic duties, which every woman must, should, and will have to know all about, to be able to properly fulfill her destiny on the earth. These poor, foolish mothers think they are doing a great thing for their girls by bringing them up to be well-dressed clothes props, or "ladies" as they call them. O yes, they are doing a glorious thing for their girls, teaching them to be loafers and ruining their body and soul. These mothers fatuously think that their daughters will make a grand match, marry some wealthy man, but as a rule, girls who are brought up in idleness, and have nothing to do but primp and gad, soon get into the clutches of flashy good-for-nothing male libertines who are ever setting their nets to catch this very class of girl, the type that always sits around doing nothing and making fun of other girls who work. These girls generally disappear suddenly from village and town, and the next we know of them, the big city has swallowed them up, and the Red Light section has claimed another victim. If one of these girls marries a good man, in about a year his home is in a wreck, and he is hunting for a divorce. Men, poor simpletons, are always attracted by the fluffy, kittenish, giggly, useless feminine toy, who couldn't scorch water on a red hot stove, not even if you boiled it for them first. A man who

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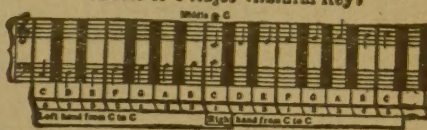
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wanted a dinner and had the choice of a chicken and a butterfly, and chose the butterfly for a meal, you write down as a first-class candidate for a bug house wouldn't you? Well, when a man wants to get married, he chases the butterfly for his matrimonial meal, and when he gets it home, and finds it is only a butterfly and not a chicken, he calls himself all sorts of a fool. He might have known if he had had a particle of sense, that a girl who has been brought up in idleness before marriage, nine times out of ten, will continue to be a drone after the knot is tied. I know a man who recently married one of these mother spoiled, useless butterflies. He furnished a lovely little home for her. At half past five in the evening when a friend of mine visited that home, the bride was lying on a lounge reading a story book. The breakfast things were still on the table and it was the man who got the breakfast, and that served his wife's portion of the meal to her in bed, at eight o'clock in the morning. On the table stood three empty bottles of beer, and a couple of beer glasses partly empty, filled the room with their evil odor, for I guess you know that stale beer smells to Heaven. This was the relics of the previous night's lunch. My friend said to her, "When will Jack be home?" "In half an hour," yawned the bride, "and I'm so glad for I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I want my dinner." "You had better hurry up," remarked my friend, "if you're going to have dinner ready for him in half an hour." "Oh, I don't need to hurry," said the languid little loafer, with another yawn, "Jack always gets the dinner, he is a splendid cook." Jack did get the dinner for a while, but he might soon tired of being both husband, housekeeper and provider. He insisted that his wife do the cooking and attend to her other domestic duties. She made one or two futile attempts, then admitted she didn't know how, and wasn't going to learn how. Then there was a quarrel, and a reconciliation, then more quarrels, and a separation, and divorce, and one more ruined home. The last report I heard of that woman was that she had come to a servant to do her cooking for there is no wedding ring on her finger. Now, mothers, wake up. There is room in this world, remember, for only sexes, men and women. The powers of darkness and this sham civilization of ours have forced on us a third sex, and we now have men, women and things. There are female things and male things, or freaks, whichever you like to call them. Bring your daughters up to be women, your boys to be men. Bring your daughters up to be useful, sensible, God-fearing women. Smothering a girl with good clothes, and telling her to loaf around and be a lady, is simply playing into the hands of Satan, and giving your daughter a through ticket straight to hell itself. It won't hurt your daughter to learn to do housework, and she will be able to wear her clothes, and be just as much of a lady as the girl who has been brought up in idleness. Decent work never spoiled any woman, the lack of it has sent millions to the devil. We want neither rich loafers nor poor loafers, sluggards nor slaves. Delia,

the girls had their laugh at you, now show them this letter and it will be your turn to laugh at them, and remember all America is joining you in that laugh.

STONE FORT ILL

ME CHARLES NOAL DUGLESS AJUSTIA MAIN
DEAR SIR:
I have a poem and would like to know of a good publishing company. I thought probably you would know of some company that would be honest and would do a fellow Wright Please write soon:
Yours respectfully
CLARENCE STAFFORD

Your valued letter at hand, Clarence, and I presume you desire me to answer your inquiry through these columns, as you did not inclose either a stamped addressed envelope for a reply or a dollar to cover the expense of writing you a personal letter. It's a great wonder that your letter ever reached me. I believe all the employees for several weeks before they deciphered the address on your envelope. It would probably be a great shock to you, Clarence, and also a considerable shock to many others, to know that I live several hundred miles away from Augusta, Maine, and as you did not address me care of COMFORT, and as my name is not Charles Noal Dugless, and as there is no such place in the United States as Ajustia, as you have it on your envelope, nor Augusta as you have it in your letter, it really is a wonder, that I ever got your letter, now isn't it?
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of our dear old COMFORT for many months and now I come to ask a favor through its columns.

I am a widow and would like a girl or boy from nine to thirteen years of age to come and live with me. I will give them a good home, clothes and send them to school. If any of you sisters know of such a child and will let me know I will be very grateful to you. If you do not know of a child perhaps you know of some middle-aged lady that would like to have a good home.

I read your letters with great interest and feel sure you will be interested in my loneliness.

Our dear old paper carries sunshine into many a lonely home. I wish it success. With love to you all, my sisters.

MRS. MARY BELLE DEATHERAGE, De Mossville, R. R. 2, Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Having never seen any writings from here I thought I would write a letter. I live half way between Spring Bluff and Sullivan, Mo. The country is fine; farms and timber land reasonable. We have one hundred and twenty acres. When we first came we only had eighty. We were told thirty-five in cultivation, and when we got here there proved to be only five acres cleared, and as we were buying on payments, my husband had to return to St. Louis and I was left on the farm with five small children. That was nine years ago and as the children grew older they left home to help their papa. Now there are three of us left. Just as we had our first eight acres almost paid for, we had a fire which burned our house and all our clothes. There was a forty acre place near with a four-roomed house which we bought, so I will have two beautiful homes when we get all the payments made on this.

I don't know just how many years I have taken your paper, but I had a whole barrel of recipes, poetry and quilt patterns and as good luck would have it, I had taken the lace and quilt patterns out to show a friend and had placed them in a drawer and so saved them.

About myself, I am the champion woman wood sawyer and chopper in the world. If I were able to have them taken I would send each sister a picture of myself and a large tree which I chopped down and sawed when I was forty-five years old. I have chopped down and sawed over five hundred trees and taken out three hundred and sixty-five stumps, the largest tree was sixty-eight years old, counting the rings. In two years more I expect to have a good living anyway. Everybody owned their place and would not work out, and then the renters would not divide crops right. So I have not been very successful so far. The small boys help all they can by chopping limbs off the trees after I have them down. I dig all around the roots and then find the big roots and chop them off, which leaves no stumps or sprouts. After this I can plough with an old ground plough. I have twenty acres that I have cleared up that way. I was told to chop off close to the ground and to then "sprout" until I took them out by the roots, so I think my way is the best.

I have never tried to get up a club, but have shown the paper and think you have several subscribers from here. I am a shut-in too, as I lost my hearing a long time ago and can only hear by talking into my ear very close, so I do not leave home except when I have to. It is hard to talk to strangers, but am like Nan in Oliver Twist, "Never say die," not while you have the COMFORT to read away.

I have been married twice and the mother of ten children. I am forty-eight years old. I have two girls and one boy dead, so I know how to feel for the sisters who have lost their dear ones.

I think COMFORT is fine and after we get our last paper paid for, will try to do better and help others. I never knew till I read the COMFORT how many as well as myself, were afflicted. I have splendid health, only cannot hear. I am blessed with good boys. Have only one girl at home, and a good, hard working husband, and while he is away he is doing his share to pay taxes and payments, and I want to help all I can even if it is not a woman's work. It will be a big surprise to him when he sees what the children and I have done.

Hoping the COMFORT will be a comfort long after I am dead and gone, I am respectfully yours,

MRS. MARY SNOWDEN, Sullivan, R. R. 2, Box 22, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long time and with your permission would like to become a sister.

I am a stepmother with three stepchildren and one little girl of my very own. I have two boys and two girls. Myel is eight, Donovan five, Wayne two and Bernice not one year old until June. And pray how old do you think "young truly" is? Did someone say twenty-eight? You will be surprised when I tell you I'm eighteen. That's certainly a young stepmother I hear someone saying. I have learned to love my stepchildren and take the same interest in them as I do my own. There are not many can do that are there? My mother died when I was quite thirteen, leaving me the eldest of four children and I know what it is to have a stepmother; my stepmother tried to be good to us but failed. My children love me and that is my reward. I have the best husband in the world and that's another blessing. How many of you sisters ever took time to count your blessings? Write me, dear sisters.

MRS. JANETTE LYON, Cameron, R. R. 2, W. Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

We take COMFORT and think it fine. Please print these verses as I want to surprise papa.

Dear COMFORT sisters, will you move from the center and make room for a stranger who is waiting to enter? I am sweet sixteen and very small.

I am not very short, nor am I very tall.

But am five feet three inches from my head to my toes. With brown curly hair and a large straight nose; My eyes are blue, but not a bit squinty.

I guess I weigh about one hundred and twenty.

I live in the country where scenery is fine. And the mocking birds sing in every bush and vine. Where the flowers on the hillside grow "out of sight," And the great weeping willows moan so, at night.

And over the mountain where children love to go, And rather the ferns and mosses that grow. So tall and stately, their radiant bloom. Sends over the valley their sweet perfume.

And where the lovers stroll in the soft moon light, Bidding each other a fond good night. 'Tis a lovely country and oh, how I long. That the sisters were with me to join in my song.

I am proud of our paper and proud of my hand. That is spreading and spreading all over the land. And dear Uncle Charlie who befriends helpless and blind.

Is doing more good than all mankind.

He is willing to help others and make the world bright, Forgetting himself in trying to do right. So dear COMFORT readers let's awake and begin, And try to make sunshine drive away sin.

Now sisters and readers please give me a shower. Of letters and postals from every state and tower. As my time is precious and I haven't long to stay. With love and best wishes I'll bid you good day.

CAROLINE BREWER, Fern, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have long wanted to write to the Sisters' Corner, but there are so many good letters was afraid my letter would be of little interest, but will promise not to make it long. I seldom ever see letters from Miss Spurling but am sure there are many readers of dear old COMFORT in this state.

Now as I like the sisters to describe themselves will tell you how I look. Am five feet three inches tall, have black hair and eyes and dark complexion, am very thin but you will not wonder why, when I tell you that I have spent eight long years of continual suffering. But after all, I am not as afflicted as some others are for I can walk anywhere in the house that I wish, and pleasant days can go outdoors and enjoy the good fresh air.

I am a dear lover of flowers; have now lots of pretty violets in bloom and am able to go to the garden and gather them. I often wish I could send some sick person who has no flowers, a pretty bouquet. Will have quite a lot of hyacinths in bloom in a few weeks.

I enjoy doing fancy work and don't know what I should do if I couldn't work. I have several pretty darning work pieces and also some embroidered pieces. Have sold some pieces of my work but most everyone can do such work themselves so 'tis hard to sell.

I like to read letters where the sisters describe their homes, especially those that live in the beautiful Western state among the mountains. I get very lonely sometimes, though we live in a thickly settled neighborhood and have very close neighbors, but they do not visit often. I do enjoy having company.

There is just mother, one brother and myself at home. I have two sisters but one is teaching and one is in school. My father has been dead nine years. I was only twelve years old when he died. Will close with much love to all.

MAY SCOTT, Rhenzi, R. R. 2, Miss.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

Will some of you kind sisters move over and make room for a Pennsylvania girl? I have never once in five years of my reading COMFORT seen a letter from my home town.

I am first going to tell you about myself. I am tall, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, am a blonde and twenty years of age. I clerk in a dry goods store.

And here is a word of advice to girl clerks: Never be too familiar with your employer or men clerks, but above all, be pleasant to all employees and patrons. Never tell your troubles to clerks; they have their own to take care of. I remain your faithful reader,

LULA TISHUE, Uniontown, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

In looking over an old Southern cook book I came across this recipe and thought that among the many sisters someone would like to have it.

How to cook a husband.

A good many husbands are spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in fear. Other let their freezes by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and work; others roast them. Some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed this way. But they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you shouldn't be guided by silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by golden tints as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as taste differs. Do not go in the market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is the best, but if you have nothing but an earthen pipkin it will do with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by strong silk cord, called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edge since, like crab and lobsters you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious, as some husbands do this till they are quite done. A little salt in the form of what confectioners call sugar, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he becomes tender. Stir him gently; watching the while lest he be too fat and close to the kettle and become scorched. You cannot tell how long when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children and will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.

Your COMFORT sister,

MISS ALINE L. GAUTHIER, 93 Dawes Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss Gauthier.—I am passing along your very unique recipe in the same fun-loving spirit that prompted you to send it to me, for I maintain that a little fun will do us all good.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is a beautiful place to live in as the climate is generally fine and the scenery is just grand. We are in fair view of the Cascade mountains which are covered with snow the year round. Mt. Baker looks like one solid heap of pure snow. Everett is surrounded on one side by the Snohomish river and on the west by Post Gardner bay with a population of thirty-five thousand and best of all, the forty-one saloons voted out last November. This is a great main manufacturing city, being called the "city of smokestacks."

I have received so much help from COMFORT that I want to help someone too. I think COMFORT the best paper of its kind in the world and I take several. I like to read the letters on the training of children. Mine are all boys and I have taught them to do housework of most all kinds. My oldest boy nearly fourteen, can get breakfast all alone, baking biscuits that would put some grown girls, and married women too, to shame. They can wash the floors, wash dishes, make the beds and do all kinds of work. Of course I do not let them do all these things unless I am sick, but I will let them do all summer, spending several weeks in the hospital, and it proves pleasing to them as well as to myself that I had taught the boys to do the work. I think it is nothing but right to teach them to work and see that they do their work right. I know I thank my mother for teaching me to do all kinds of work, like outdoor work also. I love the flowers, the garden and poultry.

MRS. W. M. SPURLING, 38th & Friday Ave., Everett, Wash.

Mrs. Spurling.—I like your idea of teaching the boys to do housework. The old saying, "A little knowledge never comes amiss" is a true one and has often been the means of saving life and property, besides enabling one to give a little lift here and there as we travel along life's journey.

Another thought came to my mind as I read your letter, and that was, what companionable and appreciative husbands these boys will make, for they will understand how all absorbing and many are the duties of a housewife. You certainly are doing right by your boys and in time to come all praise will be yours.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for the last three years and found it a nice and helpful thing in its columns.

A novel table cover can be made by cutting a piece of burial six inches larger than the table. Six inches from the edge draw the threads for hemstitching; two inches from this draw another row of thread, and so on until three rows have been drawn. In center draw a swastika in proportion to the size of the burial, using either blue stencil ink or oil paints to fill in with. Hemstitch the three rows of drawwork with blue floss and hem to size of table. This makes a very inexpensive and attractive cover for either a library or study table.

MRS. M. LAFRANCHI, Healdsburg, R. R. 3, Box 53, California.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have now read COMFORT for quite a number of years, and like it first rate, though I never was brave enough to write before and tell of the help and good it does me.

I am a young girl of eighteen years, five feet and six inches tall, dark hair and fair looks. I find lots of help in this dear old paper as my mother is in ill health and my next sister is off to school. I only have two and no brothers.

We live on a farm of one hundred and forty acres, and raise wheat, oats, barley, speltz and corn. Clover also does well here and crops are always sure. Land sells from sixty dollars up. Quite a bit of fruit is raised here. Potatoes didn't do very well last year on account of no rain in time of blossom. I am writing this March 13th, and people have begun seeding.

I also appreciate the stories in COMFORT for I am a great bookworm. I hope to hear from my sisters.

MISS ROSE A. FOSKAY, Seaford, Redwood, Co., Minn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I think there is no paper like the COMFORT! I do love to read the Sisters' Corner. I am a farmer's daughter and with my brother I always have a good time. We have an organ and three canary birds, so you see we have plenty of music.

There has been lots of snow here this winter, and we have had lots of fun coasting at school. We had a Valentine box at school the 14th of February.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters.

Your new friend,

ROSELLA J. ARMSTRONG, Vernonia, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you admit an unknown COMFORT reader from W. Virginia?

I have just been reading your dear good letters of encouragement and am so glad. How my heart goes out to all sorrowing sisters. I once had the care of a dear little flower that was my comfort and joy, but God only permitted her to stay with me four months; then took her to be translated with Tim in Heaven. She was all we had. It has been nearly three years since she left us and it seems as if I never can be reconciled. It is so lonesome without her.

Does any of the sisters know where I could get me a little girl? I have a good home for one. I should not want one over two years old, and do not care how young.

Would some sister send me the song "Sweet Bunch of Daisies?"

I would like to hear from all the sisters who care to write.

I am thirty-three years old, have black hair and eyes, weigh one hundred and thirty-five and am five feet five inches tall.

MRS. LULA PRUITT, Sulphur, Box 31, W. Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long, long time and think it fine.

For the sister who wanted to know how to polish a mirror, if she follows these directions she will have success, I think: Take a mixture of three ounces of bisulphur, one half ounce each of tin and lead melted together, and three ounces of mercury added when the first mixture is cool. Apply to the back of the mirror with a hair's foot, which can be bought at any drug-store.

Now about the rearing of children. I think there is a right and a wrong way to punish children no matter what kind of punishment you give them.

I think a mother should be a companion to her children and take an interest in everything they do and by and when they get older they will come to you with all their troubles. It will be "mother knows, she always did take an interest in everything we did when we were kids."

Wishing COMFORT all success, I am your sister,

MRS. ETHEL WARDROBE, Merced, R. R. 1, Box 43, Cal.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Please make room for a sister from "Old Virginia."

I cannot tell you how much I enjoy your letters and all the rest of dear old COMFORT.

I am a farmer's wife, thirty-four years old, have brown hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. I can sympathize with all that have had to give up their dear little ones. Our eldest child, Emma Gertrude, was called to a happier home nearly six years ago. We have three living, Milton aged twelve, Elsie four, and Percy seven months, who is a great pet with us all.

Mrs. M. D. Neff. I surely enjoyed your letter, and agree with you on everything, except about "sewing on the buttons." I know most men will complain if they find a button off, but if they ask in the right tone, any true wife would mind doing any favor for him, and then, after it is done, let the husband be the one to give the kiss, and a few words of praise occasionally will help lots too. I think the wife should do the same by the husband and certainly there is nothing nicer than a happy home, and we can all have it so, if both sides will try.

Now, sisters, I want to see if any of you can help me. My little girl four years old has had a sore navel ever since birth. At first there was a tiny hole in the center, but now it protrudes about a half inch, the size of a lead pencil, looks red, and a clear substance with specks of blood oozes out of it all the time, which makes the cloths very stiff.

Several physicians have treated it, and say it is a very rare case, and think an operation necessary before it will heal. Sisters, if any of you have any thing of a case like this, won't you please write me. I feel like some of you will help me and I will surely appreciate it. Best wishes to all.

MRS. MINNIE (AMISS) FINKE, Jeffersonton, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I have a little space in your corner as I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long time. I take several different papers and surely think dear old COMFORT the best of all.

I am twenty-three years old and married four years. The saddest fate which could befall me on life's journey I have had to bear for I lost my true and noble husband through the grim hand of death. I had planned on being so happy, as a little baby girl was born to us just a month before he died. She now is two and one half months old. I have a boy three years old.

We have lived here on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. It does not entirely belong to us, but would have some day if God had spared my husband. He was one of the best of men, and never caused me one thought of sorrow. He always thought of the poor and needy.

I have tried to help some of the poor shut-ins whose address I have seen in COMFORT's mercy columns.

Wishing COMFORT and its readers a long and prosperous life, and hoping that some of the sisters will write to me, I remain your sister.

MRS. H. EINUNN, Rice Lake, R. R. 4, Box 75, Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just finished reading the sisters' letters in the February COMFORT, and decided to try and write a few lines with the hope that it might interest someone. I have been reading dear old COMFORT two or three years, and think it grows better all the time.

I have one of the best of husbands, who happens to be a "Luther" and a sweet baby boy nineteen months old.

I agree with Mrs. Wilkinson about rocking babies. If they are never rocked, they will not miss it. My baby was not rocked at all, and most everyone that saw him when he was little said he was the best baby they had ever seen.

Miss Beulah Hill. I can sympathize with you; my mother died when I was six years old, leaving nine children. My oldest sister was married and my next oldest (sixteen years), kept house for papa until he married again. I was not old enough to realize the loss of a mother when mamma died, but I loved my sister dearly as anyone could love a mother. Last October the death angel came and took my dear sister home, and it was like giving up a mother. I love all my brothers and sisters dearly, but I loved this one best because she was a mother to me after mamma died. I do not grieve as those that have no hope, because she talked of Heaven to us a few days before she died, and of the loved ones she would meet.

MRS. LESTIE NATION, Haleyville, Ala.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please make room for another Oklahoma sister? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for seven years and must say that I think it gets better every month. I find the sisters' letters very interesting and helpful, especially those on the care and training of children, as I have two little girls, Elsie aged four and Margie aged two. They keep me busy, but oh, they repay me a hundred times a day for all the work and worry they make.

For colds on the lungs, take one half ounce of gum camphor, one heaping teaspoonful of quinine, one tablespoonful of turpentine and three tablespoonfuls of lard. Mix all together, cover tightly and place on back of stove until gum camphor is melted. Rub on chest and back several times a day, keeping fannel cloth over lungs. This is a doctor's prescription and it will often prevent pneumonia.

Mrs. Giel. I find my ironing made much lighter by folding the clothes as they are taken from the line. So many can be folded and laid away without ironing, but of course that is a secret between us busy mothers.

To the sisters who are for prohibition I want to say that I am with you, but dear sisters, as long as there is a profit in whiskey it will be sold.

Woman is entitled to suffrage because she is an essential half of society, with the same right to choose her occupation and fashion her career as the masculine half.

Yours for a cooperative commonwealth.

MRS. MAGGIE MCNAUL, Galtys, R. R. 2, Okla.

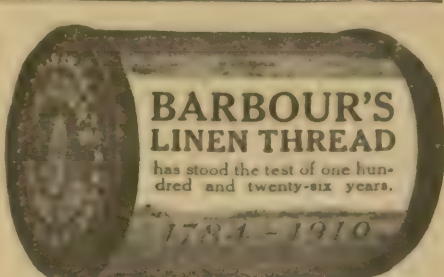
DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a new subscriber to COMFORT, and like it very much; especially the sisters' letters.

To some of the sisters who want to make pin money, and even a living, I would suggest weaving. There is money in it as I know by experience. I have woven carpets, curtains from silk rags, rugs from old ingrain carpets, woolen and length rags and of chenille. The price depends on width and length and the pattern.

Mrs. Ethel Wikle. I think you live within a mile of my birthplace.

The letters from the shut-ins make me sad, as I, too, am practically a shut-in. My husband deserted me twelve years ago, leaving me with a two-year-old



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baby to support. She is nearly ready for high school now. Never very strong, I have worked so hard to support us two, that I had nervous prostration and not able to work since last August. My physician has told me that my only hope of health was to be out in the air, so I am going to the country for the summer, and will sleep out of doors. Will the sisters that can do so, please send me reading matter, flower seeds of the old, easily grown kind, muslin blocks, the size of a postal card, with name and address written on them something to help pass the time away. God be with you all.

MRS. EFFIE A. NORMAN, Battle Creek, R. R. 1, Box 17 A., Mich.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow a woman of seventy-six winters to enter your household? I have read so many good letters from the sisters that I felt that I would like to write just this one time.

How I do enjoy reading COMFORT! I subscribed to help my little grandson who was getting a toy gun, and now that grandson is nearly twenty-two years old, so you will see I am an old subscriber, and the paper is much improved in the last eight years. We have the Sisters' Corner, the League of Cousins and Uncle Charlie, whose remarks are a great help, not only to the young but to older people. Sometimes he makes us laugh and cry, but as we have to cry, for he can say so many good things in pleading for the help. If it were in my power to do so, I would have him out and running around like a boy; but then he might not do the world of good that he is doing now.

I am a widow, have reared a large family, I might say all by myself, for I have been twice married, and each husband died, and left me with small children. But God has been my helper. I can realize that He is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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thread as the old spring tension shuttle. We can't tell all the good points in this advertisement, and we couldn't afford to send you a machine on the small

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Raising Ducks

JUST why do so many people fear to attempt raising ducks, puzzles me. I think they are as easy, and more profitable than chickens—that is, of course, if you start with good stock and exercise common sense in caring for them. They are different in many ways from chickens, and must be cared for according to their own peculiarities. The small common white duck is not worth keeping, but Imperial White Pekins and Indian Runner ducks are sure money-makers. The most common mistake is thinking that ducks can stand damp and dirt. I went to a farm the other day, kept by people who have been successful in the chicken business, but who only added ducks to their stock last season. Their chicken-houses were clean and well-kept, but I was taken to look at the ducks—only five, and a drake. They were the most miserable-looking creatures I have seen in a long time, and the people complained that they had greatly lost in appearance during the winter, and as yet had shown no signs of laying. They were in a small house, the floor of which was almost six inches deep in dirty wet hay. The drinking water was in a drinking-fountain such as is used in chicken houses; a small, shallow drinking-place, in which the birds could only get the tips of their beaks. Scattered about on the floor was a quantity of whole grain. A coop or house for ducks should have a wooden door, slightly higher at the back than at the front, where a row of holes should be bored about nine inches apart, and six inches from the front wall, or two front boards of the floor can be left about a fourth of an inch apart, so that moisture can drain away, and the bedding should be changed at least twice a week, for you must understand that the droppings from ducks and geese contain much more moisture than chicken droppings, and so defile the floor very quickly. What is more, ducks lie on the floor all night, so really suffer if the floor of the house is not kept clean and dry. Drinking water must be in a deep vessel so constructed that the birds can get the whole head under water, but not their feet or bodies. A lard or butter tub with a hole two inches square cut about half way up the tub is a very good makeshift, and only costs ten cents. The tub will hold about two gallons of water below the opening, and the space between the top of the water and the lid of the tub keeps the sun off the water and prevents dust or dirt flying into it. It is a good plan to put a shovelful of coarse coal ashes into the tub each morning when it is filled, for ducks delight to gather up grit from under the water. Whole corn, especially grain, should be very sparingly fed to ducks. In fact, we never feed whole corn to ducks at all. Morning and night they should have a mash: corn meal, one part; ground oats, two parts; bran, one part; good clover hay, three parts; beef scraps, one part. Make the mash much softer than for hens, and mix with either milk or water. At noon they should have green or cooked vegetables. We use the small apples, carrots, turnips or beets; sometimes boiling them or mashing them, but more frequently passing them through a bone chopper. Cabbage, Swiss chard, or rape we throw into the yards whole, and let them tear them up themselves. Animal and vegetable food is imperative, for it is impossible to get fertile eggs without them. Ducks bring the best prices when from six to nine weeks old, so they are one of the quick crops that bring money early in the season, when it is most needed.

Correspondence

G. W. W.—Would like you to tell me some of the qualities of Indian Runner ducks. I bought three ducks and a drake the first of October. They were hatched last spring, and have never laid an egg. They

ance with an incubator. I have been greatly helped in my experience with chickens by your advice to others. (Subscriber to COMFORT.)

A.—The Spanish ladies have, undoubtedly, read answer to S. F. in April COMFORT and I hope the general article will have helped you about incubation. If you study the directions sent with the incubator, and observe regularly in filling the lamp and in attending to the machine and turning the eggs, you won't have the slightest trouble. It is much easier to hatch chickens artificially than to brood them.

S.—I have two guineas and cannot tell of what sex they are. Do you know how to tell a male from a female? Are guineas profitable to raise? At what age do they commence laying? What kind of guineas are there, and which kind are the best?

A.—The male guinea's wattles and crest are a little larger than those of the hen. He also has a trick of stretching his neck and body upwards and running about as if he were on his tiptoes; stopping suddenly, and looking all round, as if he thought there was something he could fight. The cry is also different. The hen-bird seems to say "Buckwheat" or "Go back" in a monotonous, mournful way. There are three distinct varieties: the ordinary dark speckled birds, and what are termed pearl, which are speckled in the same way, only the ground color is blue-gray, like the Andalusian hen; and lastly plain white, which are much the prettiest of the three. For market purposes, I like a cross between the dark speckled birds and the plain white, as it makes the birds look nicer when they are dressed for table. Yes, guineas are quite profitable as table birds, for they have deep breasts and are always in good condition without any extra care or feed. In fact, if they have a good range, they need little but a handful of corn at night, and that principally to bring them home. They don't lay until the warm weather, late in April or early May, but when they once start they lay every day. Don't let them see you go to their nests, and gather eggs with a long-handled spoon, or they will detect that they have been robbed, and desert the nest. Always leave three eggs in the nest. They seem to be able to count up to that number. Use small, light hens to hatch the eggs and brood them, because heavy hens are apt to trample on and kill the little ones, which are very small. It takes the eggs twenty-five days to hatch.

E. K.—Please tell me what is caused by chicks having the upper part of the bill longer than the bottom one. They cannot pick the feed up; there are seventeen out of forty-five that way.

A.—I suppose the chicks were hatched in an incubator, though you do not say so. Something must have happened during the period of incubation. Did the lamp go out or run up too high? Such malformation as you describe is usually caused by some such condition. I can suggest no remedy. The only humane thing to do is to kill them at once. It might be as well to look over the stock which laid the eggs, and if any of them show a tendency to overlap, remove them from the flock, for all accentuated points in parent stock are apt to become more pronounced in the offspring.

W. B. T. C.—Please answer the following questions in the columns of COMFORT. I have several chickens, all fine healthy birds. They are fed night and morning with corn and sometimes wheat, and have clean, warm sleeping quarters, but the trouble is this; the chickens pull great mouthfuls of feathers out of each other, and eat the feathers they pull out. Now please tell me the cause of this. I don't think it can be for want of gravel, for they have some of that.

A.—Feather-eating is a habit, not a disease, though it is almost as distressing. It usually comes from the birds not having enough exercise, and, I think, a lack of animal food. Feed the grain in deep litter, so that they will be kept busy scratching for it. Hang up a piece of salt pork in the chicken house so that the birds can see it. It is an old wife's remedy, but I found it very useful. Mix a teaspoonful of lard in a small cup of lard, and smear the feathers around the spot where they have been pulled out. The disagreeable taste will help to break up the habit.

O. G. B.—Can you tell me through COMFORT columns what is the matter with my chickens? They have yellow sores in their mouths that look like cankers. One I noticed especially; the sores ran down into her mouth as far as I can see, and she can scarcely eat at all. They all seem very healthy other ways and lay good. I feed them wheat (as other grain is very high) and table scraps. I give them pure water with a little red mineral in it part of the time, and part of the time just the water. I keep the chicken-house clean and well-ventilated, and do not know of any musty or moldy litter that they scratch in. Is the disease contagious? The breed is White Plymouth Rocks, one and two years old. If you can advise a remedy I would be very thankful.

A.—The condition you describe is called canker. It is slightly contagious, and should be checked at once. Burnt alum is recommended by P. T. Woods, but I believe in my old stand-by, permanganate of potassium. Dissolve one thimbleful in a pint of water. Swab out the bird's mouth and throat twice a day. A camel's-hair brush or a small piece of medicated cotton wrapped round a thin stick is the best instrument for applying the swab.

M. A. N.—I've had a young hen die, and would be pleased to have information regarding her case. The first I noticed about her was, she continued standing in her nest, trying her utmost to lay, as I thought. I picked her up and examined her, and there protruded from her part of the skin or lining of an egg, containing some of the white. That night she died. I examined her. There was some of the egg still in

A.—The beginning of this article answers your question.

Old Subscriber.—I have four turkeys, and two died, and I don't know what is the matter with them. They had two lumps on each side of the eyes. They go without eating for about seven days and then die. Will you please tell me through your column of COMFORT what I can do for them, and also tell me of what disease they die? Tell me if they can be cured. Is there any remedy for them?

A.—It is difficult to give an opinion or recommend a remedy when so little information is furnished. From your letter, the trouble may be any one of three diseases, but from the fact that you say they eat well, but get very thin before they die, I think it must be worms. Examine the next one that dies; look carefully in the intestines for tapeworm or round worm. Meantime, treat any birds that look suspicious in the following way: Shut them up in a small coop, the floor of which is made of slats, and elevate on limbs or barks above the ground so that the droppings will fall through out of the birds' reach. Omit the night feed, and in the morning give six drops of oil of male fern in one teaspoonful of Castor oil. Two hours later, two tablespoonfuls of soft mash in which one teaspoonful of Castor oil has been mixed. Watch the droppings closely for worms. Repeat the treatment two days in succession, then omit for a week, and repeat once or twice, as occasion seems to require.

A. B. R.—What is meant by a "laying of eggs?" (b) What does the term "mating" mean? and what time do fowls mate? (c) Do all the eggs of one laying receive the germ of fertility from one male bird?

A.—I don't understand what is meant by a "laying" of eggs, unless it refers to the period of laying before the bird gets broody. (b) Mating means making up a flock for breeding purposes. When a male bird is kept with a select number of hens it is referred to as mating. There is no special mating season amongst domestic fowls, but poultry men usually make up their breeding pens in January or February. (c) Probably not, if more than one male is running with the hens. This does not apply to turkeys or guinea fowls.

M. T.—As the bird showed no sign of illness previous to its death, I think the condition of the liver must have been caused by poison. Unstacked lime, wood ash, or water in which a quantity of any of the scouring powders may have been used, would cause such a condition. Try to remember if any such things have been used and thrown where the hen might have got at them.

W. A. M.—Clean the house; whitewash thoroughly. Add one ounce of crude carbolic acid and a small cupful of kerosene oil to each pail of lime-wash. Be careful to get into all the cracks and crevices. Dust the hens every other night with Dalmatian powder. Use clean nests to set hens in, and powder two or three times whilst they are setting.

B. F. O.—Please tell me, if you can, what is the matter with my chickens. The skin all comes off their heads, and sometimes their eyes will burst out. I cut some open that died in the summer, and their gall would be as large as their liver, and some of them would be burst out of their liver. I will be very grateful for your advice on them.

A.—The case is quite beyond my knowledge. I advise you to send a full report to the poultry department of the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. N.—Would you please tell me a cure for my little chicks; also what causes the trouble? Of a morning their craw is still full or partly full, and hard. They have no appetite to speak of, droop around for a day or two, then die, their craws remaining full and hard. I feed shorts mixed with warm water in the morning and evening, and during the day a little grit and scratch-feed mixed with the shorts, and sometimes a little curds. You will greatly oblige by telling me what to do, and how to avoid this trouble.

S. I find this morning I have a hen at- fected seemingly the same as the little ones. We feed shorts mixed with table scraps in the morning, and scratch feed at night, and green stuff every day; also some sour milk. They all run out; have a good range. They are fat and seem well, then all at once (always in the morning), seem droopy, and have their craws full and hard. Have you so many that you would be glad to know a cure, and the cause?

A.—Stop giving mash at night to any of the birds, and don't give it to little chicks at all. Use regular chick-feed—a mixture of cracked grains and small seed, and add under the name of chick-feed. Scratch-feed is too large for little chickens. Give them lots of clean ashes to scratch amongst. Young as well as old birds should have an unlimited supply of grit always before them.

L. G. T.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my chickens and the remedy therefor? My hens were all young, none of them over two or three years old. They have free range, pure running water. I feed nearly altogether wheat, with a little rolled barley once in a while, and in the winter plenty of alfalfa leaves; while in summer they get all the green alfalfa and growing grain, besides fruit from the orchard and garden truck that they want. They are apparently in a thriving condition, when all at once they begin to droop; their combs get very light in color, and their droppings a yellowish white. Sometimes they live two or three weeks in this condition, and sometimes a few days. Last summer and autumn I lost about three dozen hens, and have been losing a few along this winter. It doesn't seem to affect chickens under a year old. My chicken house is cleaned often, and sprayed with sheep dip. It is built warm and comfortable, with a good floor and window (well-ventilated in summer).

A.—You don't say what breed the hens are, but I suspect they are of the heavy type of Wyandottes—a class which gets very fat on slight excuse after they are a year old. You say they can get all the grain they want in the summer out in the fields. Unripe grain is most fattening, and is often the cause of bowel trouble and liver trouble, which may not show for several weeks, but is sure to cause trouble sooner or later, and especially when they have to be house-bound in the winter. The remedy would be to keep them yarded during the grain season. If that is not possible, put a teaspoonful of magnesia in each quart of drinking water for every month from August to October.

The Thirteenth Proposal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

customed seat. Then he removed the ladder and carried it some distance away.

"What are you doing that for?" Clarice demanded sharply.

"It interferes with my work," Davidson explained, as he settled himself to his painting, "and besides, I am not going to give you a chance to escape as you did the other day. If this is to be your last sitting I will have to do some good, hard work."

If Phillip Davidson's picture was not a success, it certainly would not be the fault of his model, for she was all that could be desired by the most exacting, and this afternoon she was more beautiful than usual, with a new sparkle to her blue eyes and an added brilliancy to the delicate tint of her cheeks that Davidson was determined to put upon his canvas. If this picture was a success he knew that his name and his fortune were made.

The sun crept slowly on to the horizon. Davidson painted on in silence, the minutes lengthening into the hours until the shadow of the rocks almost touched the water.

After a time Davidson laid down his brushes, yawned, stretched his arms above his head and surveyed the picture with a look of intense satisfaction. "Good work," he remarked presently. "Tomorrow I will put on the finishing touches and then—fame and fortune will be mine." He jumped up from the easel, brought the ladder and set it up against the cliff. "Come little girl," he said softly, "it is time we were making tea. In fact, we will have to hurry if we get away before the tide catches us."

"Don't you think we had better go now?" said Clarice somewhat listlessly. "I am quite tired, and you know there is to be a dance this evening."

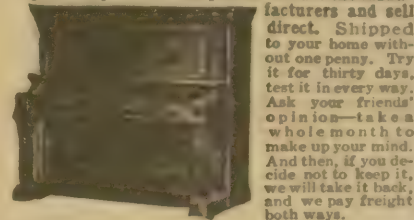
"Oh, bother the dance!" he cried gayly. "What do we care about the dance? Here," and he dragged a cushion out of the basket. "You sit right here and I will make the tea in a jiffy and then we'll have a cozy little luncheon together."

The girl obeyed him and sat idly watching his preparations for tea while she languidly built tiny houses in the sand with the aid of a discarded clam shell.

It was not long before Davidson had spread a clean white cloth upon the sand at her feet and placed the sandwiches and cakes upon it in true

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plenic style. The fragrant odor of the tea came to her and when he handed her a cup she seized it almost eagerly.

"I—suppose this is the last—time we will ever be together," Clarice said presently, but her head was bent over the cup and Davidson apparently did not notice the little break in her voice.

"I hope not," he said cheerfully. Most too cheerfully, Clarice thought. "We have always been good friends haven't we?"

"Yes. We have always been good friends."

"And might have been more," said Davidson significantly, "if you would have let me."

A little tear began to steal slowly down her cheek. She glanced at him anxiously to see if he noticed it as she surreptitiously brushed it away.

"Who is she?" Clarice inquired presently, as she nibbled away at a tiny cake.

"Who told you that I was to be congratulated?" Davidson questioned in return.

"Ralph Gilmour."

"I thought so," muttered Davidson under his breath. "Couldn't he tell you the name of the prospective Mrs. Davidson?" he said aloud.

"No. He said the report of your engagement was all over the hotel but no one seemed to know who the girl was. It is commonly supposed that it is some girl away from here."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

the business before him, and surely did "step it out with the best of them," while the fine work which he put into his dancing was simply marvelous.

Mrs. Ruggles also seemed to wake up to the music, and the dainty steps which she had been taught to take in her youth—very different from our modern dancing—were a matter of wonder and amusement to the beholders, and yet there was a certain grace about it that was almost fascinating.

Ruby actually seemed to tread on air. She went "down the center" and "back on the outside" with the lightness and grace of a fairy, her whole heart centered in the pleasures of the moment; and when at last she and her partner finished the figure, and stood flushed and panting at the foot of the line, she bent toward him, saying, with a radiant face:

"Mr. Ruggles, I never enjoyed a dance more." "Bless your heart, Miss Ruby, nor I either," returned the old gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face, "and I guess mother's having a good time, too, by the look of her." He added, as Mr. Gordon and his partner came flying down the center with an air of exhilaration and enjoyment that was contagious.

"I reckon I shall have to try it again," he went on, after watching the flying figures for a few moments; "I guess I can manage to get through one of these 'quadrills,' you call 'em, though the old-fashioned name was 'cotillon.' Do you suppose there's anybody else here who'd be willing to dance with an old antediluvian like me?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," Ruby responded, looking about to see whom she would dare to ask. But she did not find it difficult to get him a partner, for it had been whispered about that the stranger was the owner of a rich coal mine and several oil wells, and there were plenty who were willing to wink at his eccentricities, and who really enjoyed the novelty of dancing with him, while anything that Ruby Gordon could do was considered as above reproach, and it had been observed that she had shown him marked attention during the evening.

Edmund Carpenter adroitly managed to secure Ruby for the supper hour, though she had hoped that Walter would ask to be her escort; but she saw that he was being pleasantly entertained by her friend, Florence, and so she bore Mr. Carpenter's society with what patience she could. He suddenly became unusually marked in his attentions—so much so, in fact, that Ruby began to feel extremely uncomfortable in his presence.

Every now and then he would drop some fond word which betrayed toward what all this was tending, and such language from him was very disagreeable.

"Ruby," he whispered, once when they were dancing together—he had taken to calling her Ruby of late, and it aroused her antagonism—"Ruby, do you know that you are very lovely tonight? That waxen lily in your hair is wonderfully becoming."

She tossed her head, making those shining petals quiver, as if suddenly endowed with life, and laughed lightly as she retorted:

"Allow me to return the compliment, Mr. Carpenter; that boutonniere of evening primroses is a great addition to your costume. But I trust that the language of the flower is not an index to your character."

"I shall have to thank you for enlightening me as to the name of the flowers, for I did not know it while I am wholly ignorant regarding their sentiment. Pray tell me what it is."

"Perhaps it would be unwise for me to do so; it might destroy your enjoyment of the bouquet."

"Nay, tell me," he persisted. "Their language is inconstancy."

"Surely you cannot think them an index of my character," he said, with an accent of fond reproach that brought a flush to her cheek.

"I merely said I hoped such was not the case," she answered, striving to speak indifferently.

"What is the language of the lily?" Edmund asked, bestowing a covetous look upon the pure blossom.

She flushed again at the question, but said, lightly:

"I shall leave you to find that out for yourself."

"It ought to be sweetness and purity, to fit your nature," he returned, in a tender tone. Then he added, earnestly: "I want to ask a great favor of you, if you will not consider me presumptuous."

"That will depend upon the nature of the favor," Ruby replied, smiling, yet wishing she were anywhere else.

"Will you put away that lily in water when you take it off, and give it to me the next time I come?"

"No, indeed, I will not," Ruby said, with a decided little shake of her head. "I am going to keep it as a souvenir of this evening, which has been such a delightful one to me."

"I am disappointed!" "Perhaps I ought to be, for presuming to ask so much; but I am glad to see you so happy. Ruby, do you know what would make me very happy?"

"To be more attentive to the calls and not make me miss the changes," Ruby interrupted, at this critical moment, and holding out her hands to him as the order came to "Balance and turn partners;" then the figure was finished, and an end thus put to Mr. Carpenter's soft speeches for that time.

He tried to entice her away to the conservatory, but she excused herself, saying she must speak with her brother, and so she managed to elude him.

While she was talking with her brother, Walter came up to them.

"I have no partner for the next number," he said, with a wistful look. "Are you engaged, Miss Gordon?"

She glanced at her card hastily.

"Number nineteen; that is next the last. No, I am not engaged, and I will dance with you with pleasure, Mr. Richardson."

"Thanks," he returned, with a flush of delight, and then stepped one side to wait until the music should begin.

Ruby had forgotten, or had not noticed, that number nineteen was a waltz.

She did not often waltz, except with lady friends or with her brother. There was something offensive to her in the thought of being encircled in the arm of strangers, and so she almost always refused, and, as we know, she had already denied Edmund Carpenter earlier in the evening.

Suddenly the slow, sweet strains of a lovely waltz fell upon her ear. She started as the sound reminded her of her promise to Walter, and colored as she thought what that promise would involve.

She looked at her tablets to see if there was not some mistake.

No, it was number nineteen, and one of Strauss' intoxicating melodies, and just then Walter approached her.

"I am afraid you are too tired," he said, as he remarked the grave, perplexed look in her eyes.

She laughed.

"No, I am not too tired," she answered; "but to be frank, I did not notice that this was to be a waltz, and I have refused one to a gentleman this evening."

"I will release you if you desire," Walter returned, with ready courtesy, yet looking disappointed.

She glanced up at him. She had discovered that he was a delightful partner, and the eager look that she saw in his eyes, and the bewildering music, tempted her strongly.

"No, I believe I should enjoy it," she said, with a smile, while her eyes were full of

"Shifting lights as diamonds are;" and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, she

floated away to the magic strains, and forgot for the time that there were more than two people in the world.

Edmund Carpenter had observed all this, and ground his teeth in silent rage.

"She 'does not like to waltz very well,' but it seems that he can tempt her to it," he muttered, and ended with a bitter imprecation upon this disturber of his peace.

He stood watching them with a gloomy face, never once taking his wrathful eyes from those two graceful figures, as round and round they spun, without a thought of fatigue, of time, or aught but the delicious music, the dreamy motion, and a sense of content at being thus together.

On and on they went, without a break or a misstep, until the music suddenly ceased, when Walter drew his companion's hand within his arm, and looked down into her flushed face with a rueful expression.

"I am afraid I have done wrong to keep you upon the floor so long," he said. "Are you very tired?"

"No, I am not tired at all. I enjoyed it immensely. You are a delightful waltzer, Mr. Richardson."

"They happened to be passing the spot where Edmund Carpenter stood at that instant, and he caught the words, and vowed in his heart that he would make Walter 'sweat' for that night's work."

Just then Ruby's handkerchief fluttered to the floor.

Edmund sprang forward to get it, and as he returned it to her, he remarked, with sarcastic emphasis:

"I understood that Miss Gordon did not like to waltz; but doubtless it was a spirit of self-sacrifice which impelled her to yield to the importunities of another."

The scowl that he bestowed upon Walter as he said this betrayed that he was wrought up to the highest pitch of passion.

Ruby grew crimson to her temples. She had intended to apologize to him for having waltzed with Walter after refusing him, and explain how it had occurred; but this spirit of vindictiveness she would not tolerate, and drawing her slight figure haughtily erect, she said, coldly and briefly:

"Thank you for the handkerchief, Mr. Carpenter," and then passed on, leaving him in no enviable frame of mind.

But he was destined to be subjected to even greater mortification and defeat before the evening was over.

The last dance was ended; the musicians had departed, and nearly all the guests as well.

Just a few intimate friends of the family lingered over their good night, and among these were both Edmund Carpenter and Walter.

The latter as yet had had no opportunity to make his adieu to Ruby, and the former was anxious to make an appointment for the opera with her.

Ruby was in her gayest mood, and was jesting with her brother and two or three other gentlemen, who appeared to be vying with each other in paying her compliments.

Mr. Allstone, an elderly gentleman who had always been very fond of her, remarked, playfully, in reply to something else that had been said:

"Yes, she has been queen of the evening, with her lily crown. I shall probably go home and have my dreams haunted, for the remainder of the night, by Lenten Hies, each one having hidden in its cup a bright, piquant face, with ruby lips and diamond eyes."

"Hear, hear!" cried Ruby, clapping her hands softly in applause. "I had not supposed it possible to make such an impression upon a man who is Allstones!"

She swept him a profound courtesy, amid the laughter which followed this retort, and in the act the slender stem of the lily in her hair snapped in twain, and the beautiful flower went spinning over the marble floor of the hall.

Three gentlemen sprang forward to recover it, but Walter was the more agile, and captured it before the others could reach it, and then stood quietly waiting for an opportunity to return it to her.

At last all were gone but himself and Edmund Carpenter, who was determined to have the last word if possible, though it was all he could do to control his rage against Walter for lingering so long.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, with Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, stood near, and two at least of the four were watching with some curiosity and interest to see Ruby take leave of the young men.

Walter, do not keep Miss Gordon waiting; return her the flower," Edmund commanded, turning upon his rival with an air of authority, his patience completely exhausted.

Walter started and colored hotly at his tone, while Ruby turned and regarded the man with a look of surprise.

Walter, however, recovered his composure instantly, and approaching the young girl, he said, with a smile:

"I have been waiting for an opportunity to restore your lily; though I am not sure but that—to the victor belong the spoils."

"That's so," cried Mr. Ruggles, who had not been unobservant of Edmund's jealousy during the evening, and was now boiling inwardly at his recent overbearing manner; "he won in the race, and he should have the trophy."

Ruby glanced up with an answering smile at Walter, while a spirit of mischief and defiance suddenly took possession of her. She resolved that she should have the lily, just to punish the man who had been so insolent to him.

"The trophy is certainly not a very valuable one," she said.

"What's aught but as 'tis valued?" Walter quoted, lightly, but with a very earnest look in his eyes, notwithstanding.

"What nonsense, Walter. Can't you see that Miss Gordon is very weary? Give her the flower, and do not detain her longer," said Edmund Carpenter, coming forward and speaking impatiently.

He had sued for that lily earlier in the evening, and Ruby had flatly refused to give it to him.

Would she have the face to bestow it upon his rival in his very presence? He could scarcely contain himself at the thought.

"I will give Miss Gordon the flower if she desires it," Walter replied, coldly, yet still retaining it in his hand.

Ruby's eyes were very bright as they met the eager look of the young man, but she said:

"It's only a fading flower, but keep it if you like."

"Thanks," Walter responded, with a luminous smile. Then holding out his hand, he bade her good night, and turned away to make his adieu to the others, after which he went his way with a heart as light as air.

"I thought the lily was to be retained as a souvenir," remarked Edmund Carpenter, in a low tone, as he took leave of Ruby.

She looked up at him with curling lips.

"One would hardly think a simple flower worth so much controversy, Mr. Carpenter," she said, coldly; then added, "I trust you have had a pleasant evening. Good night."

She gave him a formal little bow, then turning she walked to her brother's side, determined to cut short the disagreeable interview, and beginning to heartily despise the man.

The ballets departed without having even mentioned the opera, and vowing vengeance upon his successful foe.

CHAPTER XX.

A FINANCIAL WRECK.

Ruby persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles to remain until after Christmas, as they were to have no other guests, and as her invitation had been heartily seconded by both Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, this had not been hard to accomplish.

The day arrived—a bright, keen winter's day;

and, after the morning meal had been disposed of, the family adjourned to the library to inspect the many mysterious packages which had been arranged upon the table there.

It would be useless to enumerate them all, but each one had remembered all the others in some way, and a very handsome way, too, it proved to be.

Ruby's gift from Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles was contained in a very tiny box, which had been most carefully perched upon the top of the pile allotted to her.

"What mysterious charm lies concealed within this?" she asked, with a roguish glance at Farmer Ruggles, for she had recognized his handwriting on the outside.

She removed the rubber band that held the cover on, and opened the box to find a layer of pink cotton within. Lifting this her eyes were almost dazzled by the rays of light that were emitted from three large, beautiful diamonds of the purest water.

She cried out with delight.

"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles! they are like perfect drops of dew, and they are the first diamonds that I have ever had presented to me. I have my mother's, to be sure, but no one ever gave me a diamond before."

The farmer and his wife greatly enjoyed her pleasure. They had bought the gems unset, because they did not know in what form she would prefer them, and thought best to let her select the setting for herself.

They had spent one whole happy day together in choosing Christmas gifts for this family, who had been so kind and courteous to them, and for many a month after it formed the theme of pleasant converse for them.

Mrs. Gordon was the recipient of a set of elegant toilet articles, while Mr. Gordon was presented with some choice books which he had been heard to say he would like to possess. But their chief thought had been for Ruby, whom these plain but honest people were learning to love with a fondness which they would have lavished upon their own daughter had she been spared to them.

Mrs. Gordon presented Mrs. Ruggles with a fine silver ladle, and Mr. Gordon gave Mr. Ruggles a substantial gold chain for the handsome gold watch which he already possessed.

But there was no gift from Ruby to her friends upon the table, and when all the packages had been examined, she turned to them, a little tender smile wreathing her lips, saying:

"Will you come with me for a few moments, Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles? I have something I would like to show you."

She led them to a small parlor or reception-room, opened the doors for them to pass in, and then softly closed it after them, leaving them alone.

But just opposite, and where they could not fail to see it, there hung a life-size and life-like crayon portrait of their dead daughter, which Ruby had had copied from a photograph, and, fastened to one corner of the frame, there was a card bearing the words:

"From Ruby to her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles."

They gave one startled look into the sweet, refined face of the girl who had been so dear to them; for "Annie Ruggles," as she was known among her school friends, had been an unusually cultivated girl, having been a thorough student and something of a poet; then a mist, a blur obscured their sight; a sob burst from the loving mother; Mr. Ruggles choked back a groan; then they both broke down entirely, and clung to each other for comfort.

Ruby had been sure that it would be so, and thus she had delicately planned for them to see the picture for the first time by themselves.

She could not have given them anything that they would have valued so much as this enlarged and perfected likeness of their only child; and when, a half hour later, Mr. Ruggles had regained his composure and met Ruby in the hall on his way back to the library, he laid his hand gently on her head, then stooped and touched her shining hair with his still tremulous lips, as he said:

"Forgive an old man's weakness, Miss Ruby, but I tell you, you couldn't have touched mother and me in a more tender spot; and—though I don't suppose the time'll ever come—if you're ever in a tight place and need a friend, Owen

Ruggles is the man that'll stand by you."

But the time was to come, and was not far distant either, when she was to stand in sore need of just such a friend as he promised to be.

Walter had been invited to dine with the Gordons that evening, and afterward the whole family attended the opera to hear the renowned Christine Nilsson, and thus the delightful holiday came to an end.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles returned to their home among the mountains, asserting that they had never enjoyed so much during their whole lives as during the ten days that they had spent with their friends in Philadelphia.

After that the winter passed rapidly, but without much that is worthy of note.

Spring came, then summer, and Ruby went to the mountains, to spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, as she had promised to do the previous year. And hither Walter came again to pass his vacation; and those two weeks were weeks never to be forgotten by either of them.

Walter even yet would not allow himself to speak words that would lead Ruby to pledge herself to him; yet each knew that they were all in all to each other, and there was a sort of tacit understanding between them that eventually they would belong to each other. Another year, Walter hoped, would give him an interest in the business, and then he would feel free to ask Ruby to give herself to him, without the fear of being regarded as a fortune-hunter by her friends and acquaintances.

October came, and one afternoon Mr. Gordon returned to his home looking white and wretched.

"What is it, Robert?" his wife asked with an anxious face.

He told her that which for a moment shocked her into speechlessness, and then made her shriek and faint dead away.

The man summoned help, and hung over her with a pitiful look until she revived and began to moan and wring her hands in anguish, when, unable to bear the sight of her misery, he crept away to the library, where he tried to face the future and bear his burden as best he could.

A little later there came a timid knock on the door, then it was opened, and Ruby, with a pale face and solemn eyes, stole softly in, and going to her brother's side, slid one arm around his neck and gently asked:

"Robert, is it true?" "Is what true, dear?"

"What Estelle's maid says—that Mr. Currier has been defaulting, and your company is ruined?"

"Yes, darling, it is all true; and that is not the worst, either."

"What do you mean, Robert?" the young girl asked, clasping both her small hands about his arm, and searching his face with anxious earnestness.

He gently unclasped her hands, and, with anguish written upon every feature of his fine face, drew her close to his breast.

"Ruby can you bear to hear all?" he asked. She caught her breath quickly, and her face grew white with a sudden fear.

Was her idolized brother implicated in the wrong that had brought ruin upon him and his company? She dare not utter the thought aloud, yet it pierced her heart like a knife.

Again she searched his face; but there was nothing like shame or dishonor stamped upon it, and she replied:

"I can bear anything better than to see you look so broken-hearted. Tell me all your trouble," she pleaded, pressing her lips softly against his cheek.

Something like a sob burst from the strong man, and he hugged her almost convulsively to him.

"Darling, you are a little comforter," he said; "but my trouble is more on your account, and Estelle's than upon my own. I am a man, and I can bear to face poverty and loss. Ruby, could you bear to be poor? Have you any idea what it means to be poor?"

"I do not suppose I have, really; but I think there are some things that would be harder to bear than poverty," Ruby returned, gravely.

"What do you mean, Ruby?"

"It would be a thousand times worse if—if you were in Mr. Currier's place—if you had been guilty of dishonor."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

If I came to visit you you would put me to sleep in a strawberry bed. I should think Marie, we'd make quite a pretty picture, each slumbering peacefully in our little strawberry beds. I'm afraid somebody might come along, and not knowing the difference between my nose and the other strawberries, start to eat it. I think I'd better stay home. Marie, one sentence in your letter is quite exciting. You say: "I can draw and play on the piano." I don't doubt you can play on the piano Marie, but honestly can a little ninety-six pound girl like you draw a big piano? What is your motive, dear, in drawing the piano? Do you do it for exercise or just to show your strength? It must be quite exciting to see you drawing the piano all round the house, for I suppose you are not content to draw it around in only one room. I hope you don't draw it up and down stairs very often. If you do, I hope you'll keep a tight hold, or somebody is liable to get hurt. I should think you would be content to draw music from the piano without wanting to draw the piano itself. Take my advice, Marie, and leave the piano where it is. Pianos are costly instruments, and though they should be played, they should never be played on, or drawn.

HUBBARD, IA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: This beautiful morning has inspired me to send a greeting to you. Uncle and all my unknown cousins scattered about the great continent. I have never written to you before Uncle, so thought I would write a few lines, and would like to see this in print.

My sister Marie Comfort and we like it fine. I am fourteen years of age, have blue eyes, brown hair and dark complexion. I am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds and live on a farm. I am a good student and like the farm much better than the city.

Guess I will have to tell you what I can do. I can make pies like cake wash dishes milk the cows ride horseback and play the piano, and many more things. I would like to exchange cards with the cousins. Now Uncle, when you read this please put Billy the Goat to bed as he might want to chew it. With a hug and a kiss for Uncle Charlie, I remain, Your niece, MAYME ENGLISH.

You are wise to like the farm better than the city, Mayme, and your parents can make farm life much more attractive to you than city life, if they have your welfare and interest at heart, as I am sure they have. Some parents make home wretched for their children. If the expenditure of a dollar would convert some homes from sordid dreariness, into palaces of delight, many parents wouldn't spend that dollar. Money invested in things that bring happiness to children, is the best investment in the world. There are many young folks who are eking out a miserable existence in the cities, who would have been home today, if home had been made a little more agreeable for them. The best help a man can have is the help and co-operation of his own family. Keep the young folks home by making home worth while. In your letter, Mayme, you say: "I can make pie like cake wash dishes milk the cows ride horseback play the piano and many more things." If you can make a pie do all those things, Mayme, you are a remarkably clever young lady. I should like to see a pumpkin pie milking a cow and playing a piano. I would go miles to see a sight like that. The next time one of your pies milks a cow and plays the piano, please, honey, send us a snapshot of the performance. Education is spreading the world over, and there is no reason why we shouldn't have educated pigs. If we could educate pigs up to the point of being digestible we should have accomplished much. I suppose when they want to eat pie in Mayme's house they have to open the door and shout out: "Please Mr. Pie, will you come and be eaten?" and then the pie replies, "You will have to excuse me for the present as I'm milking the cow." Educated pigs! I wonder what we'll have next! This is some word.

LEWIS VALLEY, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: We have taken the COMFORT a year and enjoyed it very much. I like to read the cousins' letters and the stories.

We live on a farm of about a hundred acres. It is quite a pleasant place to live although there are many hills. All the better on account of the hills though, for what would we children do if we couldn't ride down hill. Did you have a bill to coast on when you were a boy?

I help my father out of doors and help do the housework like mowing, raking and do many other things. I milk the cows of which there are five and father feeds the pigs, horses and chickens.

I am attending high school and enjoy it much more than I did country school. I am taking four subjects. They are: First year English, first year drawing, algebra and biology.

I have one brother and one sister, my brother is working out and my sister is attending Normal.

Well Uncle perhaps you will want to know what kind of looking person is writing these lines so I will tell you. I am five foot four inches tall, weigh a hundred and eighteen pounds and am fourteen years old. Have brown hair and brown eyes, pink cheeks and a few freckles. Hoping to see this in print I am Your niece, NELLIE HOLDEN.

Nellie, I am glad to hear from you. Am glad you have a pleasant place to live in. New York State is a pretty nice old state isn't it? Hills do have their advantages don't they? I was born in a perfectly flat country, and there were so many of us kids that Pop (that's my respected parent) got desperate. We were a healthy bunch and all the epidemics passed us by. We were so healthy you could not have killed one of us with an axe. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck father, and he went to town to the scenery store, and bought half a dozen mountains, four or five assorted steep hills, and a bunch of assorted canyons at bargain rates. He decorated the landscape with his scenic purchases and waited for the first snow storm. After the storm was over we were each presented with a sled. We all adjourned to the steepest hill, and something was doing. By night time father's family of fourteen was reduced to two, and there was enough grub to go around. I am glad to say I was one of the two survivors. If a man wants to get rid of his family he should present them with a bob sled, a snow storm and a steep hill, and nature or fate will do the rest. Nellie you say that you help your father out of doors. I regret deeply to learn that your father has to be helped out of doors. I hope he will soon be strong enough to get out of doors without your assistance. A man is in a bad way when he has to be helped out of doors. Billy the Goat says that I have misunderstood you, and that you mean that you assist your father with his work out of doors. I don't know dear, whether or not I've wrongly interpreted your sentence, and as it could be interpreted two different ways, perhaps I have. The only way I was ever helped out of doors was to be thrown out. That is a very quick and effective way of leaving a house, but the method of exit is painful at times, and ruffles one's dignity. I feel confident, Nellie, when you help father out of doors that the deed is done with tender and loving care. I'm glad to know that you're attending high school. I think a young lady who has progressed so far along educational lines, should know better than to say, "I milk the cows, of which there are five." Why didn't you say "of which there are five?" When one writes for publication one should be careful. Strange how they will teach algebra and biology to children of fourteen, things that go in one ear and out the other, and neglect to teach them those things which are most necessary in after life. A little less algebra and you would not have written "There is five." Drawing is an excellent thing for those who are going to study art, and become artists. Drawing is useful to about one pupil in a hundred. For drawing, algebra and biology I'd substitute cooking, domestic science, nursing, both infants and adults, the care of the body, hygiene and sanitation, practical things, which make people happy, healthy, comfortable and long lived. Teaching algebra to girls who cannot peel a potato, broil a steak or prepare a nursing

bottle, properly sterilized and in a hygienic way, and who too often could not sew a button on to save their lives, is preposterous. This nation needs good cooks, not mathematicians. We can leave biology to the college professors for the present. Time for that later on. Let us be practical. Let us teach people horse sense, and the simple things of life before we attempt to make them scientists.

JUNCTION CITY, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I'm thirteen years old, five feet two inches tall, have brown hair and eyes. I live on a farm and have always lived in the country. I can milk cows, cook, wash, iron, and do all kinds of housework. I help my father do chores, such as throwing down hay, get in wood and milk the cows. I have a dear little bay pony called Snip. I ride him after the cows, he's just as gentle as a kitten. My father and mother are both living and I have a little sister aged nine years. My father is forty-one years old, my mother thirty-eight. My sister and I go to a school called Grand Prairie. I'm just about through the seventh grade. My sister is in the fourth grade. Well it has just been snowing and hailing for four or five days. It's just about six inches deep where we live, but in other places in Oregon it's two feet. It's raining today and the rain is melting the snow. I expect there will be high water. In the summer-time it is real warm and the flowers are all in bloom and the grass and trees are green.

My! but it is a beautiful country here. We have a lake on our place and we go fishing real often. We have caught ninety-nine at a time. We live between Junction City and Irving. Junction City is quite a good-sized town. Irving isn't very large. It has one blacksmith shop, three churches, two stores, a flour mill, and a post-office. I will now tell my cousins and you what to do for neuralgia, of the head. Just take table salt and powder up line and snuff up each nostril two or three times a day. It's very simple, anyone who had toothache please try it. My papa had it awfully bad and he tried it. His jaw was all swollen up and it helped him right away. I will answer any post cards received.

We couldn't do without COMFORT. We think it's the only paper. As ever your niece, BELVA BAKER.

Glad you are so helpful to your father, Belva. We can't have too many helpful, useful people in this world. Don't do anything that overtaxes your strength. Nature did not intend women to do the heavy tasks that were solely intended for the male. It is very easy for a girl or a woman, by overtaxing some delicate organ of her body, to make herself an invalid for life. I'm quite excited over one sentence in your letter. You tell us that you ride your pony after the cows. Am I to understand from that, that you allow the cows to ride your pony first, and when they get through riding the pony, you ride the pony after them? Why do you let the cows ride the pony? I should think a pony would object even if you didn't. A cow on horseback or pony back, would certainly be some sight. If I were you I'd ride the pony first and let the cows do their stunts when you got through. I'm glad that the grass and trees are green in your section in the summer-time. Think how terrible it would be if they had been blue, pink or red. You say when you go fishing you have often caught ninety-nine at a time. Ninety-nine what, Belva? Whales I have not the least doubt. Maybe they weren't whales, but only sardines. If you ever got me on your hook you would catch a lobster. I'm glad to know that snuffing salt up your nose will cure toothache. If you uncrowded your nose and picked it in brine over night would it do as well, Belva? It is an excellent practice, if one has catarrh, to dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in about a pint of water, and syringe your nose with this, internally of course, not externally. If you haven't a syringe, you can put some of the salt solution in the palm of your hand, and snuff it up your nose. Salt is an antiseptic. You're all pretty familiar with the word antiseptic, but there are many I fear who don't know what it means. Sepsis means poison, anti means against, or antagonistic to counteracting or combatting poison. If you all understood the use of antiseptics, there would be little, if any blood poisoning, and at least a hundred thousand of those who now die yearly through ignorance of this subject, would be living out lives of usefulness instead of decorating cemeteries. In ever house there should be a solution of carbolic acid. The law does not allow you to buy the acid full strength, but at any drug store you can get a five per cent. solution, and you should always keep at least half a gallon of this in the house. A five per cent. solution is too strong for ordinary use, dilute it with boiled water, using one part of the solution to three or four of the water, and keep a small bottle handy for any emergency. Always have in the house two or three packages of absorbent cotton, and some gauze bandage. You can get these sterilized surgical dressings at any drug store, all ready for use, and they cost but a few cents. Strips of clean linen are dangerous as germs may adhere to them and cause poisoning of the wound. Nothing is germ free or sterilized until it has been boiled or subjected to great heat, or saturated with a strong solution of carbolic. Men in the field, women around the house and children at play are constantly cutting their hands, limbs and other parts of the body. These cuts if not immediately sterilized by the application of an antiseptic dressing such as carbolic are liable to lead to an infection and blood poisoning, and once blood poisoning gets a start, nothing can stop it. When the flesh is cut, disease germs, of which there are millions on almost everything we handle or touch, find an entrance into the wound, and are carried directly into the circulation. If an antiseptic is applied immediately to a wound, after it has been thoroughly cleansed with a carbolic or peroxide of hydrogen solution, the wound will rapidly heal, so also will bites of insects, pimples, boils, etc. Nature will attend to that. Salves and other ointments are not needed. These salves often contain poison germs and frequently are far from antiseptic and liable to do more harm than good. Saturate the absorbent cotton with the carbolic solution, bandage up the wound, dress the wound twice daily, and if any sign of inflammation shows, keep the dressing saturated with carbolic, apply it from the outside and let it soak through the dressing, and you'll come out all right. Preserve these directions, and you will save many a life.

BOOMER, R. R. 2, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been a helpless shut-in for four years. Almost helpless twice that long. I am now confined to bed with heart trouble. Have not been able to get out of bed without help for over three years. My husband was taken down with heart trouble about seven years ago and was unable to work or even to walk on me. Last winter he died, leaving me and five worn-out children—four girls and one boy. The only boy left with me is down with organic heart trouble, not able to do any work and hasn't been able to wait on himself a good part of the time since last fall. My four girls are not any of them strong. Two of them are quite young. We are a very poor family and are to a great extent dependent on the charity of other people. What little land we have got is rough mountain land and is poor, so what little the children can tend, don't make much for us. So we are greatly reduced to poverty. We have to suffer for the want of medical aid, because we haven't got money to pay doctor's bills any more. Ours is a sad and pitiable condition. I know we have your sympathy.

We are greatly in need of cheer and sympathy. I hope all of the COMFORT readers will send us some help. It would be greatly appreciated if it's ever so little. Your shut-in cousin, MRS. MARGARET WATTS.

Poor Mrs. Watts, how I pity her lying helpless with that terrible affliction heart disease. There is nothing more terrible than heart trouble. When that wonderful and faithful little pump begins to shirk its duty, one suffers a thousand deaths. Heart disease is increasing at an alarming rate, almost as fast as cancer. Look out, boys and girls, for those hearts of yours. Heart trouble is usually brought about by too violent exertion. Don't overtax your strength. The most pitiful sight in the world is a giant athlete with an athletic heart. He has overtrained and overexerted himself, and his splendid, brawny muscular body, has become utterly useless. At the least exertion he gasps for breath and is liable to drop dead. With most diseases, death



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stands at a respectable distance, with heart disease it hovers at your elbow. Many of you men have wives, and many of you boys and girls have hearts who have weak or diseased hearts. Neither you men nor you young folks realize how dangerous this condition is, and so you make life or mother work as though they were in perfect health forgetting the fact that at any moment they may drop dead at your feet. The majority of people think, because a person is stout and fleshy that they are healthy and strong. Fat only too often is more a sign of disease than a sign of health. You young folks will wonder why a stout person is so often short of breath and begins to gasp and get worn out at the slightest exertion. It is all due to the fact that the heart isn't able to do all the work it is called upon to do. The heart that can pump blood through the body of a person weighing one hundred and forty pounds, when that person puts on seventy-five pounds more flesh, simply can't do its work. A small stream may irrigate a hundred acres, but it won't irrigate two hundred. It isn't capable of doing the job. The heart is the most wonderful organ in the body. It never ceases working day or night, and no matter what strain you put upon it, it strives with all its might and main to serve you faithfully and well. Children who are delicate should not be allowed to indulge in violent exercise. Remember now, watch your hearts. Mine gave out when I was thirty-two, owing to too much school day athletics, and if anyone can sympathize with Mrs. Watts I can. There is no cure for heart disease, so be careful and don't get it. To be too poor to get medical attention and too poor to buy heart stimulants, when the lack of them may cause death at any moment, is an awful predicament to be in. It is like being attacked by savages with tomahawks and scalping knives, and having no gun with which to defend one's self. Now, please, do take compassion on poor Mrs. Watts. Her doctor, postmaster and pastor speak of her in the highest terms. Her pastor says he has known Mrs. Watts for twenty years, and speaks highly of her Christian character. The boy who might have been so much help to his mother is also afflicted with this terrible disease. I do not know the age of the two oldest girls, even if they have reached maturity, I doubt however, if they are able to earn anything in the mountainous region in which they live. They are probably doing their best to cultivate the little patch of land on which they live. If you are prompted to send them any clothing, write and find out their needs first of all and please do not send them rags. People who unload their rags on other people and think they have done a beautiful act of charity, and ask God to bless the deed are either morally obtuse or stupid ignorant. People who ask for bread do not want stones. People who ask for clothes don't want rags. Some people think that anything is good enough for the sick and poor. That's what the nobility of France thought until the Revolution came and people chopped their heads off. Don't have thoughts that are un-Christian and two hundred years behind the times. Never send anything to a person that you would not wear yourself. People who are in needy circumstances do not want Paris ball gowns nor brand new clothes, neither do they wish to be insulted by a gift of them. The express charges paid on thirty bundles of rags would clothe the family nicely for nearly a year. Now do what you can for Mrs. Margaret Watts. You cannot make her well, but at least you can supply her with those things that will make her life a paradise to what it is now.

Shut-in and Mercy Work for May

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Eugenia Barts, Fitch, R. R. 1, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism, great sufferer. Greatly in need of treatment and good nursing—unable to get either. Who will help to ease the suffering

of this poor soul. She's very worthy. Mrs. Sarah Dodson, Laclede, Mo. Helpless invalid. Only a daughter to care for her. Grateful for any help. Highly recommended. Olga Cass, Temple, Texas. Invalid. Wants correspondence. No financial aid needed. Miss Cass is educated and refined. Mrs. Lucy A. Burnell, Hugh, Jackson Co., Ky. Poor widow with children to support. Could earn a living if she had a sewing machine. Can anyone pass one on to her, or help her get one? She's not an invalid, but I thought some of you might have a used machine you might pass on to her. Mrs. Catherine Fraisure (60), Lulu, Fla. Rheumatic cripple. Poor and needy. Help this poor old lady. Arthur Everett, 729 Seventh St., San Diego, Cal. Invalid. Expert typist. Does lovely work. Can any of you give him work of this kind? Wm. V. Kinter, North Point, Pa. Helpless invalid—all alone in the world. Lovely character. Inspiration to know him. Help him with money. Mrs. Margaret Hammond, 153 River St., Hillsdale, Mich. Helpless old lady of seventy-four. Send her cheery letters and put something in them. Francis M. Bunce, Calamus, Iowa. Has rheumatism. Family of nine. Grateful for clothing and any assistance. John Keaton, Winston, R. 2, Ga. Worthy invalid. Send him some cheer. Miss Stella Sands, Belmont, Iowa. Life long invalid. Wants postals and cheery letters. No financial aid asked. Henry Worbert, 80 Barrow St., New York, N. Y. Is blind. Wife reads to him. Send him some cheery letters. Josephine Gregg, Parrottville, Tenn. Worthy invalid. Send her some cheer. Sadie Butler, Quinlan, Texas. Invalid. Send her cheery letters. No financial aid asked. Sherman E. McCurdy, Laurel, R. 3, Ind. Leg amputated six years ago, never healed. Wants silver plating outfit. Thinks he could make a living with it. Who'll help? Mollie McDow, Camden, S. C. Invalid. Has lung trouble and other diseases. Has to have an operation. Help this poor, needy, afflicted soul. Mrs. Anna Teague, Mannington, Ky. Invalid. Send her cheery letters and greenback sympathy. Mrs. Roy Cowles, West Derby, Vt. Invalid, almost helpless. Husband too sick to work. Send her a silver shower. Mrs. Chas. Munden, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Wants postals and cheery letters. No financial aid. Major M. Pruitt (13), Allensprings, Ky. Send this little crippled boy postals and cheery letters. No financial aid needed. Miss Drusilla Brown, Ranger, Mo. Invalid. Would like quilt pieces, patterns for fancy work and cheery letters. No financial aid asked. Mrs. N. T. Johnson, Majestic, Colo. Has invalid husband and six little children. Need clothing and financial aid. Prepay freight to Forbes Junction, Colo. Arthur White (21), Piedmont, R. R. 3, S. C. Invalid

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beauty Hints for the Bride-to-Be

It seems singularly appropriate in this number of COMFORT to give prospective brides some special hints on making themselves as lovely as possible for the all-important day. Every engaged girl wants to look her best on her wedding day and this is a very natural wish. Fortunately, such a result is easily achieved as COMFORT girls all have their full share of good looks. About all they need is a few finishing touches. As the happy day is quite near, we must begin this special beauty course this very day. Listen attentively, as I am going to give you a whole heap of beauty helps at once.

First, we will have a cozy little chat about the hands. When you hold out your finger for the ring, you don't want your hands to be thin and rough and red, do you? Of course not. You want them to be as pretty as intelligent treatment can make them.

This being so, try to keep your hands as clean as clean can be. Scrub and scour and rub them with a nail-brush dripping with hot sudsy water, until every bit of grime has disappeared. Do this several times during the day. Hands should not be washed in hard water, as this dries the skin and the hand wrinkles and yellows. However!

In order to keep the hands in tip-top condition, write them the hands it will be necessary, after they have been bathed at bed time, to rub in a cosmetic paste and then draw on a pair of loose kid gloves. I am giving formula for a splendid hand paste below.

Cosmetic Paste for Hands

Oil of sweet almonds, two drams; glycerine, one dram; rice flour, one dram; fresh yolks, two drams; rose-water, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, thirty-six drops.

Beat all together until a paste is formed. Because of the eggs this will not keep very long, so you must not make up a large supply.

When the hands have been coated thickly with this beautifying mixture, draw on the kid gloves, first cutting off the tips of the fingers and cutting minute holes here and there in the kid. This is so that the hands may have air.

If you will carry out this treatment every night until the wedding day, I am almost willing to guarantee that you will have a pair of as white, dimpled hands as the most exacting girl could desire.

Do you wish your elbows to lose their ugly lumps of calloused flesh? If so, you must bandage them at night as well as your hands. After they have been thoroughly scrubbed, rinsed in fresh water and dried, you must rub into them a liberal allowance of skin food. When this has been done, line a small pad of cotton with the skin food and place it over the elbow point. Now, to prevent pad from falling off, tie a wide strip of cotton cloth over all and run off to bed. This nightly treatment will soon banish those knobby elbows you are so ashamed of.

Next, it is important that the neck should be as white as driven snow. This is something the average neck is not, after the winter siege of tight collars. Spring generally finds us women with yellow and collar-marked throats. The only thing we can do is to bleach our throats twice every day with Benzoinated Liquid, until the ugly scars and tints have disappeared. The lotion referred to is made very easily.

Simply put sixty drops of simple tincture of benzoin into a third of a cup of tepid water. Mop this on throat until every bit of the discolored skin has been moistened. Let lotion dry into the skin. Then massage gently for several moments with your finger tips.

Don't expect immediate results because you will be disappointed. It is slow work whitening a discolored throat but perseverance wins. Not in a day or two, but in a week or two. Is that quick enough for you, Miss Hasty? Yes? Then we'll stop talking of throats and go on to something equally interesting.

Pretty eyebrows are necessary if a girl wants to be considered good looking, so make a point of brushing and massaging your brows every day. With a small, soft bristled tooth-brush, smooth your brows until every hair lies just as flat as can be. This little brush will be found particularly useful when you have been so unfortunate as to powder the brows as well as the face. Dusty eyebrows are the reverse of beautiful, so be sure and give them a thorough brushing, as soon as you finish powdering your face.

Rubbing some simple tonic into the brows is absolutely necessary if your brows are scanty.

When massaging in the hair grower, be careful to rub with the fall of the hair. Unless you do this, you will have hideous, bushy eyebrows, something no girl wants to have.

Eye-brow Tonic

Sulphate of quinine, five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce.

Be very careful, that not a drop of the liquid gets into the eye itself, as this is a serious inflammation would result. The less haste, the more speed is true in this case.

Perfumed hair is very popular just now and I don't wonder. You will be glad to know that this treatment can be easily carried out at home. All you need is a tiny vial of oil of geranium or lavender, with which you moisten the bristles of your hair brush. Then pass the brush lightly over your pretty tresses, until you feel that every single hair has had its share of the sweet per-

fume. You will enjoy having your crown of glory deliciously scented, I know.

Sometimes members of the feminine sex are annoyed by down-growing hairs around the ears. This is a quite serious beauty defect as it makes a woman look very masculine. To keep these refractory hairs off the cheek and up where they belong, I would suggest moistening them every night with pure, fresh mucilage. Press the hair up while applying the sticky paste, and wait until the mucilage dries before you remove your fingers. In the morning wash off the gum with warm water. Do this every night for a month and the unruly hairs will be reduced to submission. Do you wish your lips to be flame red? Then listen and I will tell you how to make a most delectable lip rouge.

Rose Lip Cream

Crush a pound of damask rose-petals in a cup of sweet cream. Strain through a piece of gauze and stir in a pinch of powdered vanilla. Rub this dainty concoction on the lips and they will become a beautiful red.

Red lips call for pearly teeth, so the bride-to-be must think of some quick way of bleaching her yellow teeth. Here are two good bleaches, either one of them within the reach of all.

Either hold peroxide of hydrogen in the mouth for two minutes daily, or scrub the teeth off twice a week with a piece of lemon. Simple, isn't it?

Do you admire glossy hair, little maid? If you do, you will be interested in hearing about a new way of polishing the hair. Dip a soft, clean rag in Brilliantine, then pass the oil-soaked cloth over your pretty locks. In a moment your hair will shine like satin! Do not use too much oil, as this will make your tresses oily instead of brilliant.

Last, but not least, you should try your level best to secure a milk-white complexion before your wedding day dawns. The Christiani Bleach for browned skins is liked by many women. It cannot be used if the skin is sensitive or covered with eruptions and it must not be swallowed or gotten into the eyes.

Skin Bleach

Corrosive sublimate, seven and one half grains; tincture of benzoin, one dram; water, one half pint. Mix.

This bleach is for external use only. It might be a good idea to test its strength on the arm first, as some skins are more delicate than others.

May love, beauty and happiness be with you always, little brides-to-be.

Questions Answered

Miss Georgia, An Old Subscriber, Miss Florence, Old Maid, Mrs. B. T. Agnes, Papa's Pet and others.—A pimply skin is decidedly unnatural. You should avoid eating candy, pie, puddings, cake, preserves and gravies, also try to take a thorough body bath every day with lukewarm water. As constipation is apt to cause a blotchy skin, see to it that your bowels move freely. In case they refuse to do so, eat three or four slices of Constipation Bread at night before going to bed. I am giving you recipe for same, herewith.

Constipation Bread

Four cups bran, two cups gluten or whole wheat flour, two cups milk, one cup molasses, two teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, a little melted butter.

Mix well and bake in muffin tins or in flat sheets or layer cake tins in a good oven for twenty minutes. To purify your blood and stimulate the action of your stomach, drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. This will rapidly improve the condition of your skin. You might also touch pimples with lotion, formula for which is given below.

Pimple Liquid

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Apply to spots several times a day.

Miss Lola, An Old Subscriber, Frivolous, Anxious Miss, Gerlie, Discouraged Wife, Miss N. and others.—See my reply to Miss Georgia on pimples. Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night before retiring with hot soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smartens the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted. Always wash face in hot water and finish by dashing on cold water.

Mary B., Summer Girl, Texas Lass, Southern Flower, Mrs. L. S. A., Miss Lottie and others.—Here is a simple freckle remedy. Be careful not to get in or near the eyes.

Freckle Banisher

Scrape a teaspoonful of horseradish into a cup of sour milk. Let stand for six hours before using.

Apply to freckles several times a day. If you are anxious to get rid of the wrinkles you must massage gently across the face with the fingers for ten minutes daily. You should use the following cold cream to massage with:

Rose Cream

Rose-water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce; salicylic acid, one half dram.

When the massage is concluded, dash cold water over face and neck and dry skin with a clean towel. If your skin becomes oily, dampen with witchhazel water.

Teddy Bear.—Your letter reached me too late to get in the issue named. If your boy is thin, drink two quarts of cream milk every day until the desired amount of flesh is gained. You should gain two pounds of flesh weekly on this amount of milk unless you have very laborious work. In case your body is plump enough, the best way to plump cheeks would be to cover them with a thick layer of skin food—after first bathing them for several minutes with hot water—at night before going to bed. To prevent cream from rubbing off in the night, it would be a good idea for you to wear a face mask. Take a square of heavy white cloth big enough to cover the face, and cut holes in it for eyes, nose and mouth. Fasten cloth strings to the mask with small safety pins, lay mask over face and the strings at back of head. Do this every night until your hollow cheeks are filled out. You would probably have to take this treatment for five or six months. It is slow work to plump cheeks by local applications. You might also practice blowing mouth full of air, until cheeks round out like toy balloons, hold breath for ten counts, then slowly exhale through the mouth. Do this for five minutes, twice a day.

Plumping Cream for Hollow Cheeks

Tannin, one half dram; lanoline, thirty grains; oil of sweet almonds, twenty grains.

Melt the lanoline and oil in a double boiler, stirring till thoroughly mingled. As the mixture cools, beat in the tannin.

An Old Subscriber, Housewife, Battered Maid, Ruby Lips, Inquisitive, Lily and others.—Very probably they have an electric needle operator at Louisville. Red hands should be massaged nightly with a soothing cream. I am printing formula for same.

Hand Cream

Melt about half an ounce of white wax in a sauce-pan, then add slowly half a pint of sweet almond

ART MILLINERY CATALOG FREE

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Hair Stain

Tannic, or gallic acid, mixed with oil, glycerine, or lard, in the proportions of one dram of either acid to an ounce of the glycerine or oil.

L. C. R.—Your letter came far too late to appear in the issue you mentioned. Birth-marks can be removed by electric treatments but you should go to some good dermatologist.

New Girl—H.—I am so sorry but it is against the rules for me to give addresses in these columns. The reason for this rule is obvious.

Sweet Pea, Arizona Wife, Big Sister, Good Looker and others.—If you will dampen face with witch-hazel before going out into the sun, the tan and freckles will be kept at bay. The Freckle Remover given Mary B., makes a good face bleach. Drink two or three quarts of milk every day and you will gain two to three pounds of flesh a week. Also your bust will develop rapidly.

Mamma's Girl, Ella, Jess E., Mrs. Z., Young Girl and others.—See reply to Miss Lola. After the black-heads are gone, dampen face several times a day with some good astringent lotion. I am giving formula for such a one:

Astringent for Open Pores

Tincture of benzoin, fifteen drops; hamamelis water, fifteen drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Texas Girl, Lottie, Miss Helen, Middlewest Girl and others.—As your skin is rough and coarse, it would be an excellent plan to wipe it over with skin food before going to bed. Also wash your face with the oatmeal bags spoken of so often in this department. Several times a day dampen skin with a stringent lotion given to Mamma's Girl. Yes, I see no reason why the Norwegian Bleach would not be just the thing for you. It can be used for hands, arms, throat and face. Apply it once or twice a day. The best way to develop the bust is to take the milk diet. If you do not care to do that, see my reply to Mrs. M. L. M. Cocoa-butter is not apt to grow hair. Do not use cocoa-butter on the face as it has a tendency to yellow the skin. I am printing formula below for a good nourishing cream:

Orange Flower Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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DOWN-GROWING HAIR AROUND THE EARS MUST BE MOISTENED WITH MUCILAGE NIGHTLY.

this treatment can be easily carried out at home. All you need is a tiny vial of oil of geranium or lavender, with which you moisten the bristles of your hair brush. Then pass the brush lightly over your pretty tresses, until you feel that every single hair has had its share of the sweet per-

Home Dressmaking Hints

What We Intend to Do for the Home Sewer

By Geneva Gladding

OUR purpose is first and last to make this department of the utmost value to all our readers who can or desire to learn how to do their own sewing.

The designs which you find illustrated each month are selected with great care and thought as to style, good taste and practicality, and if we are not supplying everyone's needs, we should be glad to do so, and will state that if anyone desires a pattern which they do not find among our illustrations, and will write this department to that effect, that we will include such pattern in our next issue, or a personal reply will be promptly given if a stamped envelope is inclosed.

The success of our new seam-allowing patterns is demonstrated by the daily increase of orders, and we can say without hesitancy that our COMFORT patterns are without a superior.

Styles in Summer Gowns

The two things essential in making up the warm-weather outfit are well-chosen patterns and materials which will survive frequent launderings. There is nothing that answers for so many occasions as a well-made dress from sheer fabrics.

Artistic cotton fabrics have reached such a high state of development that they closely resemble silk. White cotton marquisette is a popular wash material and excellent for embroidery or braiding. Although linen costs more to start with, it is a really economical material and a linen gown will wear several seasons. The natural colored linen gives the best service and will be much worn this summer. It is effective when embroidered in either black, white or colors, and coarse laces add a touch of distinction to these gowns.

Some of the prettiest summer dresses are those in which an embroidered flounce forms the main part of the skirt (Nos. 3581 and 3195). This flouncing comes in heavy linen as well as in the finest batiste, and there is all-over embroidery matching it for waist and sleeves. A dress of all-over embroidery (No. 3581) needs only insertion for the neck and to join the body sections.

Gathered skirts are a feature of many of the dresses made from this material whether they be silk or wash fabrics.

The favorite blouses are those cut with body and sleeve in one. They are generally becoming and easily made. Nos. 3689 and 3547 show two smart types of this cut.

Banding is a fashionable form of trimming and very smart. No. 11554 on model No. 3689 shows an effective design to be outlined with beads. The yoke is of plain material which shows the banding to advantage.

Suggestions for Graduation Gowns

Simplicity wins where girlish costumes are concerned and all that leads to this effect in both cut and materials should be employed in planning the gown for this all important event in a girl's life—her graduation day.

These gowns depend not upon their elaborate ornamentation, but upon the dainty materials. Batiste, lawn, dimity, muslin and fine linen are most suitable and come within the means of all. Just a touch of hand embroidery or lace makes ample trimming, while the deep flouncing in a simple design could be effectively used. These dresses usually close at the back with buttons and buttonholes, the crocheted, washable buttons serving as a pretty finish and are used about one inch apart.

Descriptions of Comfort's New Seam-allowing Patterns

No. 3680—Ladies' Costume, having full length or short sleeves and attached seven-gored skirt with inverted plait at center back and in regulation or shorter length. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requiring four and three quarters yards 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3581—Ladies' Costume with high or Dutch neck and elbow sleeves. Attached skirt with straight lower edge and plaited or gathered at the top. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requiring two and one half yards 36-inch material, four yards of flouncing and 11 yards of insertion. Price 15 cents.

No. 3594—Ladies' Jacket. Slightly fitted, having short collar and two-seamed sleeves. Sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure, size 36 requiring two and one quarter yards 54-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3827—Ladies' Over-blouse, having sleeve-caps combined with body and to be worn over a gulfie. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requiring one and one quarter yard 44-inch material and three quarters of a yard 18-inch contrasting material. Price 10 cents.

No. 3294—Ladies' House Dress, having front in panel style and two-seamed sleeves. Skirt in seven gores with inverted plait at center back. Closing in front. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires six and one half yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3803—Ladies' Apron, Cap and Sleeve Protectors. Pattern in one size and requires two

and three eighths yards 36-inch material. Sleeve protectors may be made from one handkerchief. Price 10 cents.

No. 3783—Ladies' Work Apron, with high neck and rolling collar or low neck in square or round outline, and having sleeves in full or elbow length, or sleeveless with sleeve protectors. Sizes 32 to 40 bust measure, size 36 requiring four and one half yards 36-inch material for apron with sleeves. Price 10 cents.

No. 3879—Ladies' Night Gown, having full-length one-piece sleeves perforated for shorter length. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure, size 36 requiring four and one half yards 45-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3856—Ladies' Kimono, having two styles of collar and perforated for shorter length. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure, size 36 requiring seven yards 27-inch material for long kimono, or three and three quarters yards same width for short kimono. Price 15 cents.

No. 3452—Ladies' Corset Cover, Sizes 34 to 44 inch bust measure, size 36 requiring one and one quarter yards 36-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 3912—Misses' Costume, having front in panel style, sleeve-caps combined with body and skirt in six gores. Closing to the left of center-front and to be worn over a gulfie. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Size 16 requiring four and three quarters yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3788—Misses' Costume, having a Princess foundation with three quarter length one-piece sleeves and lengthened by a straight side-plaited flounce. Outer flounce back and sleeve caps in one piece and having a three-piece over-skirt. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, size 16 requiring four yards 44-inch material, one and seven eighths yard 36-inch lining for foundation, one and five eighths yard 18-inch all-over lace, one and one half yard 27-inch contrasting material and eight yards of banding. Price 15 cents.

No. 3529—Misses' Costume, having full length two-seamed sleeves perforated for three quarter length. Attached skirt having seven-gored yoke with habit back and lengthened by a straight side-plaited flounce. Closing to the left of center front. Sizes 12, 14 and 16 years, size 14 requires four and five eighths yards 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3225—Misses' Costume, with front in panel style. To be made high neck and long two-seamed sleeves, or low neck with sleeve-caps to be worn over a gulfie. Skirt is cut with a deep yoke lengthened by a straight plaited flounce. Sizes 12, 14 and 16 years, size 14 requiring six and one quarter yards 36-inch ma-

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Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Transfer Patterns

No. 11365—A simple yoke design suitable for soutache braid or cord. Shown on Girls' One-Piece Dress No. 3668. Price 10 cents.

No. 11568—Border design for solid embroidery or stencilling, one and three quarters-inch wide. Price 10 cents.

No. 11570—Attractive Embroidery design for infant's set. Eyelet or solid embroidery may be employed. Perforated stamping pattern 20 cents.

No. 11594—Four Emblem designs for sailor suit. Price 10 cents.

No. 11672—Baby's Bib to be executed in French embroidery; buttonhole edge. Price 10 cents.

Three Attractive Summer Costumes

No. 3689—Gray cotton voile with shaded blue-gray disks made an admirable development of this model. Plain blue voile with a design worked out in blue beads was used for the fancy bertha. Embroidered white batiste for yoke and adjustable undersleeves and blue satin for belt and sleeve bands. The sleeve caps are cut in one with the side-front and side-backs, and the center-back and center-front are in one, eliminating the shoulder seam. An invisible closing is made at the back and the six-pored skirt is attached to the waist. The edges of the center-front and center-back section in waist and skirt are lapped in tuck seams, suggesting a continuous panel. Blue chambray pink or tan linen, striped gingham and cotton foulard are practical for this design. Sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure, medium size requires six yards of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

Braiding design No. 11554, price 25 cents. Necessary beads for working, 65 cents.

No. 3547—A model that will prove becoming to almost every woman is here pictured in black-and-white Scotch zephyr gingham. Crimson trimming folds give a smart contrast and the yoke-facing and undersleeves are of all-over lace and mull. A fold on the top of each sleeve and shoulder covers the seam where the body-and-sleeve-caps are joined. The panel front of the six-pored skirt is extended at the sides to form a flounce which meets other flounce sections that lengthen the two side gores. The center-back gore is in full length. Black buttons at each side of the front panel near the top and at the top of the flounce at each side add an effective touch. This model may have a high neck if preferred. Sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure, medium size requires six yards of 36-inch goods with three eighths yard of 18-inch all-over lace. Price 15 cents.

No. 3590—The braiding design on the front of this dress gives a plain frock an elaborate finish. Natural colored linen with brown bands was selected for the dress, with soutache and white shadow-net for the yoke facing. A plait is laid at each side in the body, covering the armhole seam on top. The pattern is cut for high neck, but is perforated for Dutch neck, to which the lace yoke may be added. It would be pretty with buttons and buttonholes at the left side to simulate a closing, the real closing being at the back. The two-seam sleeves button closely at the wrist. Six gores compose the skirt, the front one being attached to the panel with an inverted plait at the center. Sizes 32 to 42 bust measure, medium size requires six yards of 36-inch goods with three eighths yard of 18-inch all-over lace. Price 15 cents.

Braiding design No. 11512, price 40 cents.

Questions Answered

BLOOMERS.—Miss McKee, a good plan is to make the back portions of bloomers double. This will greatly increase the wearing capacity and when a worn place does appear, it is readily cut out, edges turned in and sewed down.

LINEN JACKET.—M. E. D., make your linen crash coat after pattern No. 3894, and the skirt from No. 3623 published in March. These short, one-button coats are correct style for all suiting fabrics.

TO MEND LACE.—Miss Mackintosh, place paper under lace where it is torn and then stitch on machine until hole is filled, using very fine thread. Pick out paper with care.

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEIST BUTTONS.—Mrs. Brenner, you are quite right in saying that "buttons will not stay on children's waists." This idea may help you. Buy a piece of very narrow tape which comes in five cent rolls. Cut two pieces, each an inch long. String on button and sew ends very securely to waist so that button will come in the desired place. This will allow sufficient "play" for the button and it will not easily be pulled off. In laundering, waists should be wrung by hand.

LINEN DRESS.—Miss G., use pattern No. 3590 in the development of your blue linen. Make bands of a darker shade of linen; also match this dark shade to braid for panel. Fit sleeves closely at wrist and fasten with buttons and buttonholes.

BORDERED MATERIAL.—D. C. Mc., model No. 3788 is particularly well adapted to your material. Cut off border and sew around tunic, yoke, sleeves and belt. Cut flounce lengthways of material so that border can be used without cutting. Have seam at back.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

for eight years. Wants postals and cheery letters. No financial aid. Henry Stewart, Birmingham, Ky. Invalid with family. In need of food and clothing. Worthy of your help. Mrs. M. C. Carlock, Dola, Hardin Co., R. 1, Ohio. Aged invalid, widow. In destitute circumstances. Grateful for any help. Well recommended. Mrs. Lilla L. Kelsick (45), Sidon, Ark. Invalid—husband also an invalid. Poor and needy. Postmaster vouchers for them. Mrs. Rhoda Knipp, Vandalia, Owen Co., Ind. Invalid. Her home has been burned out. Grateful for any assistance you may care to render her. Postmaster endorses her appeal.

Shut-ins take notice. When I ask you for references I don't want you to send me lists of half a dozen names of people in your community and invite me to write to them. It's your place to send the written references, the only kind I want and will accept, and not my place to write and dig them up. I'm trying to get help for you, and not help for myself. Never give trouble to people who are trying to help you. Shut-ins who do not acknowledge gifts of money when postage is sent, and when physically able to acknowledge such gifts, will never see their names again in these columns. If you cannot write, try and get someone to write for you. A line or two is all that is necessary. Many a generous heart has been turned from well doing, by the ingratitude or indifference of one individual. Grateful angels have to suffer for the sins of the ungrateful hogs. Show your gratitude whenever possible, or keep out of these columns. Now be good boys and girls till we meet again. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years desirous for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child-like spirit of COMFORT.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. C."—a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continued a

League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little.

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All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

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DEAR SUE CHARLIE.—My wife and I went into such hysterics of laughter over your book of poems that we burst nearly all the buttons off our clothes. You will have to pay the tailor's bill or I will sue you for damages. Seriously, Uncle Charlie, that book is a wonder. It is the best fun maker on earth, your friend.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

ago last February. I had as affectionate a husband as ever a fond wife had, and he, too, was taken from me on the 24th of March. All this sorrow has been hard to bear, but I try to bow to the Lord's will. I did so admire Mrs. Danner's letter in the November issue.

I would like to correspond with some of you sisters and will close by saying, live COMFORT.

Mrs. CORA CLARK, Henagar, R. 2, Ala.

Requests

Mrs. E. L. Humphrey, White Salmon, Wash., bulbs. Mrs. J. F. Chavers, Smithville, Texas, recipes for pickling and canning. Mrs. Mary Cole, McNeel, Ill., songs, "Gambling on the Sabbath Day," and "Somebody's Waiting for Me." Mrs. Julia Pedigo, Trammel, Ky., song, "Old Church Yard."

Mrs. G. W. Lane, Dely, Wyoming, letters from Fondra, Iowa. Mrs. John Pardee, Northwood, Herkimer Co., New York, letters from Oregon with descriptions of localities. Miss Ruby Calhoun, Orange, Texas, invalid seventeen years, reading and cards.

Miss Hazel Locke, Wapakoneta, R. 9-116, Ohio, song, "Nellie Gray."

Mrs. Chas. A. Thompson, Albion, Box 563, Nebr., how to drive rats from farm buildings.

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A Corner for Boys

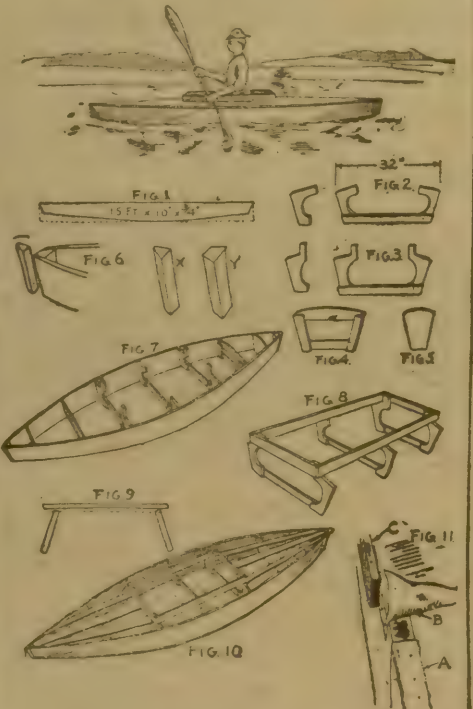
By Uncle John

May Opening

I HOPE that the month of May brings glad-
ness to all my nephews. It seems that the
weather can't just help being right and the
glad outdoors beckons us to come and play.
Each lad should have a tool box and a good
assortment of common tools. The ideas and
suggestions in this column will furnish ample sub-
jects for their use and you will profit thereby.
If you think enough of this department to want
it continued you better write the publishers and
tell them so. I will thank you for so doing.

Boys' Flat Bottom Canoe

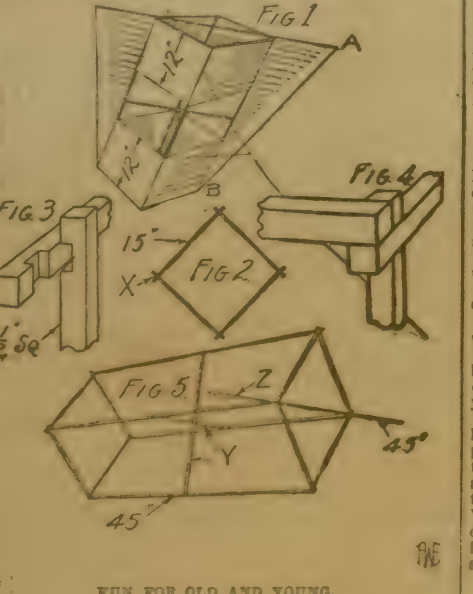
Any boy who is strong enough to wield a ham-
mer and saw can successfully make the little
craft shown here. The pictures clearly show
every step of the work but perhaps a few words
of explanation will not be out of place. Begin
by cutting two cedar boards the shape and form
of Fig. 1. The edges of the boards must be
beveled both on the top and bottom as in Fig. 9.
Next cut two pieces of two by four scantling and
shape them like "Y." The length of each will
be about eight inches. We now make our widest
mould shown in Fig. 2 and place it between the
two cedar boards exactly in their center of
length. Long brass screws or clout nails are
used to fasten it in place. Two of each of the
other moulds, Figs. 3, 4, 5, are required. Their



purpose is to stiffen and shape the boat. Fig. 7
illustrates their proper spacing and position. As
in the case of the center mould, brass screws
driven from the outside hold them in place. The
bottom of the boat consists of short boards nailed
crosswise to the under edge of the sides. When
you are screwing them on, the reason for the
beveling as in Fig. 9 will become plain. The
spaces between the board that form the bottom
are plugged up with oakum or putty. The top
or deck of the boat is all light framework like
Fig. 10 covered with canvas. Where the canvas
laps over the edge it is covered with a strip all
around as shown by "C" in Fig. 11. The comb-
ing or small fence that surrounds the opening in
the deck is to keep the water from splashing in.
The boat should be carefully painted inside and
out. Two coats are necessary, three will be bet-
ter. Use good lead and oil and apply the putty
after the first coat is dry. The occupant of the
boat sits flat upon the bottom and propels it with
either a single or double blade paddle. A piece
like "X" goes on each end of the canoe as shown
in Fig. 6. Two boys should be able to complete
a boat like this in a week at the very most.

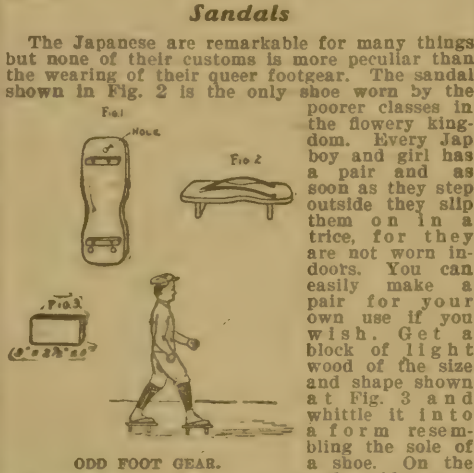
A Wing Kite

Of the various kinds of kites I have experi-
mented with during the past three years none
proved more successful than the type shown here.
It requires very little breeze to send it up and if
you move around a bit when it shows signs of
restlessness you may keep it in the air for a
whole day. In laying out a plan for boys to
follow I have made every joint simple at the ex-
pense of mere neatness. You can use spruce strips
one quarter inch square or long splinters cut
from a bamboo fishing rod. The latter material is
for a smaller model than the one we picture.
Make two fifteen-inch square frames like Fig. 2,
tacking the strips together with small brads and
reinforcing the joint with a wrapping of very



fine wire or silk thread. Fig. 3 is a detail of the
joint used. The frames are then connected to
each other with four forty-five-inch strips fitted
into the corner spaces as in Fig. 4. The wing
stick "Z" in Fig. 5 is forty-five inches long. Two
diagonal sticks reinforce the frame in the center

as shown by this cut. Cord is run from the ends
of the wing stick to the end of the frame. The
frame and wings are then covered with paper
or cloth. The arrangement of the bridle cord is
plainly shown in Fig. 1. I hope you will try this
kite for I know it will fly if properly made. Do
not use heavy stuff or your efforts will be of no
avail.



Sandals

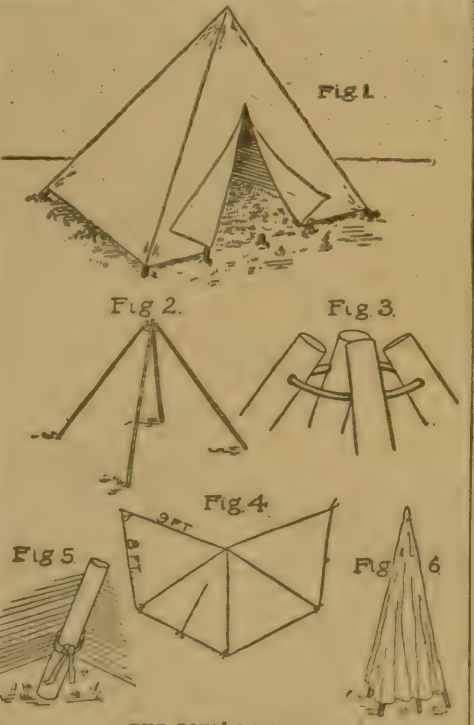
The Japanese are remarkable for many things
but none of their customs is more peculiar than
the wearing of their queer footwear. The sandal
shown in Fig. 2 is the only shoe worn by the
poorer classes in the flower kingdom. Every Jap
boy and girl has a pair and as soon as they step
outside they slip them on in a trice, for they are
not worn indoors. You can easily make a
pair for your own use if you wish. Get a
block of light wood of the size and shape shown
at Fig. 3 and whittle it into a form resem-
bling the sole of a shoe. On the under side screw
two little cleats as in Fig. 1, but be careful not
to have the screws long enough to go through
the flat piece for your foot has to rest upon it.
The Japanese method of tying on the wooden
sandal is peculiar. Three holes are bored as il-
lustrated, the single one being the toe end. The
single cord used is knotted under the flat part of
the shoe. I hope you will give this little plan a
trial.

A Queer Custom

The people of Japan celebrate on May 5th what
they call, "The feast of Banners." The holiday
is in honor of boys and is observed in a queer
way. On every house that can boast of a male
child, is affixed a bamboo pole from which gaudy
fish made of paper are strung, as an emblem of
long life. The fish are made in true form and
the wind blowing into their mouths make them
wiggle about in a life-like manner. For each
boy in the family one paper fish or kite is dis-
played. The boys themselves dress in gayest
clothes and parade the streets with miniature
swords and flags. They have every liberty ex-
tended to them and do just about what they
please while the glad day lasts.

A Boy's Tent

It is great sport to camp out in the warm
months, but the average boy does not find it easy
to obtain the necessary outfit. I do not think the
tent pictured here will cost more than a few dol-
lars in any part of the country and I know that
it will be found serviceable for a boy's use. If
you cannot go camping in the regular way you
can at least erect it in the yard and try sleep-
ing outdoors when the weather is nice. Get four
tough poles as in Fig. 2 and fasten them together
with a ring at the top as Fig. 3 illustrates. The
poles are stood up in the form of a pyramid and
the canvas (Fig. 4) is stretched on and sewed,
being secured to the poles by tying as in Fig. 5.
When not in use the tent can be rolled up as
shown by Fig. 6, in which shape it is easily
carried about. Short stakes may be driven
around the base to make a more rigid anchorage
if the weather demands it. The shape of this
tent gives it the property of resisting the wind



and shedding rain and it will prove itself a safe
shelter in a sudden blow up or thunder storm.
It can be quickly set up or taken down and is
admirably suited for a canoe trip. With it and
a couple of blankets you can go back to pioneer
days and carry your home with you wherever
you go.

The Oldest Thing Living

It has been believed by investigators in this
line that certain yew trees in England were the
oldest living things on earth. Others give the
palm to the giant red-woods of our Western
states but even this is now
claimed to be wrong. The
trees were staunch and big
long before the time of
Christ, in fact by counting
the rings on sections
which have been sawed off
each ring a year, it has
been found that some are
over thirty-four hundred
years of age. By using
the same method of calcu-
lation scientists have
proven that a huge cypress in Chieputep, near
the city of Mexico is six thousand two hundred
and sixty years old. Think of the changes this
tree has witnessed and the story it could tell.
Would it not be too bad if insects, or storm, or
other young roots would destroy it now after
its grand victory over death so far, and yet such
a tragedy is possible. Long may it live.

Answer to Pie Puzzle

The above diagram shows the correct way of cut-
ting the pie. Question appeared last month.

If you were born on the fifteenth of this month
why would your birthday be like the letter "A"?
Because it occurs in the middle of May.

Want This Suit?

Show our samples to three of your
friends, take two orders easy and
make profit enough to get this swell
stunning tailored suit free. No trou-
ble, simply show our new up-to-
date samples. Everybody sur-
prised, prices so low, styles so
beautiful, orders come easy.
We take all the risk and guar-
antee perfect fit or no sale.
We pay the express.

\$5 a Day Our new agents are
making and wearing
the swiftest clothes besides; old agents
after one season make twice as much.
Banner agents have a snap. We want a few
more hustling agents, willing to dress well
and make \$5.00 a day and up. No money or
experience needed. Write quick before we fill
your territory and we will send you free a
complete outfit to start at once—beautiful
samples, latest styles in colors, everything
you need to take orders, all fully explained.
We will make you even a beautiful suit at a
special inside wholesale price as a sample.
It's a wonderful opportunity so write at once
or tell some friend who would be happy to get
this grand easy money-making chance.

BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 717 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

May Puzzle

Can you read the pictures that appear below.
It is great fun trying and in order to make it
easy for beginners and new subscribers we will
give some broad hints that will aid you ma-
terially.



1. A May episode of the war of 1812.
2. An important bit of history relating to the Civil War. It occurred in May.
3. An extract from a great May poem for children.
4. A patriotic practice of the latter part of the month.
5. A name sometimes applied to the state of Virginia.

- Answers to April Puzzle**
1. April showers.
 2. Death of A. Lincoln.
 3. Purchase of Louisiana.
 4. The shot heard 'round the world.
 5. Attack on Fort Sumter.

Problems for May

I will give you something to figure out that
ought to prove to you that there is a great
deal to be learned out of your arithmetic yet.
In fact if you study several hours a day I believe
you would not have fully mastered the subject.
The questions I ask you to solve are intended
for boys about ten or twelve years of age.

1. Find two consecutive numbers, such that the fifth and the seventh of the first added to-
gether equals the sum of the fourth and the
twelfth of the second.
2. Dick being asked how much money he had
said, "It's one half exceeded it's three eighths
by two dollars." How much had he?
3. A man distributed \$40 among three boys.
Every time A got 1 cent B got 2 cents and C 5
cents. How much did each receive?

- Answers to April Problems**
1. Men \$3 and boys \$2. 2. 2700 men in the
army. 3. One part 27 feet the other 24 feet.

There, now, I have done my very best to please
you. I know boys pretty well and I think a great
number of you will get busy with your tools right
away. I wish I were near you and could share
your work. I love the things of boyhood, even
though I am not a youngster, any longer. For
next month we have a list of especially good
plans prepared and trust that your subscription
for that number is paid up.

UNCLE JOHN.

Men Wanted

Learn Automobile Business. We Teach you at home.
Get you \$25.00 weekly job. \$10.00 weekly while learning.
Rochester Auto. School. Dept. 1800, Rochester, N. Y.

6 SUPERB POST CARDS

2c

Send 2c stamp for 6 of the most beautiful cards ever sold,
gold embossed, varnished, etc., also Big Surprise Offer, Car-
toline and plan to get 100 LOVELY CARDS FREE.
HERMAN & CO. 2430 N. Halsted St. Dept. 100, CHICAGO

UNCLE CHARLIE'S POEMS AND SONG BOOK.

Poems, Cloth bound, 50 cents. Song Book, 30 cents.
Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine

February Cut-Up Puzzle Prize Winners

The following are the winners of the fifteen cash
prizes offered in connection with our cut-up picture
puzzle printed in February COMFORT.

- | | | |
|--------------|--------|------------------------------|
| FIRST PRIZE | \$3.00 | Mrs. Jacob Hare, Wis. |
| SECOND PRIZE | \$2.00 | Mrs. A. Wagner, Wis. |
| THIRD PRIZE | \$1.00 | Anna Templeton, Tenn. |
| FOURTH PRIZE | \$1.00 | Mrs. W. H. H. Smith, N. Dak. |
| FIFTH PRIZE | \$1.00 | Ed. Katterjohn, Ky. |

To each of the following ten persons 50 cents each:
Mrs. Nelson May, Mich.; Mrs. Lon McKennie, Colo.;
Mrs. Harry Brown, Ind.; Mrs. A. M. Newcomer,
Ariz.; Miss Marion Groat, S. Dak.; Miss Mabel
Stangley, Mont.; Miss Gladie Schuler, Minn.; E. V.
Cater, W. Va.; Evelyn Mauley, Iowa; Miss Clara
Bewick, Mich.

Five Wheel Chairs in April 91 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The Easter blessing of our Wheel-Chair Club went forth in the substantial form of five COMFORT wheel chairs to as many destitute, crippled shut-ins in April.

The following are the recipients of the April chairs: Little eight-year-old Gertrude Bennett of Paris, Iowa, whose pitiful appeal I printed last month; Mrs. Cora Tyson, Palmersville, Tenn.; Mrs. Norman Conklin, Wilkesville, N. Y.; Mrs. M. C. Ballard, Belmont, Miss.; George H. Bowden, Damsel, Mo.

Uncle Charlie tells me that poor Geo. Bowden has had to crawl on the floor for lack of a wheel chair. These are all hard cases and your charity has been well bestowed.

The chairs sent to Cora Tyson and Mrs. Conklin were mostly earned by their friends sending in wheel-chair subscriptions for their benefit; and that is just what every shut-in that applies for a COMFORT wheel chair should do; personally or through their friends they should help by getting all the subscriptions they can. We have so many on our waiting list that it is not fair for any shut-in who asks the gift of a chair not to help as much as possible. And then after you get your chair, remember the hundreds of other shut-ins who are waiting in patient suffering for theirs, and show your gratitude by continuing to work for the Wheel-Chair Club.

The chair which I announced in February COMFORT as assigned to Huldah Owen of Woodbury, Tenn., has been transferred to Dessie Shephard of Lodwick, Texas, because Mrs. Owen, who had been on our waiting list a long time, managed to get a wheel chair by other means before her turn came for the COMFORT chair.

We have a fine Roll of Honor this month and some touching letters of thanks for wheel chairs; some of these letters I have had for quite a while waiting for space to print them.

The birds are singing and the air is getting balmy, but we have a sad list of shut-ins appealing for wheel chairs to get them out into God's sunshine, so let us do our level best for them this coming month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that there are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

A Great Comfort to One Terribly Crippled

TOWNSEND, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Many thanks for the beautiful wheel chair which COMFORT sent me. I am terribly crippled from rheumatism, and this beautiful gift will be a great help to me, and add greatly to my comfort.

God bless you and all those who had a hand in sending me this splendid chair. It will surely be a blessing to me. Your grateful friend,

ELI S. CAYLOR.

Her Heart Swells with Gratitude for Wheel Chair

MINNAP, IDAHO.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please accept my thanks and convey the same to all of COMFORT'S readers for the beautiful wheel chair you have sent me. As I sit here in the sunshine in my chair at the window my heart swells with gratitude, and I fervently say God bless everyone of you who have made this beautiful gift possible. I have a grateful thankful heart, and it is filled with love for you all. Thanking you once again, and with love to you all, I am, your grateful and loving friend, OLIVIA ROBINSON.

Ten-Year-Old Shut-In Gets Lots of Pleasure from COMFORT'S Wheel Chair

ROGERSVILLE, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Thank you so much, all who have had a hand in it, for sending me the beautiful wheel chair. It is sure lots of help and pleasure to me. I am ten years old and have not walked for three years. Thanking you all again for the chair, and may the Lord bless you and Mr. Gannett in your good work. I am, your grateful little friend, MAGGIE L. HAMBLIN.

Will Go to Church in COMFORT Wheel Chair

OCOLA, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received the wheel chair and was placed on it yesterday, remaining in it about three hours. I felt very much better after taking the exercise, and feel sure the chair will be a great help to me. My friends are going to take me to church in it when the weather gets better. My sincere thanks to you and Mr. Gannett and the Wheel-Chair Club for what you have done for me. Very gratefully yours, KETTERAH LINDSEY.

A Mother's Gratitude for Her Son's Wheel Chair

CIVET, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

We have received the beautiful wheel chair you sent our son, Burr Long. We wish to thank you and all who helped to get it. We appreciate the kindness greatly. The chair is a great blessing and a great benefit to Burr. He is so pleased with it. The chair will enable him to get around, he has not walked in years. Gratefully yours, MRS. SUSAN LONG.

Can't Express his Joy at Receiving COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR

ELKHART, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my fine wheel chair safely. I can express my joy, and to just tell you that I thank you for it seems very little to pay you all for so great a gift. Thank you all for the chair, and may God bless you in your noble work. I remain, ever your grateful friend, CLAUD ARNOLD.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Pearl Murray, N. C. for James Parker, 52; Miss Severe Tyson, Tenn., for Mrs. Cora Tyson, 50; Mrs. Kate Bowlin, Tenn., for Mrs. Cora Tyson, 41; Mrs. Ethel Collins, Ark., for Mrs. Maggie Shelley, 38; Mrs. A. P. Hill, Tenn., for Mrs. Cora Tyson, 32; Mrs. Anna B. Bonner, Tenn., for Mrs. Black, 27; Mrs. E. M. Gray, Ark., 26; Mrs. W. P. Gode, Tex., 18; Mrs. Marie Glendon, Ill., 17; Mrs. Alice Demier, Tenn., 15; Lucy D. Brooks, Wash., 14; Mrs. J. E. Rogers, Ala., 14; Miss Florence Arthur, W. Va., 12; Mrs. M. A. Grider, Tex., 12; Mrs. J. D. Prack, Iowa, 12; Mrs. M. W. Callum, Ia., 10; Miss Wheeler, Mo., 10; Anna Christofferson, Neb., 10; Miss A. M. Peters, Ala., 8; Mrs. Harry Ross, N. J., 8; Nina T. Shaver, Ohio, 8; Mrs. G. W. Wheeler, Fla., 8; Mrs. Milton W. Miller, Iowa, 7; Miss S. Brainer, Iowa, 7; Mal Wright, Tenn., 7; Mrs. Joseph Bremmer, Okla., 7; Mrs. Iva Mann, Neb., 7; Mrs. Nelo Jorgensen, N. Dak., 6; Mrs. L. O. Tuten, Fla., 6; Mrs. Alfred Ross, Ill., 6; Vessie Maxwell, N. C., 6; Mrs. R. Williamson, Tenn., 6; Mrs. M. E. Witter, Mo., 6; Bettie Ligon, Ark., 5; Miss Ella L. Kruetzer, N. Y., 5; Mrs. Anna Jewabury, Neb., 5; Mrs. D. Hatter, N. Y., 5; Mary Caroline Vernon, Mo., 5; Mrs. Basile Burgay, La., 5; Mrs. E. V. Archer, Cal., 5; Mrs. Nellie M. Kelley, Okla., 5; Bertha Wilson, Ind., 5; W. T. Farmer, S. C., 5; Miss Sallie Wilfer, Ky., 5; A. C. Baker, Mich., 5; Miss Fannie Thornton, Miss., 5; Mrs. Dora Belch, Iowa, 5.

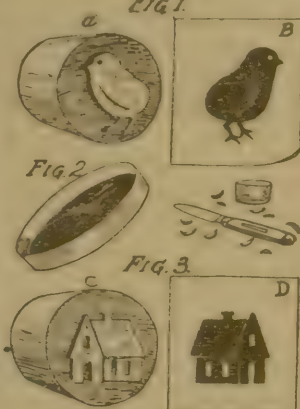
Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

MAY is the month of buds and little children are all buds and flowers so of course this is the month of little children. I have not forgotten any of you and I have answered all the letters that you wrote me and tell me what part of this column you like the best. I will then be able to improve it and to give you what you like best.

Cork Printer

Everyone of you little tots like to make pictures but of course all of you are not real artists so Uncle John has thought of a way that even the smallest and dullest can use to make pretty little birds and houses. You must get your brother or mamma to draw the bird on a large cork and then with a sharp knife shave off all outside the lines to a depth of a match. An ink pad can be made by soaking a piece of felt in ink. First you press the cork on the pad and then on your paper.



TO TEST ONE'S SKILL.

The result will be a little bird or a house like the ones in the picture and you can make as many as you want.

The Funnybugs Race

The Funny Bugs are in a race, Around the plate at rapid pace, They run and run and run, They will not stop, they will not rest, Until one is declared the best. Oh, my, what joy and fun!



ON THE RACE TRACK.

The judge is he, who, flag in hand, Within the teacup takes his stand, To urge the runners on, He has no choice, he cheers for all, But should some weary fellow fall, He needs must holler "Gone."

A Fishing Fish

Did you ever hear of catching turtles with a little fish? This rather remarkable method is used by Caribbean sea fishers. The fish used for the purpose is called the remora and is only twelve inches long. The remora has a large sucker or gland on the side of its head and fastens itself to larger fish, sucking their blood for its own sustenance. This mouth is so powerful that you could attach it to a nail of water and then lifting the fish by the tail the nail and all would be lifted. The fishermen tie a heavy line to a ring that fits over the remora's tail in such a way that it cannot come off and then toss it into the water when a turtle is sighted. The little demon will dart after the huge turtle and fasten to its shell and the fishers haul in with no danger of losing their catch.

READY FOR PLAY.

A Dutch Boy

Get out your colored pencils and see how pretty you can color this Dutch boy. He does not dress quite as neatly as your American children of the present but he is strong and sturdy and can run along with his hoop pretty fast, even though he does wear wooden shoes. I received many drawings from COMFORT boys and girls and know that a great many of you like to draw. Use your own judgment about what colors to use and let Uncle John see the result of your work.

Funnybugs in the Pantry

I'm mad as a person can be, so I am, 'Cause my ma saw the Funny Bugs stealin' our jam. They took off the cover and climbed up a spoon, And spilled it all over, —our pantry's a ruin. One big greedy fellow fell into the jam so far. But a rope on his leg didn't let him go far. "Oh, save me! Oh, save me!" he loudly did shout.

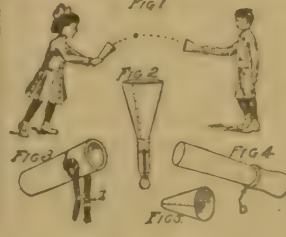


LIKE OTHER CHILDREN.

And three gallant Funny Bugs soon pulled him out. But one couldn't go to the rescue at all, He was so full of jam he just sat by the wall. And one couldn't move for his tootsies were stuck, In the jam that was spilled on the shelf, oh, what luck!

Pitch and Toss

Sometimes we get tired of tossing and catching a ball in the common way and long for some other way to amuse ourselves. Of course there are many other games of ball but it seems they are all for bigger boys and girls. That is what one little girl wrote me and so I set to work and designed this little game. Instead of catching the ball in your hands you must have a paper funnel, and you must also throw it by jerking the funnel upwards. A newspaper twisted into funnel shape will do for a trial but if you like the play you will need a set that will last longer. Make the funnel out of stiff paper and sew it together as shown in Fig. 5. For the handle a piece of wood whittled out like Fig. 4. Fig. 3 fits over the handle. The strap "a" is supposed to be tied around the wrist. It is great fun playing at pitch and toss and you will enjoy it. The one who misses five loses the game.



PITCH AND CATCH.

Punnybugs Bake Cookies

'Tis baking day in Funny Bug town, They're goin' to make ginger cakes, fluffy and brown.



PLAYING AT COOKING.

See one does the cutting and two roll the pin, Another is pulling some dough from the tin. The fellow that's falling is having great fun. While two little bugs eat a cookie that's done.

The Button Family in Camp

Here is that funny-looking Button family in their summer camp. See the father is fishing and although he uses a needle and thread for tackle no doubt he will soon get a bite. The little boy is also fishing while the mother is tending the pot which hangs over the fire. The dog is sitting down waiting for something to happen. In the rear you can see the camp which is made from a piece of paper, four buttons and two hairpins.

Each member of the Button family is made of hairpins and buttons. The stools that they sit upon are also made of the same material. You can make them yourself and set them up yourself so they will look just like the picture. Have a few other little girls to help you and ask mamma to lend you some aid. You will be surprised at the quaint and comical look on the Button people as they set about enjoying themselves for the summer.

CAMPING OUT.

Elephant

See the big elephant. Do you know where he came from? Papa made him for little tot at the dinner table. He took a round potato for the body and stuck sticks in it for the legs, and a piece of string for the tail. The head is a sweet potato and the ears are lettuce leaves trimmed. For eyes two pins are stuck in and the tusks are made with toothpicks. You can make one just like the picture yourself and then you can play circus or hunting in Africa. Next month's COMFORT will have another animal in it.

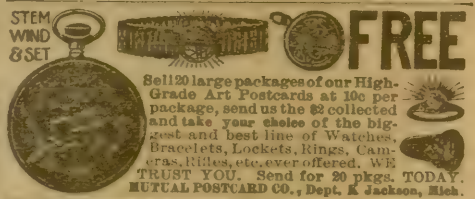


THE POTATO ELEPHANT.

Wear This Stylish Suit!

The man who is admired is the well-dressed man whose clothes are fashionable, and are 1911 styles. You will be that man in your neighborhood. 1911 styles are just in. Get this suit — the swiftest, classiest, snappiest suit ever created — and better your appearance! THIS IS OUR IDEA: We want one man as our representative in your neighborhood. You've got a lot of friends. They wear clothes. It is the easiest thing in the world to get them to order their clothes from you. Prices, \$7.50 and up. These orders mean a big business that more than doubles your salary, and the work is the easiest, cleanest, nicest occupation in the world. New representatives make \$5 to \$10 a day. You simply take the order and measurements and mail them to us. We make the clothes, ship them on approval to your friend and hand you the profit money. A regular Clutch! That's the beauty of being in business for yourself. Sit right down now, write us a postcard for the free outfit to representatives. And you'll get the swiftest suit of fashionable, tailor-made, all-wool, 1911 clothes ever worn in your neighborhood. If your personal appearance and a big business is worth a postal or a 2-cent stamp to you, then act now — write us today. Address:

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Dept. 453, Chicago



WE WILL GIVE YOU this rifle for selling 24-10c Jewelry Novelties. Rifle guaranteed. Order jewelry. We trust you. When sold send \$2.40 and get rifle or other premium. **UNION SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 4, Lancaster, Pa.**

OLD COINS — \$7.75 paid for RARE date 1853 Quarters \$20. for a \$5. We pay a CASH premium on hundreds of old coins. Help all money dated before 1884, and send ten cents at once for our NEW Illustrated Coin Value Book. 4x7. It may mean your FORTUNE. **C. F. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Dept. 46, 14 Bay, N. Y.**

5 Fine Post Cards FREE Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 very finest Gold Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce post card offer. **CAPITAL CARD CO., Dept. 68, Topeka, Kan.**

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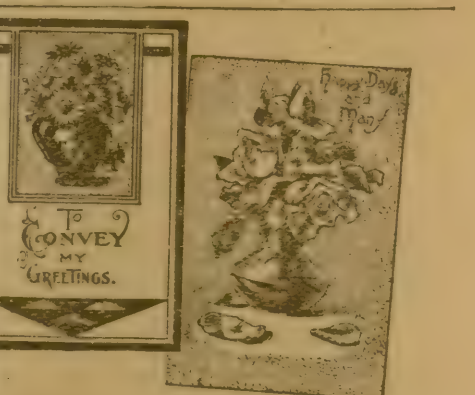
Healthy, Happy Children BORN WITHOUT PAIN To Women Who Dread Motherhood

The wretchedness and sorrow of childless parents and the dread of the pains of childbirth, which is so often deterrent and can all be done away. Dr. J. H. Dye's system positively cures sterility and assures easy and absolutely painless childbirth. Thousands of happy parents and grateful women testify to the wonderful success of Dr. Dye's treatment. If you will send him your name and address he will tell you a deeply interesting illustrated book, which explains fully how happy, healthy children can be born without pain. Address Dr. J. H. Dye, 671 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y. Lay this paper down and write now before you forget or misplace it.

Beautiful Ribbons

Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges
The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons. For Children's Hair this Ribbon makes Ideal Bows. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat. You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, blue, deep red and black. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

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Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stiffness and pains in the back; the growing muscular weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the dependency.

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, R-300 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the merry month of May, with summer not so far away, and therefore let us all be gay, because it hasn't come to stay. There, my dears, just see how poetic May makes me feel. You know, spring is the budding time for poets as well as posies. However, I shall not talk poetry to you, because you should make your lives poetry without being told to do it. I wonder how many of you think young girls are the very sweetest poems in all the world? But you are, and you should never do anything or be anything to mar the rhythm and spoil the rhyme. My, my, listen to me, talking like that, when I ought to be at work. However, I just couldn't help it, so there. Now I'll go to work.

The first letter is from Cousin Kim, down in Texas, and I am so sorry to hear her say that she is in love with a married man and he is in love with her and she will die without him. It hurts me to have a girl talk like that. But she is only sixteen, and is silly. The man is past forty, and he is to blame. Still a silly girl may do very serious things and Kim might be coaxed into something that she never would recover from. She ought to realize that the happiness she thinks would be hers if she should go away with this man could never come to her, and that both she and he would be criminals in the sight of the law. It is not love that prompts people to do this, it is madness and I must overcome it. If in time the man should secure a divorce from his present wife and marry the girl nearly thirty years younger than he is, maybe they might be happy, but I very much doubt it. As I said before, the man is to blame, and some strong hand should take hold of him. Now, Kim, show this to your father.

Free-from-care, Little Falls, N. Y.—If he were quite the right kind of a man for a girl to have as a friend he would have told her he was married. The person who will deceive you in one thing will very likely deceive you in others. If you want friends of that kind, all right, you can have them.

Ima Kidd, Oakes, N. Dak.—As you have done nothing intentionally to hurt or make him act so different from the old times, you should ask him to explain his conduct. He owes that much to you in common justice. After he has explained, I would, if I were you, treat him only as an acquaintance. The man or woman who will condemn a friend unheard, is hardly worthy of acquaintance, certainly not of friendship. If you can love such a man, I am really sorry for you. (2) It is a serious matter to marry a first cousin, very nearly the same as to marry a sister or brother.

M. C. Rosedale, Kans.—The young man is lacking in good taste and manners to tease you by saying you are coming to see him when you come to see your relations where he is. If you weren't silly about him you would treat him in a way that would make him think you were not so easy as you look. Is he the only young man to be had around there?

Doubtful, Olivet, Mich.—Perhaps, it would have been a little more polite to you to have taken you and the visiting girl to the social instead of devoting himself entirely to the visitor. Still, if he is a nice sort of fellow, you must allow him to be attentive to a guest in his own house, and not get huffy about it. That kind of disposition doesn't make for happiness, my dear.

Sunflower and Broken Heart, Topeka, Kans.—I think you had better send him back the engagement ring and notify him that he is not the kind of a man you want to marry. If he asks you why, tell him to go ask the other girl he is neglecting you for. Better break an engagement than get a divorce. (2) (Broken Heart.) Don't marry the man who wants you to marry him when you are only seventeen and disobeying your parents' wishes. They say you can marry at twenty, and if he is not willing to wait that long, he is not the kind of man for any girl's husband. So there.

A. L. C. Ashland, Oregon.—I don't think, my dear, that there is any great danger of a girl of thirteen years old writing old letters to a man of forty-eight, but you must let papa see all the correspondence. These old fellows get very silly sometimes.

N. G. W., Cottonplant, La.—Neglecting to answer your letters is a very sure sign that he cares very little for you and you should not write to him again. You will see him before long and when you do, you can get back your ring and tell him what you think of him.

Girlie, Sagamore, Pa.—Goodness me, you are fifteen years old and he has "perposed" to you, and you are "deeping" in love with him and he is "wealthy and handsome" and though he gambles and drinks and is twelve years older than you you would be proud to have him for a husband. Now, look here, Cousin, you send him a scolding and tell your mother to give you a good spanking and then get a spelling-book and give all the study to that, you have been giving to Charlie. Of course, it isn't right for him to take you to a dance and then go home with another girl. My, I'd like to spank you myself.

Two Girls, Crider, Mo.—Each of you marry your nineteen-year-old beau. I don't think a grown-up man of intelligence would want either one of you.

Jealous, Denlow, Mo.—You seem to be a very sensible girl, Cousin, and I don't see why you can't let your friend go to see other girls if he wants to without feeling that he is slighting you. He has never made love to you or given you any right to demand his exclusive attention and you should not expect it. Keep him as a friend and by and by, maybe he will develop into something more. He certainly will not if you are exacting and ugly with him.

Peggy, Chester, Okla.—Give time a chance to help you decide which one you think is preferable for a life companion. Be with them both for a year or so and you will find that companionship, congeniality, and quite as necessary to married happiness as, so-called, love is. The one who likes books and music, as you do, is more likely to stand a long partnership than the one who does not. But of all things, don't be in a hurry to decide. You don't love either one yet, but one may win in time.

Anxious, Newark, N. J.—As usual the girl is too anxious. Why should you be asking me if I think he loves you? Why don't you wait and let him tell you? He will, if he does. He should come to see you once a month—if he doesn't live too far away and thinks enough of you. You should have got his picture before giving him yours. He sees you are foolish about him, and he will probably end up by fooling you, when if you hadn't been, he might have thought you were hard to get and tried with all his heart to get you.

Brownie, Rose Hill, Ill.—I think the best thing you could do would be to tell your mother what you have told me and ask her if she thinks the young man is all right again. If she thinks he is all right, I am sure it is not for me to object, as I should if I had any right to.

Tools, Emporium, Va.—Why bother about a young man who is as cranky as this one is when there are plenty of others who are not cranky? He does not seem to have any mind of his own, and his carelessness and neglect of promises made are bad manners. If not worse. And, good sakes alive, he'd be forty times worse as a husband. Still, if you want that kind, keep on trying to get him. If you do get him, you'll wish many a time you had listened to me.

Daisy, Fields, La.—The bride sets the day of the wedding. If you don't want to set a day, tell the young man so, and he will perhaps take the hint and find some girl who will. (2) My, my, what a question! "Had ought to tell my beau when he come when he asks me when I want him to come?" Now, suppose you quit beaus a while and take up the study of language!

Worried Girl, Hastings, Mich.—You may be right, my dear, and it is not his fault that he has not written as he has not received your letters, but don't you think if he loved you as he said he did when he went away, that he would remain silent for four months, even if he didn't get your letters? Maybe he is honest and true, but it doesn't look that way to me. Let me know what he has to say when you do hear from him.

Silver Bell, Ronan, Mont.—Certainly he owes you an apology for asking you and your chum to the dance and then not letting you know when to come to his town to attend it. He didn't want to make good, that's all, and the thing for you to do is not to mention it to him, and if he speaks of it, tell him you never thought of it again after he first spoke about it. At the same time don't ever give him a chance to treat you so again.

Blue Eyes, Shelter Island, N. Y.—Why do you make a "steady beau" of a young man to whom your grand parents object? Can't you find any other kind? Don't ask him in when he brings you home, if your grandfather has a bad temper and a strong arm.

Blue Eyes and Brown, Allen, Nebr.—Better wait twenty years and marry neither one of them. One is too good and the other too bad. Find an average sort of man. He is easier to get along with. (2) Don't go with the young man who makes remarks about you and says they are of the kind a gentleman may make about a lady.

Ruth, Boston, Mass.—If the young man is the right kind he will tell you his name and be frank with you. Still, I don't know that a man is under any obligations to act squarely with a girl who will write to a stranger, and take the risks that must be run. Really, Ruth, you shouldn't expect very much of a man under such circumstances.

Brown Eyes, Atlanta, Ga.—As I have always said, I repeat, that when a man, younger than the woman is, is very much in love with her, she runs less risk in marrying him than if he were the older. The difference of four years in your ages should not be a difficulty, though you might wait until he is a little older than twenty-one. He's only a boy, yet.

There, my dears, all your questions are answered that are for me to answer, and I have scolded a little, even if it is in the merry month of May, but some of you needed it, just as you need spring medicine occasionally, so you will understand that I am doing it for your best good. Now run along and have a good time, but don't forget that to have a good time you must be good, for to be good is to be happy. May the good Lord hold us all in His hand and direct us in the right way. By thy till we meet again. COUSIN MARION.

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I Was a Heavy Drinker Consumed Quart of Whisky Daily. CURED IN 72 HOURS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave." It reveals something important; explains how you can save a drinker and win everlasting gratitude. When drinking heavily, I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily—with some mixed drinks and beer additionally! I went from bad to worse. I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made my family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me. Drink habit is terrible! It makes more ruin than all wars or accidents. For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyous message for drinkers and their

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. The craving for liquor ceased; I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well—I recovered from rheumatism, frequent stomach trouble and nervous ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL CURE FOR DRINK HABIT

My cure took 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years I have supplied the Treatment to many thousands of men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and address to prove what I say. I especially appeal to those who have wasted those who have been saved through this quick, safe Remedy the public would be astonished. They include public officials, lawyers, bankers, clergymen, merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers, clerks, farmers and others in all vocations. I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to save the drunkard. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed, or no pay. My remedy is for steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and successful home victory between Friday night and Monday morning. I also supply a reliable Treatment which cures drinkers without their knowledge. It is the genuine secret Method. Let me send you particulars, privately: tell me about case. To relatives, friends or employers I say—if you want to cure a drinker in the quickest time and permanently, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—it changes despair to joy.

Liquor Habit Cured With or Without Drinker's Knowledge

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery, and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. With the free book I will mail you a legion of testimonials, including medical endorsements, with names and addresses to prove what I say. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments and remedies which have no lasting effect. My book costs you nothing, for you will always be glad that you wrote. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Correspondence strictly confidential. Mention whether person is willing to be cured, or if you want to cure him of drink habit without his knowledge. Keep this adv., if you cannot write, mail it. Address: EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 359-P New York, N. Y.

NOTE.—Mr. Woods' Method is safe and genuine. It does all he claims and he proves it. Every reader who wants to banish the drink habit forever, with or without the person's knowledge, or secretly, should write for this free book.

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We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea, (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, Nervousness, Melancholy, Hot Flashes, etc., or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our 10 Days Free Treatment of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do now and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you too. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you the 10 Days Free Treatment as soon as possible, with valuable advice from our Lady Physician. For your health's sake accept our Free Offer. Address,

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box C, South Bend, Indiana

Fat is Dangerous

It is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, causing wrinkles, sabbiness and loss of vigor. Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.



Note what my treatment has done for others:
Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Box 114, Lehigh, N. C., writes: "When I commenced your treatment I weighed 245 pounds. I now weigh 165 pounds, and never felt better in my life."
Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 24, Abbott, Mo., writes: "I have lost 51 POUNDS by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease."
Mrs. J. H. Woodbridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "AM wonderful! Improved, have lost 36 lbs. Friends amazed."
I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and the end comes in HEART FAILURE and sudden death. You can save yourself from these DANGERS.

I want to prove to you that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal and no matter where the excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, it will quickly and safely be reduced without exercise or dieting. Your figure will be beautified; flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of expense on your part, my PROOF TREATMENT FREE. It reduces fat at the rate of a pound a day and does it safely and permanently.

Don't miss this offer. My PROOF TREATMENT is FREE. It will make you feel better at once. I will also send you my new book of advice, also a legion of convincing testimonials. Write to-day. H. C. BRADFORD, M.D., 73 F. Bradford Bldg., 20 East 22d St., New York. (Licensed physician by the State of New York.)

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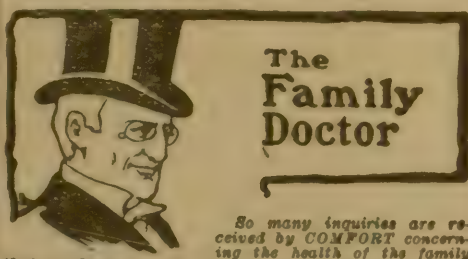
Optim and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 393—49 Van Buren St., Chicago.

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CANCER

How to treat cancer or tumor by a new home treatment mailed free to all sending address. Cedar Hill Sanitarium, 260 Broadway, Lebanon, Ohio. We refer to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.



So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. I. D. Ong, Nebr.—The foods to avoid when one is too fat, or to prevent obesity, are pastry, soups, bluefish and salmon, salt fish, veal, pork, sausage, potatoes, oatmeal, macaroni, rice, beets, turnips, carrots, parsnips, spices, milk puddings, pies, cake, cream, beer, sweet wines, water in excess, all fats, excess of beef, mait preparations, and excess of all liquids at meals. Take no medicine except a laxative once or twice a week, and thoroughly masticate every mouthful of food you swallow, even holding milk in the mouth some time before swallowing it.

Mrs. L. E. H. Hanson, N. Dak.—You are making a very serious mistake for yourself and your baby in not consulting a physician and finding out definitely what is the matter and what you should do. We cannot undertake to prescribe anything for your case but this advice: See a doctor at once, and tell him what you have told us.

Anxious, Osseo, Minn.—If we could tell you what food to eat that keeps one's body in good health and how to keep the body in good health, we would be able to do what no man has ever yet done, or woman, either. Each body is different from every other body, and what is good for one is not good for another. You must study yourself and have some idea of your own what your body needs and what it can stand, and don't ask it to do more than nature intended it should do. Let a doctor look at the sore spots and maybe he can tell you what they are and what to do for them.

Mrs. A. D. Floresville, Texas.—We think your trouble is indigestion and suggest that you take no food and drink only water for a day or two and then begin to eat again with milk taken in sips and with bits of hard dry toast, which must be thoroughly masticated before swallowing. To relieve the bloated feeling in the stomach, take a glass of hot water with half a teaspoonful of baking soda in it. Take this also at bedtime and when you get up. Diet yourself, taking only such food as does not disturb you after eating. Substitute for the calomel some other laxative and give your liver a rest. Too much calomel is worse than none and may produce serious results.

Grace, Santa Cruz, Cal.—Stop the medicine and try physical culture and vegetable and fruit diet for constipation.

Mr. C. C. Johnston, Pa.—See answer above to "Mrs. I. D." on what not to eat to reduce flesh. Dieting is a safe plan to get thinner. Cut out the smoking, but not all at once, and see if you do not sleep better. Too much tobacco will make you nervous and wakeful, sure. Don't take medicine to make you sleep, but take long walks. Walk up hill if you have a hill handy and we think you have. Do this before going to bed, and while walking take long breaths and keep the air in your lungs as long as you can. Breathe in through the nostrils, and out at the mouth.

Dressmaker, Indianapolis, Ind.—What you need more than anything else to improve your complexion is open air exercise, and as your business depends upon your looks, you can afford to take the time to do it.

Miss N. O. E. Minot, N. Dak.—Consult a physician about the first trouble. As for your weakness and easy fatigue, we think a course in physical culture would be of the greatest advantage and suggest that you read in this column what we have said to other women on the subject.

B. B. C., Cottage Grove, Oregon.—At your age something of this sort is to be expected, but as it has occurred previously, it is possible there are other causes. Consult your own family doctor; if he doesn't know, nobody does. In any event, don't worry yourself into a worse condition. You will probably be all right again, as you were before, though possibly somewhat slower this time.

J. P. M., Plum Coulee, Man.—Indigestion makes your heart flutter and if you will have a care what kind of food you eat and that you thoroughly chew every mouthful before swallowing, your heart will work steadily.

E. E., Pineland, Texas.—We think the physicians have told you the truth about your case and it will take some time for you to show very marked improvement. Keep up your spirits and now that you know the operation has been performed and the trouble removed go ahead and get well. If you can go to New Mexico, we advise that you do so, and both yourself and husband will find it will do more to relieve the catarrh than barrels of medicine where you now are, unless you are where it is very dry.

Mrs. H. J. M., Camano, Wash.—Let nature take its course with the child. So long as she eats, and sleeps well and doesn't cry and seems happy enough, why bother about her not growing as fast as you think she ought to? Let her alone and she'll start to grow all right by and by.

C. E. A., Lubbock, Texas.—We think you would find in St. Louis quite as able physicians as in Chicago, and the fare would be considerably less. We suggest that you go there and go into the city hospital. You have a very interesting case and physicians might be found who would perform the operation in the clinic and make no charge. What the cost would be of nursing and treatment, the operation would depend upon the accommodations you had in the hospital.

E. A. R., Lorain, Ohio.—Cold sores, fever blisters, may be relieved by the application of spirits of camphor, and to remove the cause take a dose of Epsom salts before breakfast.

Sunshine, Cleveland, Tenn.—When you laugh the muscles about the nose contract and shut off the blood supply, hence the end of nose gets white. No remedy except not to laugh. (2) Hair turning white in early youth is from natural causes and is not remediable. (3) Foul breath from bad teeth or bad digestion, or catarrh, consult dentist and doctor.

Anxious Inquirer, Amherst, N. S.—You need not diet to reduce your flesh, if you will eat the kind of food that does not produce flesh. See answer above to Mrs. I. D. Ong, Nebr., for what not to eat. To relieve the gas on the stomach take a pinch of soda in hot water half hour after meals. Also in the morning when you get up.

Well Wisher, Pawtucket, R. I.—Better let a doctor see the scaly skin and ask you a few questions about it. The pains in the back are neuralgic or rheumatic. Try salicylate of soda in five grain tablets three times a day, for a day or two.

Anxious Mother, Dawson Springs, Ky.—The peculiar action of the child may be due to some nervous affection which he will outgrow. Take your own doctor's advice in the case and follow his directions.

J. E. P., Felton, Pa., offers the following local remedy for catarrh which he says he has found better than any he ever tried and he has had catarrh for twenty years: Get an ounce of menthol crystals and put a pinch of them in any small vessel, tin cup will answer, and pour over them six tablespoonfuls of hot water. Inhale the vapor which arises through the mouth and then close mouth and nostrils, holding the nose tightly between thumb and finger and blow as if to force the vapor out of the mouth and nose, but keep them closed. This action will drive the vapor into all the air passages and afford relief.

D. S. P., Larson, N. Dak.—Very little can be done with a birthmark and we advise that you let it alone. (2) The pain in your back from too long bending is rheumatic, or neuralgic, and is so common as hardly worth bothering about unless it gets so severe that local applications or a doctor are necessary.

D. C. S., Collin, Texas.—Would you rather protect your false modesty or your health and happiness? Go to your own doctor like a sensible person and get his advice.

R. M., Lockhart, Texas.—Why take medicine to cure the snuff habit when by merely stopping it and compelling yourself not to take it you get much better results. You are like lots of other people, you want medicine to do what you haven't the courage to do yourself. We have no other remedy to offer for "dipping" than what we have given.

Subscriber, Culpeper, Va.—For unpleasant perspiration in any part of the body use a few drops of am-



Personal To Rheumatism

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one a Free A One Dollar Bottle of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM. I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot coax Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot tease it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot imagine it out with mental science. You Must Drive it Out. It is in the blood and you must Go After It and Get It. This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. The Rheumatism has to go and it does go. My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the aching muscles, the throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened joints, and cures quickly.

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much in One Week, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle FREE according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a real Rheumatic Remedy will do. Read offer below and write today.

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a full-sized bottle, selling regularly at drug-stores for One Dollar Each. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. You must send us 25 cents to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid. There will be nothing to pay on receipt or later. Don't wait until your Heart-Valves are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who send the 25 cents for charges.

Address, KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B. M. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO

monia in your wash water. Soda and talcum powder, unscented, in equal parts sprinkled on after washing will be found good.

Blonde, Caviness, Texas.—If your nose, which reddens after eating, especially in winter, was skinned when you were younger, we are afraid we cannot suggest a remedy. The blood is closer to the surface there than where the skin is normal and it is bound to show whenever there is any cause to increase the circulation. Don't worry over a brief redness of the nose. Think what it would be like to have a run blossom there all the time.

E. S., Morris, Ill.—You are another of the false modesty kind who would rather risk health than talk to a doctor. Brace up and go get his advice. All you need is a good shaking up and the doctor will give it to you.

P. P. P., Alberta, La.—Whether you have consumption just beginning or not, we cannot say, but our advice to you from what you tell us is that you get away from Louisiana and go to the dry air of Arizona or Colorado and live as much in the open, day and night, as you can. Two or three years of this kind of living ought to put you in shape so that when you do die it will not be from consumption.

Carson Girl, Mt. Lake, Minn.—Stop thinking there is something wrong with your mind. It isn't your mind it is your nerves. When the nerves get to going wrong it makes you feel every sort of way, but the right way. You need rest and change of air and scene. Try it.

If Mrs. M. S., Paragould, Ark., inquiring in this column in January about an artificial limb will write to Mrs. W. T. Minnear, No. 3230 Thompson Ave., Kansas city, Mo., she may hear of something to her advantage.

No Benefit, No Pay.

You ought to try a 25-day trial treatment of Bodi-Tone on its no benefit, no pay plan. This plan is fully explained in the large Bodi-Tone advertisement on last page in this issue. If you have not yet tried Bodi-Tone, you can get a dollar box on trial, without a penny in advance, simply by writing for it. Read the offer.

LADIES MAKE SHIELDS at home, \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 25-A, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ladies' Size Watch FREE

we offer a guaranteed watch that is Ladies size, no larger than 50c piece; a fully warranted American movement, guarantees it to keep correct time and give you satisfaction, can be had in either hunting case or open face styles. Write us today and we will send you 20 packages of our new art postal cards to sell at 10c each. Also premium sheet showing wonderful values for selling 20pkgs. of these cards. Write today. ART PREMIUM CO., Dept. 231, Chicago, Ill.

QUICK GROWTH OF HAIR

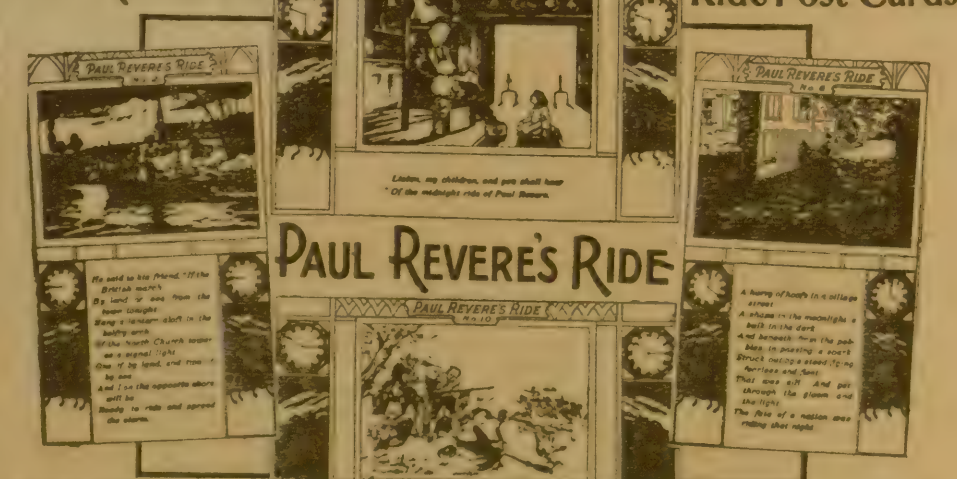
We will send you BROCHURE FREE



ATTAINED AT LAST—THE TRUE METHOD!

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of Hair Growing is the genuine and scientific one. We will send you our notable Brochure FREE. We guarantee to grow hair under scalp fortiture. Our method is directed at removing the cause, the dermodex folliculorum—"germs" and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, (like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility and a chance to grow. Ours is the treatment that MAKES GOOD. It is guaranteed. Koskott is for men's, women's and children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair and to promote growth of new hair. LADIES, wouldn't you like to be able to throw away false hair? We especially want you to write, if you have wasted time and money in liquids, powders, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplished nothing. We want to surprise and delight you. Write to-day (a post-card will do) and we will send the valuable BROCHURE absolutely free, postpaid. Address: KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 359-M New York, N.Y.

Paul Revere's



Beautifully told and illustrated in colors, is this splendid set of ten cards. The famous ride of Paul Revere through Concord and Lexington rousing and warning the sleeping natives and the disastrous effects upon the British troops of the ensuing battle, are matters of familiar history. In presenting the poem Paul Revere's Ride in a set of illustrated cards, each one of the ten pictures represents some stage in the progress of the ride, adding historic events and interest to the story so cleverly told in verse, a paragraph of which appears on each card. Many today greater, and richer than any other. You should memorize the words, as well as preserve a set of these cards. Send 10c. for special trial three-months subscription to COMFORT and complete set of ten Paul Revere cards will be sent post-paid, including one of our 1911 Household Calendars. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FITS OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. W. E. PERKE, P.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

RUPTURE CURED

By STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS means permanent relief. Rupture is a painful, irritating strain altogether, because process of recovery is natural. Being made self-adhesive, they adhere closely to the body, purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bones. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—write for details. TRIAL OF PLAPAO TODAY for FREE Trial of Plapao. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 24, St. Louis, Mo.

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Necessary and convenient tools and materials for cleaning, polishing and preserving the boots and shoes of the entire family. This outfit includes a full size dauber or device for applying the paste, and a large, soft woolly polisher. Black or tan shoes require cleaning and polishing, especially children's shoes, and with good materials the life of the shoes is prolonged. There is a demand for this outfit in your home. Materials we have assembled into this outfit are first quality, and in addition to the Polisher and Dauber we send one can of Black and one can of Tan Shoe Paste, packed in a neat carton. Club Offer. Send only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for fifteen months for complete Outfit as described. Sent post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

If You Are Becoming DEAF

or are troubled with Ringing Noises in the Head

My Illustrated Free Book Contains JOYFUL NEWS

I do not offer you makeshifts such as artificial ear drums or other apparatus; I do not approve of saturating your system with habit-forming drugs. I am not content to merely give you a brief period of relief from deafness but my aim is

TO CURE YOU PERMANENTLY

I am a practicing physician of 32 years' active, extensive experience. I know the only satisfactory method of conquering deafness and head noises is in getting at the seat of the trouble and curing it.

I have published a book; it is written in easy, plain language and is illustrated. It tells you facts you probably never imagined and you may see just why you probably never succeeded in getting a real, lasting cure before. It is the one treatise that you have been seeking and it tells all about the one Method you should adopt and which is comparatively inexpensive.

DEAFNESS IS DANGEROUS

There always was some danger in being deaf but with the invention of rapid speeding automobiles, no deaf or partly deaf person can feel safe. Accidents to those who could not hear well, are being recorded by thousands.

Moreover, deafness Annoys Others by Forcing Them to Shout at You Prevents You from Enjoying Theaters, Concerts, etc. Makes You Feel a Bore When in Company Hinders Your Success in Business or Socially Stops You from Hearing Sweet Sounds of Nature

It is usually Allied with Nervousness and Despondency My book explains why it is very probably your own fault that you remain deaf and why you are becoming a little harder at hearing every year. Explains nervousness. Shows wherein the underlying causes of continued deafness or head noises are probably

SHORTENING YOUR LIFE

My book tells you how I have cured cases which have been given up as hopeless, it explains wherein you may gain wonderful benefits from the very outset. It is a book for men and women of any age. It fearlessly exposes the frauds that prey upon those who are deaf. It shows you how Nature is patiently waiting for you to give her a chance to help you. This book, you may say, is WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD to you, yet it will cost you nothing but the expense of a postcard or stamp in writing for it. Don't pass this by and say "it is like the rest of them—I am disappointed and discouraged," but get the book just as soon as possible and be surprised—joyous—at the prospect of a

SPEEDY, LIFELONG, HOME CURE

Throw aside your prejudice over past failures, no matter what bad luck you may have had even with skilled specialists. My book shows you why they so often fail and gives you simple directions for testing whether your own case is hopeless or probably curable. There are many genuine pleasant surprises in my book. You will feel better for having read it. Let me send it to you, in plain wrapper, absolutely free. Keep this advertisement. Address

DR. C. EVERITT COUTANT, Station E, 7 B New York, N. Y.

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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 672 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

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Don't allow an ugly goitre to disfigure you and sap your vitality. It's dangerous and unnecessary. Send today for my liberal free treatment, which will prove that you can be cured. Some cases report having been cured by my Trial Treatment alone. Relief from choking and other alarming symptoms and reduction in size of goitre, rapid, quickly. Don't allow past disappointments to discourage you. My success is the result of long study of this disease. I will send you letters from many grateful patients to whom you may write. The trial home treatment costs you nothing. I send it absolutely free without any obligation. Write me for it today.

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The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

ment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today.

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In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, either in stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT that entitles him to the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and to reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W. O., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man leaving no will, but leaving him surviving a widow and children, the widow would receive from his estate one third of the personal property absolutely and one third of the real estate for life. We do not think there is any legal objection to the collection by a wife from her husband of wages which he owed her before the marriage unless the same is outlawed or forgiven, and except that under the laws of your state she cannot sue him to enforce such a claim.

W., Massachusetts.—We think that under the laws of the state of New York the statute of limitations runs against all actions on contract, written or verbal, except judgments, or sealed instruments, within six years from the time of the last evidence of indebtedness. If the debtor resides without the state for a period of one year or more, the statute is extended to cover such period of non-residence.

E. M. H., Pennsylvania.—We think the usual form of securing a loan upon personal property is to take a chattel mortgage upon such personal property, and in case the loan is not repaid the mortgage is foreclosed.

F. M., Illinois.—We do not think the laws of any of the states of the Union provide for divorces without notice, either by personal service or publication, to the defendant in such suit.

C. M., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we think a married woman, who predeceases her husband, cannot, by her will, dispose of such portion of her husband's estate, as she would have been entitled to receive in case she had survived him.

M. L. F., Massachusetts.—We do not think that in an action brought upon a written contract, the defense, that the contract was for the benefit of a minor, would be sustained, unless the contract read direct to the minor and was executed by the minor himself, and even this would not relieve any guarantor of such contract.

Mrs. A. J., Montana.—Bigamous marriages are not legal in any state or territory of the United States, and there is no exception to this rule either in the case of persons of the Mormon faith or otherwise. The plural wives of Mormons are not legal wives, and the children of such marriages are in the eyes of the law illegitimate, this, however, would not apply to the children of the first or legal wife, who have no authentic knowledge as to the strength of the Mormon church in the United States.

G. W. S., Virginia.—We think that the owner of property should in a lease of the same, guarantee to the tenant, peaceful occupancy of the property during the term of the lease, but before leasing the property, we think the tenant should satisfy himself that the reputed owner actually owns the property, as the tenant only claims the property in through the landlord, and he can only look to the landlord in case the ownership of the property is disputed.

Mrs. L. S., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman her surviving husband is entitled to an estate for life in one third of her real estate unless his claim has been barred by an absolute divorce or forfeited by living in adultery, or otherwise released by him, and also to one half absolutely of the surplus of her personal estate. We do not think the surviving husband's claim can be defeated by will.

S. B. M., Louisiana and M. K. S., Montana.—We think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited in Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

J. W. S., Texas.—We think that under the laws of your state, the owner of an undivided interest in real estate can, in the proper action for that purpose, compel the partition or division of said property even though some of the parties in interest are minors. We think that notice from a guardian of the bondsmen to pay money to the guardian would not be a defense to a suit brought by the guardian for money due him in that capacity, unless the bondsmen's notice is supported by a proper suit order to that effect.

Mrs. F. C., Maine.—We do not think that the law requires the tax assessor to serve personally, the owners of property, with a notice of their assessments. We think that it is the duty of property owners to procure their tax bills from the tax assessor or collector and to pay the same.

Mrs. N. B. T., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the next of kin of a deceased husband has no interest in the separate property of a widow, except that, of course, in case of her death, their children, if any, would inherit her property as her own descendants.

P. C. T., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state,

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

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We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment. We will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 49 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine

we think the proper remedy against a neighbor, whose cattle trespass upon your land and destroy your crops, is an action for damages, we do not think you have any legal right to shut these cattle up and keep them, but that through a complaint to the proper officer you are entitled to have such officer impound them.

B. M. L., Nebraska.—We do not think that the man, who married a second time, when he had a wife living from whom he was not divorced, has any claim to the custody of the children of such second marriage; under the laws of your state, we think bigamous marriages are void marriages.

J. F., New York.—Under the laws of your state we do not think that a sub-contractor can hold the owner of property who has fully paid the general contractor, for work done for the general contractor on the property, unless such sub-contractor has protected himself by a mechanics' lien, before the owner has fully paid the general contractor.

Mrs. P. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow but no child, no child, nor descendant of any child or children, his whole personal estate and one half of his real estate would go to such surviving widow; provided, however, that if the deceased leave him surviving no father or mother, brother or sister or their descendants, then the surviving widow would be entitled to the whole estate of such intestate, real, personal and mixed.

N. F., Montana.—(1) We think it is legally proper for an illegitimate child to use its mother's name. (2) We do not think it would in any way invalidate the marriage of an illegitimate if he were married in his father's name in a case where such illegitimate had always used and been known by the father's name.

Mrs. M. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving him surviving a widow and one child his estate would go, dower in the real estate of a one third interest for life and a one third interest in the personal property to the widow and the balance of the whole estate to the child. The fact that the child was by a former marriage would not affect its right of inheritance. The child, however, could be disinherited by will. If the real estate stands in the husband's and wife's names as tenants by the entirety, we do not think it would be part of the estate of either but would upon the death of one, go to the survivor. We think that if the decedent leaves no husband or wife, child or descendant of a child, no parent, brother or sister, but leaves descendants of brothers and sisters, the estate would be divided among all these descendants by right of representation; the descendants of each brother or sister dividing among themselves such brother or sister's share.

Mrs. J. F., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a married woman living separate from her husband and holding property decided to her by agreement providing for such separation can dispose of such property, by will or deed, in such a way that her husband will have no share in said property.

Mrs. L. D. K., Montana.—We do not think you could recover anything from the bank, which seven years ago, sold your stock posted with it as collateral security for a loan, provided of course, the loan was due and unpaid at the time the sale was made and you had due notice of the bank's intention to sell same.

Not a Patent Medicine.
Bodi-Tone, the tablet medicine which is becoming so popular through its cures, is not a patent medicine. Its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such ingredients guarantee its merit. Read the trial offer on last page.

MONEY \$\$\$ FOR WISE MEN. \$\$\$ KEY FREE.
J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

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LADIES make supporters \$12.00 per hundred; no canvasing; material furnished; stamps, envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. A 218, Chicago.

SIGNET RING like cut, for only 12 cents. Rolled Gold shell, warranted to wear. Raised scrolls on sides. For either sex. Any initial engraved. Free. RINES CO., 48 W. W. Way, N. Y.

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Sell our Big 100 Bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit.
Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 392 Lake St., Chicago

RUPTURE CURED

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it.
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A \$1.00 Box Free

A Home Remedy for Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Ovarian Troubles, Pains in Back, Bowels, Bearing Down, Desire to Cry, Hot Flashes or Headache. Don't suffer longer. Just tell me where your pain is. MRS. SARAH A. FURMAN, 63 Dearborn St., Chicago.

OPIMUM or Morphine Habit Treated

FREE TRIAL. No pain or loss of time. Cases where other remedies have failed especially desired.

Dr. H. G. CONTRELL, Suite 518, 400 West 23d Street, New York

COMFORT CALENDAR PRIZES PAID

124 Cash Prizes for March

offered in the COMFORT Calendar Prize Contest have been paid to the following named persons:

LEWIS RAND, Mass., \$10.00
BESSIE ROPER, Tenn., \$5.00

The Next Ninety Received \$1.00 Each

Erwin Vermilyea, Pa.; Mrs. M. J. Rosensteel, Pa.; Raymond Porter, Conn.; Miss Kate Riley, Tex.; William Slade, W. Va.; Mrs. James McCandless, Mass.; Mary Burton, Okla.; C. Johnson, Tenn.; Mrs. J. Powell, Can.; Lulu Davison, Ill.; Andrew Hansen, Wash.; W. A. Delke, Kans.; John Mondeck, Pa.; Miss Bertha Rueb, Ohio; Mrs. J. S. Wagner, Tenn.; Emma Agard, Kans.; Miss Margaret Blindauer, Wis.; Mrs. Carrie Peterson, Wis.; Helen Doebertmann, Cal.; Mrs. Blanche Johnson, Mo.; Earl N. Dickert, Pa.; Mrs. E. E. Davey, S. Dak.; Miss Julia Friedrich, Ill.; Mrs. G. D. Cain, Wis.; Fannie Warnock, Ky.; Irene Dhooge, Mich.; Ruth McRae, Mich.; Elsie Spicer, Mich.; Gerald DeGarmo, Iowa; Peter W. Henrichson, Ohio; Paul Kosko, N. Y.; Calla McGhee, Ill.; Miss Annie Sims, Tenn.; Mary E. Sleeper, N. H.; Miss M. M. Goldman, S. C.; Mrs. W. B. Oran, Md.; Mrs. E. Marie Boyce, D. C.; Mrs. Gust Landmeyer, Minn.; Minnie Robinson, Okla.; Mrs. Vina Radway, Can.; Mrs. C. A. Merkle, Cal.; Miss Pauline Robeson, Wash.; Mrs. G. E. Redmon, Miss.; A. Varnick, N. J.; Miss Agnes H. Gilbertson, Minn.; M. W. Heard, Tenn.; Bertie Hucklebee, Ark.; Mrs. J. E. Bowers, Pa.; Mrs. Grace Hoard, Wash.; Mrs. Jennie Brown, Kan.; Wm. J. Acker, Ill.; W. E. Ferdie, Iowa; Lincoln Rappleye, N. Y.; Fred Charles Grule, N. J.; Julia Armstrong, Mich.; Robert Loveland, Can.; Flera Sercy, N. C.; Mrs. J. F. Sibley, Mich.; Mrs. J. W. Outcalt, Idaho; Norman C. Jacobson, Wis.; Ada Murray, Ky.; Susa Allison, Okla.; Mrs. Pat West, Miss.; Mrs. Henry Stuart, Ohio; Mrs. J. Kramer, Ohio; Mamie Caswell, Wash.; Mattie Prince, Ark.; Mrs. E. S. Baptiste, Can.; Miss Lucella Bushnell, Utah; James Cooper, Nebr.; Louis Borowitz, N. Y.; Mrs. J.

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL BUST

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW DISCOVERY

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS REMOVED FOREVER
Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night. You can imagine her joy, when by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams. By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fast.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, her wrinkles vanished over night. Miss Alice Day writes, every blackhead and pimple has vanished forever.

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cunningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you absolutely free all she agrees, and will show our readers: How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours; how to develop the bust; how to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; how to remove superfluous hair; how to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles; how to remove dark circles under the eyes; how to quickly remove double chin; how to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body; how to darken gray hair and stop hair falling; how to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cunningham, Suite A369, 822 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

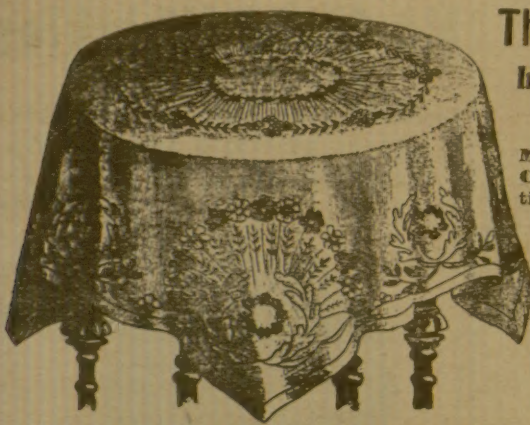
MOTHERS Are Your Children Troubled with Weak Kidneys? If so our harmless remedy will cure them. 50c package FREE. G. H. ROWAN DRUG CO., Room 101, 53 River St., Chicago, Ill.

"MARRIED BY MISTAKE" Most thrilling love story ever written; an absorbingly interesting book of 60 chapters; to quickly introduce our popular publications we send it prepaid for only 10c, to pay mailing expense. FICTION CLUB, 806 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

Trial Treatment of Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Asthma Remedy mailed FREE. Instant relief. Thousands cured. Write to

Dr. F. G. KINSMAN
26 Bank Building, Augusta, Maine
50c. AT ALL DRUGGISTS



This Exquisite Table Cover In a Beautiful Pattern Especially Designed Outline for Embroidery

Made from a new material called **Yachting Cloth** with real Irish Linen finish, in a beautiful shade of light brown that will harmonize with all shades of embroidery silk or cotton and is especially designed for table covers. The stamping includes a centerpiece as well as a border of an unusually graceful design and is one yard square.

For two 15-mo. subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each will be given this beautiful cover, which can be used in any room. It is worth working for. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE

ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS and COMFORT at these liberal terms.

Club Offer. Send 25 cents for a 15-months subscription to COMFORT, with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, for an Album and 15 cards. We give a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year's and Santa Claus, embossed in gold floral, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, bird and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. You will also have a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time.

The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tastily arranged manner for exhibition.

THIS BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS ASSORTMENT EXTRA HEAVY SILVER PLATED WARE.

Now offered in eleven different pieces comprising an elaborate and complete assortment. Especially desirable Wedding Gift, equally as desirable to all housekeepers.

Unless you have some of the Spoons in this pattern you have no idea how beautiful it is, with the soft gray frosted handle with high polished blades or bowls. You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more, especially such very beautiful ware as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.



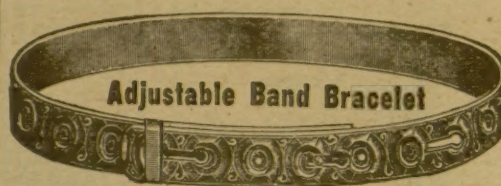
The combination of twenty-six pieces in the Narcissus pattern, French Gray finish enables you to have all the assortment for complete table set, or as few pieces as you require. The lovely pattern is a very heavily embossed design, in relief, ornamenting the entire length of each article, on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions this durable ware embodies every requirement and although delightfully attractive will stand constant use.

Club Offers. We have arranged the following schedule of club offers, enabling you to obtain free as much of the assortment as you require, if not all.

For only two 25c. subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: Six Teaspoons, Two Tablespoons, a Dessert-spoon, Sugar Shell, or Butter Knife. For only three subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: either a Gravy Ladle, Pie Knife, Cold Meat Fork, or Berry Spoon. For a club of twelve subscriptions to COMFORT, a set of Six Knives and Six Forks. A club of thirty subscriptions to COMFORT for the entire assortment of 26 pieces. All must be 25c. fifteen-months subscriptions.

Carefully look over the different articles and decide which ones you desire most then first send in a small trial club for sample after that we are sure you will get the entire assortment when you find how nice the goods are. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Adjustable Band Bracelet

for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable as new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.



Six Stamped Linen Dollies, Sewing Silk, Etc., in this Household Cabinet

Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuckles. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lintle Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 10 Embroidery Needles, 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curriers. 1 Spoon Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-mo subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

Club Offer. Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many rich goods. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 50 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 35c. **Grand Offer:** If you order at ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain.

Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONCE lot us will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush.

BEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 35 cents for 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book **With Eight Fancy Stitches** are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and twenty different directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patchwork.

REMEMBER we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mo. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.

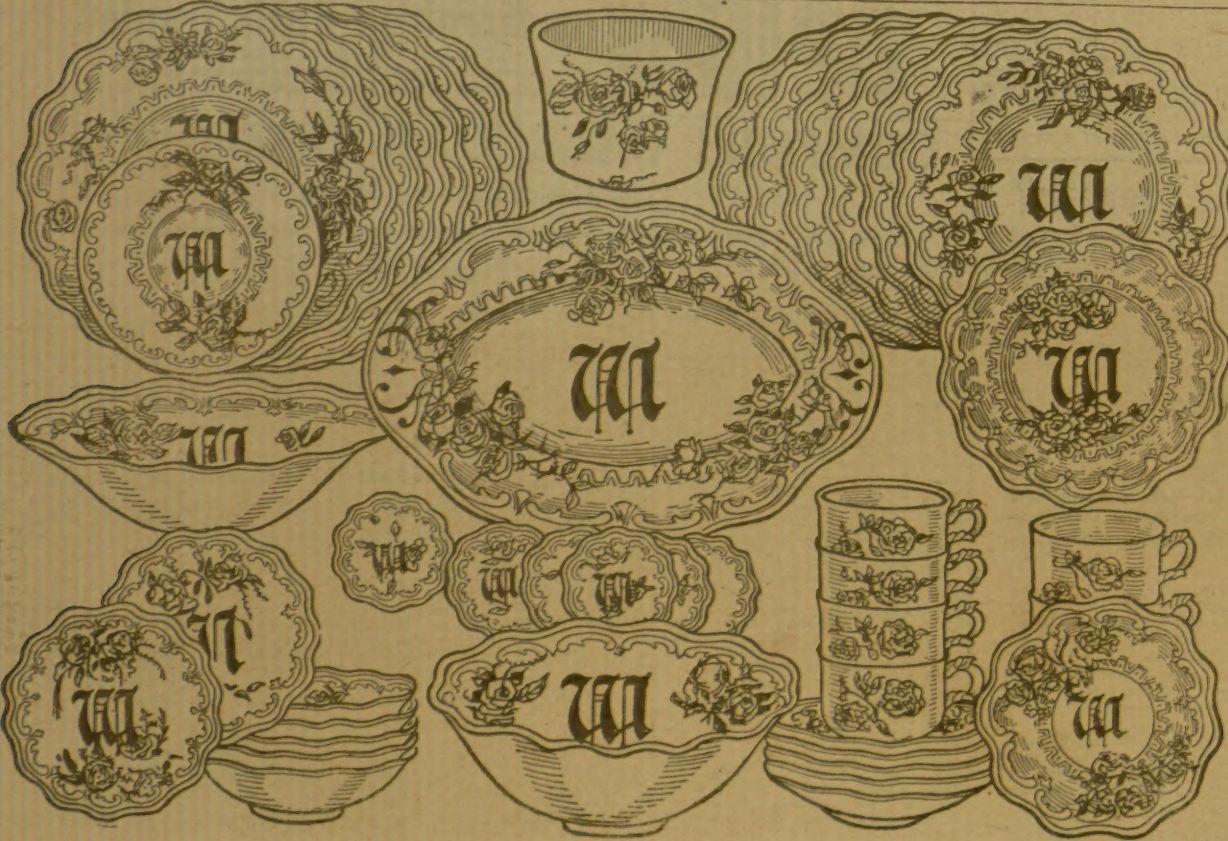
FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Plain Band Baby Ring

In preference to our Baby, Pet and Darling engraved Baby Rings many prefer a plain gold band. In response to this demand we have just added this new number to our premium list and now offer you a real gold ring for Baby that is dignified and beautiful, will wear indefinitely and give entire satisfaction. Send a club of only two new subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. We will send the ring in a cute box, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Heart Signet Stone Ring

Just a dear little ring for the young ladies. Small in design and treatment, made exclusively for the young miss, not ready for older styles or advanced customs. The band is slightly engraved near the heart center, which is mounted with a tiny sparkling white stone chip. Little ladies from seven to seventeen are more fond of finger rings than their splendid selection, is made up of good quality material, with gold enough to wear for years, yet not expensive.

Club Offer. A club of only three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions secures one of these mounted Signet Rings in a neat little ring box. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Solid Gold Wedding Ring

No substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band ring for either ladies or gentlemen. It is in proper size and style today. If you are about to be, or are married, and require a real wedding ring this is an unusual opportunity to procure the correct thing in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We fully and we unequivocally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not plated, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to store-keepers and pay enormous profits but avail yourself of our

Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fancy Ohased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time. **CLUB OFFER.** For 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

Gold Band Wedding Ring. A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you order today. **CLUB OFFER.** We send one in a plush lined box free of all expense for a club of four 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE SILVER SPOONS.

We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these Spoons is new and very attractive and we have Forks of same design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these Spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the address and to you we will send as a free gift a Set of Six Spoons. For a club of 4 you can earn a dozen Spoons. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS MADE AT HOME FOR YOURSELF OR THE CHILDREN

From your own patterns and ideas of fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH.



Suggesting some of its practical uses. Every mother or grown-up daughter appreciates well-fitted stylish undergarments. The children and especially the babies look best dressed in all white. Think of the garments made of white linen or lawn in the outfit of every family, and mother has to make nearly all, if not all, of them by hand.

COMFORT has selected a twelve yard piece of extra fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH, or linen fine and sheer in quality and texture which is manufactured solely for women's undergarments. Probably you know just what the material is and just how satisfactory it makes up into Drawers, Corsets Covers, Nightgowns, Marguerites or Chemise, or for Baby's underclothes, dresses, etc. In a twelve yard piece there is sufficient material for many different pieces, it is a family supply for a long time. If any of the young ladies of the family are to be married here is an opportunity to obtain the necessary material for the wedding outfit, and it is fine enough and pretty enough for any bride. Each piece is twelve yards long and the material is 36 inches wide.

With every twelve yard piece we will supply free of charge one paper pattern which may be selected from our regular pattern offer, elsewhere in this publication. **CLUB OFFER.** We shall send one twelve yard piece of this first quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH for a club of only eight 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. A remarkable bargain offer. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR



Opal.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

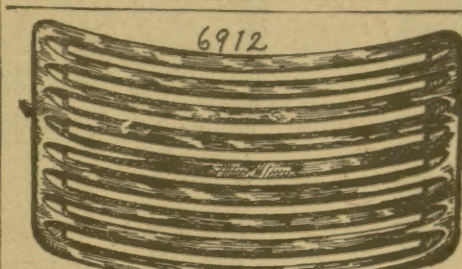
The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings Are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.



Emerald.

We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.



6912



6925

New Hair Ornaments In Charming Designs.

These several new numbers in Combs, Barrettes and Pins represent Fashion's latest decree and the newest things from Paris.

Every lady finds use for such sensible and practical Hair Ornaments and will appreciate the dignified patterns we have chosen and here offer, and we represent each one in about two-thirds full size.

Especially note No. 4445. A Bandeau for the little girls and older ones, too. Very fashionable, and in the Summer when hats are off the hair is better kept in place with this than any sort of Combs.

The Barrettes, four in number represent as many sizes and each is very desirable, neat and attractive.

Fancy Pins are always in demand and the Back Comb needs no comments.

Our other numbers, elsewhere advertised are in stock at all times. Both Amber and Imitation Tortoise Shell supplied in all numbers.

CLUB OFFER. One back comb, your choice of a Barrette or TWO Fancy Pins for a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Any Barrette, Comb or a Pair of Pins or a Bandeau for one new 25-cent subscription and ten cents extra. 25 cents in all. We have Bandeau No. 4445 in two widths, order narrow or wide, whichever you prefer. And say whether you want Amber or Shell. Amber is light and Shell is dark. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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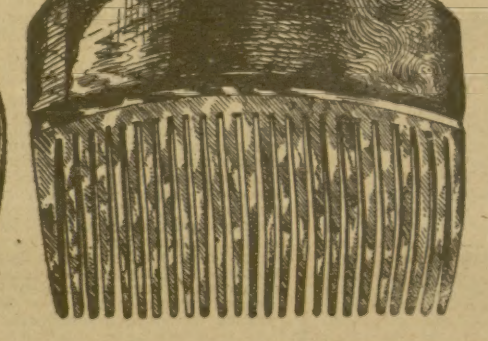
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6428



495



100

4445

STONE SIGNET GOLD RING

Introduced this season for first time and at once displaces old style initial signet ring. Stone mountings of every kind are now worn exclusively. Nearly all rings except plain band now are given the added touch of a stone of some kind. This engraved ring has artistic lines, is heavy and durable, a new style in every way, enhanced in beauty by the single imitation chip diamond setting in center. This is a swell ring for young ladies, or old; it can be worn as a man's ring with taste. One of, if not the best of our new rings.

Club Offer. Send only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and give finger size. We will send ring at once in an attractive ring box. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handy Hand Bag

Sensible, practical bag for ladies' use, a splendid style or shape, has large opening to accommodate many articles. Is made of calf-faced Sheepskin ornamented by fancy cording with plucked edges on top, has two silk cords with leather tassels attached besides having two strong leather handles double stitched the entire length. The special tanning of the leather for these Bags produces a soft pliable finish, making the Bag nearly as soft and light as a kid glove, yet thicker and more durable. The Bag is seven inches wide and eight inches deep, ample accommodation for change purse, keys, handkerchief and small bundles. Is a woman's best shopping companion, always ready, always handy.

The silk draw-string feature is a constant pleasure and convenience, the Bag is so handily opened or closed. They come in the most serviceable color-black.

Club Offer. Send us only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each and receive a Bag, post-paid, at once. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TURKISH STYLE TOWELS DURABLE AND HEALTH GIVING

After a bath a vigorous drying and rubbing with these heavy linen-like towels will create an invigorated healthy glow of the entire system. Washing in itself cleanses the body, but the beneficial effects of the proper bath is derived from generous exercise of the flesh, opening and closing the pores, carrying away all foreign particles that may come from soap or water. Many times one does not require a bath, others cannot bathe frequently; at such times a "dry-rub" with these coarse fabric towels will be of immense benefit and comfort. These towels are woven of heavy twisted thread and have little nubs on the surface that absorb water like a sponge, leaving your flesh warm, dry and glowing all over. Great for Baby's bath or the man who shaves, and the more you wash them the softer they become. And durable, they wear well and wear long, almost indestructible. They are practical every-day towels for either the toilet or the lady's delicate bath. Similar towels made in Turkey of genuine linen are imported into this country and sold by druggists for two, three and four dollars per pair, and yet no more benefit or satisfaction is derived than from these sensible American-made Bath Towels. 19x36 inches in size, with red stripe and triple red border, attractive, serviceable and useful, we recommend them strongly to our readers. A splendid family roller towel can be made by sewing together two of these towels; many do this with satisfaction, because they wear better and show the soil less than crash.

Club Offer. For a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send post-paid a pair of these towels. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Superb Rose Plants FREE Of Radiant Color, Beauty and Odor Wonderful offer to Lovers of Flowers

One of the oldest and largest Rose Growers in the world has repeated the arrangement to supply us with an unlimited quantity of STRONG, Vigorous Plants, ON THEIR OWN ROOTS each assortment of SIX CAREFULLY PACKED TO BE MAILED AT OUR EXPENSE. FULLY GUARANTEED TRUE TO NAME and description below, and SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY to ordinary hothouse-grown plants. Read carefully the complete descriptions of each of the SIX ROSES IN THIS COLLECTION. Did you ever hear of anything SO GOOD and SO GENEROUS AS THIS OFFER? Hardy Roses ready to be transplanted in YOUR OWN GARDEN, there to thrive, GROW and BLOSSOM all in their radiant BEAUTY and SCENT.

CRIMSON RAMBLER

The most beautiful crimson climbing rose ever cultivated and a strong, rapid grower, quickly throwing up canes of great length and sturdiness, which are covered with beautiful, peculiar shining foliage. The flowers are produced in immense clusters, of from thirty to fifty blossoms in each cluster, the color of which is a lovely bright crimson. This rose is valuable for decorative hedges, arches and screens for porches or unsightly places around the home.

PRESIDENT TAFT

One of the most beautiful and fragrant pink roses ever introduced and unsurpassed as a free flowering variety. It is a strong, vigorous grower and one of the hardiest of all ever bloomers. The flowers are faultlessly formed, extra large and double as a rose can be. They are an exquisite shade of bright, sparkling pink, covered with a soft, satiny sheen over all the petals, possessing a most delicious distinct fragrance.

BLUMENSCHMIDT

The best yellow rose for bedding purposes yet introduced, capturing all the premiums and prizes where exhibited. It is fast gaining popularity and well deserves the recognition of all rose lovers. It is a fine variety either for massing or to plant singly, growing very rapidly and producing a strong, clean growth the first season planted. The flowers are of fine formation of thick, leathery petals of a pure citron yellow, the outer ones edged tender rose and are borne in great profusion until killed by the autumn frosts.

MARIGOLD

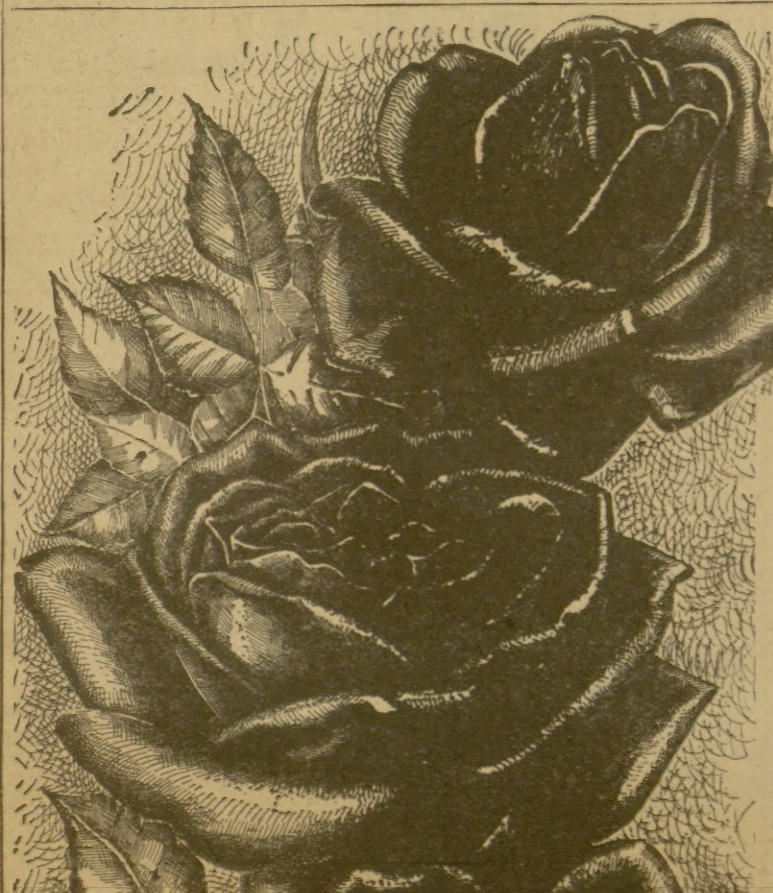
The sight of this grand rose never fails to create a desire to possess the flower and a more valuable variety for outdoor planting does not exist. It is a fine upright grower, of free branching habit and as a liberal and continuous bloomer it is unsurpassed, heading the list for size, fragrance and beauty of form of flowers. No description can do justice to the wonderful beauty and splendor of the deep full flowers, which are of a clear saffron yellow, opening canary with dark golden shading. The buds are large and elegantly formed of large heavy petals, having a most delicious fragrance.

THE QUEEN

As a rose for all purposes, either for outdoor or pot culture, this beautiful variety heads the list. It is a rapid, vigorous grower with a hardy constitution, and produces flowers in the greatest profusion from early Spring to late Fall. It is a rose of marvelous beauty, totally distinct in its royal magnificence, the large, pure white flowers being made up of enormous shell-like petals.

BLUE ROSES

This may seem incredible to many as it is the most wonderful color ever seen in a rose. For centuries this has been the aim of professional growers and after years of close application and hard work their hopes are realized, the result, Violet Blue. In habit, it is closely associated with the famous Crimson Rambler, making a quick rapid growth, throwing up canes of great sturdiness, beautifully clothed with smooth shining foliage. The semi-double flowers are borne in great clusters of a rich violet blue, which are produced so profusely as to completely cover the plant. When seen from a short distance a plant of this variety in full bloom creates a startling effect.



Arrangements for this Grand Rose Distribution have been under way for nearly a year. First we had to guarantee to use a certain tremendous quantity. Then the Rose-Grower made his plan, devoting acre after acre of his Rose-growing lands to nothing but the Six Roses we now offer you. By constant attention and care a most successful crop is the outcome and we are promised larger, stronger and better Rose plants than ever before, and they are centrally grown so that their development in any State or climate is assured. You need not hesitate on this point. The Roses we are to send you are fully developed and will grow. You can't stop it. If you are to send you are fully developed and will grow. You can't stop it. If you love flowers, you like Roses best. There is nothing so beautiful in the garden, yet no plant is so hardy when properly cultivated from the first. You can through the benefits of this undertaking provide yourself with an immeasurable amount of pleasure from these Roses, and there are probably many friends of yours who would be interested in our offer, or who would be grateful for the roses for a sick room, or their flower-beds.

When you receive your Roses, place them in your flower-bed, if too early place them in pots in the house until weather is seasonable, then put them outdoors, where they will bloom and remain full of blossoms until Autumn. We pack them with the roots placed in wet moss, and guarantee their safe arrival.

SPECIAL FREE HOUSEHOLD ASSORTMENT. To further the "home beautiful" you should fix up outdoors as well as in. Our present subscribers in good standing may send 25 cents for six months' extension of their own subscription and receive a set of Six Roses free. Send 15 cents for six months' trial subscription to COMFORT and we will forward, all charges paid, this collection of the twelve above described Roses. For only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send 12 Roses, double assortment, two each of the six varieties. We always pack and send at our expense, single, double or orders for larger quantities. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ALL TO WIN

You Cannot Lose

You cannot lose in trying it, in giving it a chance, in seeing what it will do. You cannot go wrong in testing it for twenty-five days, in doing as thousands of the readers of Comfort have already done, for you don't pay a penny until it is proven, until you can say, with a heart full of gladness and gratitude, "It is all right. It is the best thing I ever struck. It is an honest remedy. It makes health on the right idea." You run no risk for we take positively and absolutely all the risk.

You Have All to Win And Nothing to Lose

When it proves it can restore your health, you will gladly pay for it. If it fails, we lose. You have absolutely nothing at stake in trying it, in using it, in seeing if it will not do for you the same wonderful work that it has done for thousands. But you stand to win a great deal that you want, the things that you have been seeking, the things without which life is miserable—robust health, full strength and natural vigor of mind and body. You have all this to win and nothing to lose by trying Bodi-Tone. It is waiting, ready, willing, glad and anxious to have you try it on these fair terms, for it knows its power to cure, to heal, to restore health to the sick, strength to the weak, happiness to the miserable, hope to the hopeless.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—cures disease by toning all the body, and we want you to try a box at our risk and see what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it cures stubborn diseases by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help in the cure. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and new strength, to make you well again.

Not a Patent Medicine

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such valuable ingredients guarantee its merit.

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is good and safe and know you are taking the kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It is a pure remedy that satisfies the most exacting. It contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs, nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine, or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies Nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new Nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys, Gentian does invaluable work in the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for health.

All For Health

All the ingredients contained in Bodi-Tone pull together for health, and work like well-trained servants to put health in control of the body. Each ingredient serves to assist, to help, to build upon the others' work. Each adds a needed element from nature to the body. Each has work to do and does it well. They are used because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world. We simply claim the credit for the successful formula which we invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. Most of these ingredients are as old as civilization itself, for the curative forces which Bodi-Tone uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body. Many of its ingredients are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for various diseases and irregular conditions, being used either separately or in combinations with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among the doctors of various schools. The exact combination used in Bodi-Tone is what makes Bodi-Tone's success in fighting disease, what makes it cure where doctors' treatments have failed, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies. That is why we want to send you a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on trial, for we know when you try it you will find it different and superior.

You Need It

If you are tired of ceaseless doctor bills and wearied of continual dosing without results, you need Bodi-Tone right now. If your local doctor has done you no real good, if you have given him a chance to do what he can and the ordinary medicinal combinations he used have failed, give this modern, scientific combination of special remedies a chance to show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women with chronic ailments who had tried physicians at home and elsewhere without getting permanent benefit, and for this reason all chronic sufferers are invited to try it at our risk.

Bodi-Tone offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right and natural tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—to restore health, vigor, vitality and strength by restoring tone to all the body.

If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the health-making ingredients in Bodi-Tone go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby preventing a continuance of Rheumatic poison and putting new activity into muscles, nerves and joints. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any Female Ailment, for its toning properties have been found especially valuable in such ailments. Bodi-Tone should be used by all persons whose bodies are not up to the full maximum of natural vigor, strength and vitality, for its purpose is to restore the body to its highest plane by making health in every bodily function. Persons whose bodies have been wasted by a previous disease, who have suffered the ravages of LaGrippe, Pneumonia, Typhoid Fever, etc., who worried and fretted at their inability to recover the ground lost by their illness, find that Bodi-Tone supplies just the elements which their bodies have lacked, restoring the vital forces disease has stolen. Men and women who are weak and run down from overwork, worry or causes unknown to them, who feel their reserve force slipping away from them, and are losing their fight against the body's inefficiency, find new life in Bodi-Tone, as hundreds of happy men and women have testified.

WE Risk ALL

Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking. Why keep on suffering, when by clipping the coupon, filling in your name and address and mailing it to us, you can get a twenty-five days' treatment of this great remedy which has already restored thousands to health, which folks everywhere are talking about. It just costs a stamp, and you don't pay a penny unless it benefits you. You take no chances, for the value and curative powers of Bodi-Tone have been amply proven by two years of glorious cures. It is no longer a new remedy, but a remedy with a history—a history of cures that has astonished the doctors and delighted the sick. It has been tested in thousands of cases, covering a great variety of ailments in both men and women and at all ages.

Persons suffering from Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have tested Bodi-Tone and fully proven its great remedial value in such disorders. A quarter-million have used it.

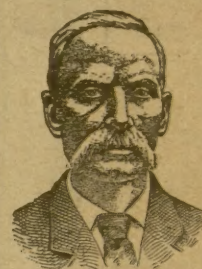
Their experiences have proven beyond a shadow of doubt that the Bodi-Tone plan of toning all the body is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a real aid to nature. Many who have for years been in poor health and have tried most of all of the prominent medicines, have written that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all the others combined. Others who had suffered for many months, and many for years, trying many doctors and specialists, found their first real benefit in Bodi-Tone, after all else had failed and hope was almost gone. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent.

Makes The Body Natural

No matter what ailment may trouble the body, the condition is unnatural to the body and unnatural to its functions, which were created and are fully qualified to maintain perfect health. Bodi-Tone's work is to remedy these conditions, to restore harmony to the workings of the body, to naturalize the body and all its functions. The organs of the body are so closely identified in their action it is almost impossible to place all blame of irregularity at any one point in the mechanism, and when there is failure at any point, all must be held responsible. To insure a permanent cure of any serious disorder, each and every organ in the body should be restored to its natural state of vigor. Disease cannot exist in a healthy body, and when disease does exist, each organ must co-operate in putting the entire body in order and driving out the irregularity which denatures it. Bodi-Tone fills a need long felt by the sick—the need for a remedy to act over all the body, in the various organs, to put health upon a solid foundation by helping to make all of the body healthy. It makes the body right, with its maximum of strength, vigor and vitality, which it may not have possessed for years previous, even when in fair health. Bodi-Tone works what seems a miracle by putting tone where tone was needed. Send the coupon today, get a box of Bodi-Tone promptly and try it.

A Wreck from Accident and Disease

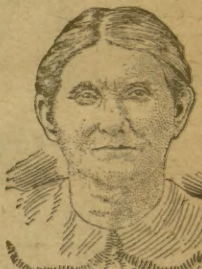
RICHLAND, N. Y.—Bodi-Tone has helped me more than any or all the medicines I had ever taken before. I had passed through enough to kill a man before I commenced taking it. I had been hit on the head by a falling tree, which left me with such terrible headaches



at times that I was almost wild. I went down with a load of wood through a bridge, striking on my head and again injuring it, and causing my back to bother me so I could hardly get around. My back was so weak and lame, and my stomach was strained so I could keep nothing down that I ate. I got all run down and could not sleep nights, and could hardly do my chores or get from the barn back to the house. I had Rheumatism in my knees; one of them was so swollen that I could hardly step up or down on my foot. In fact, I was almost a complete wreck, and wished I could die. I suffered so. My wife read about Bodi-Tone and sent for a box on trial, and I started taking it. I began to get better right away. Now my Rheumatism is all gone, and I can work, eat and sleep in fact, feel like a new man. Everyone speaks of how much better I look, and Bodi-Tone has done it all. ELBERT STOWELL.

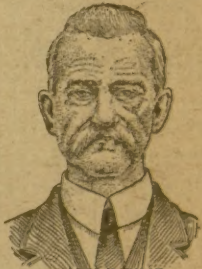
Invalid Without Strength or Energy

DELIGHT, ARK.—My heart's gratitude is due for the benefits I have received from Bodi-Tone. I was an invalid, without strength or energy, when I began to use it; now I am doing my housework and enjoying good health for one of sixty-six years. I was all run down. I had no appetite, did not sleep well at night, and existence was little more than a drag to me. I had taken Rheumatism in my left shoulder and arm, and suffered misery from it. I tried doctors without any improvement, and was almost helpless. When I saw Bodi-Tone advertised in my weekly paper I made up my mind to try it. Before I had used it a full week my general health began to improve. By the time I used two boxes my Rheumatism was all gone. Mrs. S. T. BROCK.



Has No Aches or Pains at 72 Years

MONTEREY, IND.—I want to tell what Bodi-Tone did for me. I am a veteran of the Civil War, and during my service I contracted camp Diarrhoea and Heart Trouble. My Heart was so bad that I could not lie on my left side, and the Diarrhoea acted in extremes; my Bowels were either very constipated or very loose. I had given up all hopes of any benefit at my age until I saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement and trial offer and sent for a box on trial. I had not taken more than half of the box when I felt greatly relieved. Soon I could lie on my left side and not feel the effects, and within a short time I had gained ten pounds in weight. This was over a year ago, and now, although I am seventy-two years old, I don't feel much over thirty. I have no aches or pains. I used but three boxes of Bodi-Tone, and it has done so much for me that I lack language to give it proper praise. W. W. DUFF.



COUPON

Clipped from Comfort

Bodi-Tone Company,
Hoynes and North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial, and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever before used Bodi-Tone.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

St. or R. F. D. _____

Bodi-Tone Company, Chicago, Ill.